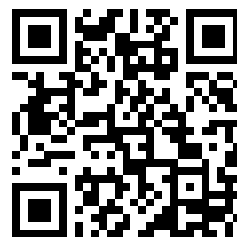


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>TM</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>







CORNELL  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY



CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 066 352 117

DATE DUE

PHOTODUPLICATION

N.C.F. 12/8/73 P.V.

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.













A DISCOVERY.

# ONCE A WEEK

*FOURTH SERIES*

VOLUME III.

SEP 1 1875  
AUGUST, 1875, TO FEBRUARY, 1876.

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES,  
19, TAVISTOCK STREET, W.C.



4.103324

LONDON:  
SWEETING AND CO., PRINTERS,  
80, GRAY'S INN ROAD, HOLBORN.

## CONTENTS.

*Vol. III. begins with the number for September 4th, 1875.*

	PAGE		PAGE
American Visitor, An . . . . .	70	Day with the Pike, A . . . . .	178
Army of Ants, An . . . . .	77	Derbyshire One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago . . . . .	180
Author and Poet . . . . .	118	Doomed Houses . . . . .	251
At Ostend . . . . .	125	Early English Press . . . . .	107
An Old Story . . . . .	126	Foreign Railways . . . . .	53
An Amateur Hunt . . . . .	138	Fête in a French Town . . . . .	117
Angling Matches . . . . .	162	Fertile Subject, A . . . . .	162
An Artist's Trip. . . . .	186	Far at Sea . . . . .	199
Bric-à-Brac . . . . .	64	Grace's Lovers . . . . . 5, 21, 34,	45
Boar Fish at the Brighton Aquarium . . . . .	89	Hall, Mr. S. C. . . . .	7
Bit about Bombay, A . . . . .	151	House I Took, The . . . . .	58
Bit about Cooking, A . . . . .	185	History of a Failure . . . . .	149
Birds and Birds . . . . .	234	Hindoo Jugglery . . . . .	172
Casual Observer, The. 5, 16, 28, 39, 51, 63, 75, 87, 99, 112, 123, 135, 155, 160, 171, 184. . . . .	207	Hippolyte, M., Speake.h . . . . .	210
Captain Webb . . . . .	31	Irving's Macbeth . . . . .	81
Creswick . . . . .	43	Into the Valley of Death . . . . .	100
Chinamania . . . . .	128	In Bogshire . . . . .	106
Costly Jewels . . . . .	137	Infernal Machine: . . . . .	267
Civilized Murder . . . . .	201	In Alexandria . . . . .	293
Card Table Compassion . . . . .	257	Jack Hamilton's Luck. 1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 61, 73, 85, 97, 109, 121, 133, . . . . .	154
Delicious Wines . . . . .	65	Life Saving . . . . .	53
Duchesse de Berri . . . . .	119	Land That's Little Known, A . . . . .	174
Devil Fish, The . . . . .	141		
Dark Days in December . . . . .	164		

	PAGE		PAGE
Lions in Ceylon . . . . .	270	Struggle for the Crust, The . . . . .	188
Miscellanea. 4, 17, 24, 48, 51, 71, 77, 83, 87, 88, 95, 101, 124, 136, 137, 159, 171, 174, 179, 180, 185, 188, 191, 196, 198, 204, 209, 215, 221, 224, 233, 236, 243, 246, 248, 260, 264, 273, 281, 288, 293, 299, 308—i to lii.		Sleepless Man, The . . . . .	209
My Convict Acquaintance . . . . .	89	Suspended Animation. . . . .	232
Macbeths of the Past . . . . .	136	Sunday over the Way . . . . .	256
My Friend who Fished . . . . .	153	Those Nasty Flies . . . . .	40
Musical Party, The . . . . .	200	Things New and Old. 11, 60, 72, 83, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144, 167, 179, 192, 216, 227, 239, 252, 263, 275, 287, 300.	
Making a Biscuit . . . . .	261	Torn to Death . . . . .	71
Mr. Pash's Courtship . . . . . 274, 285, 299,	307	Tale of the Tide, A . . . . .	129
Monsieur the Sultan . . . . .	282	Teeth and the Toothsome . . . . .	143
Patsey and the Priest . . . . .	11	Thereby Hangs a Tale. 145, 157, 169, 181, 193, 205, 217, 229, 241, 253, 265, 277, 289,	301
Punning Address, A . . . . .	29	Tale of a Blunderbuss, A . . . . .	176
Poisonous Newts . . . . .	41	Taking the Shilling . . . . . 208,	220
Putting Down the Windows . . . . .	76	Transpontine Drama . . . . .	215
Parliament in Japan . . . . .	113	Tobacco in France . . . . .	269
Post-office, The. . . . .	212	Umbrella Pike, The . . . . .	114
Pipe of Tobacco, A . . . . .	243	Under Another Name . . . . .	159
Quacks and Humbugs . . . . .	238	Violets in the Snow . . . . . 213,	224
Ruin in the Wash-tub . . . . .	180	Visit to Cawnpore, A . . . . .	247
Russian Visitor, The . . . . .	191	Wanted, a Passport . . . . .	52
Salaratus Spec, The. A Tale of Golden Gulch. 8, 18, 30, 42, 54, 66, 78, 93,	104	Waiters . . . . .	71
Sketches of the Central Wilks . . . . . 279, 294,	304	Wondrous Journey, A . . . . .	196
Sullivan, Barry . . . . .	19	Whistling Ways . . . . .	221
Snakes and their Poison . . . . .	69	Woodland Sketch, A . . . . .	222
Sham Wines . . . . .	77	Wrecks of Arginusæ . . . . . 236,	249
Sick Man's Friends, The . . . . .	102	What the Chinese think of Us . . . . .	250
Sea at Westminster, The . . . . .	124	Woodcocks' Haunt . . . . .	258

# ONCE A WEEK.

## FOURTH SERIES.

### Jack Hamilton's Luck, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—THE DURANGO DECREE.

IT is astonishing to me how much of my military life has slipped the memory. It was so very new, and so very strange, that every incident ought to have been indelibly fixed; but this is not the case. Certain events, indeed, are wondrous sharp; but the greatest part is hazy. I can only suppose that the reason must be that I cared remarkably little about the Queen of Spain, and a great deal for my own private griefs; and that the attention I paid to my duties was mechanical. Not that I was a shirker—I worked with a will, and struggled hard to love my friends, and hate my enemies with due fervour; but a man does not remember the flavour, or the bouquet, or the number of the bottles he empties for the sole purpose of drowning care. Or suppose a dramatist had his play hissed on Tuesday, and went to see a successful comedy on Thursday, how much of the latter would become fixed in his memory, force his attention as he might? A few scenes and characters he might carry away with him; and so have I.

Our colonel, whose name was Macbean, served to command. He was of the stuff of which usurpers are made, *plus* loyalty and *minus* intrigue. Ambition was his passion. He would have liked to rule the world; but the situation of head master in a small private school would not have come amiss to him. But in neither position can I imagine him acting tyrannically. Many thought him hard and stern; but no one ever called him unjust or capricious. The other field officers—and most of the captains were men on the half-pay list who loved soldiering—were pining for inaction, or were poor. Poverty, indeed, was quite an epidemic in the Legion. Rich men are not often anxious to leave the only sphere in which they can draw cheques. Claridge and I were quite exceptionally well off. Of the other subalterns, two or three had served and had to sell—money-lenders' victims these. A few were high-spirited, ingenuous lads, who really believed that they were going to carve a way to fame and fortune with their swords. The remainder consisted of the men who always turn up in a row—no one knows how or why, they cannot tell themselves. They seem quiet, peaceable men enough in ordinary intercourse; and yet if there is a shindy, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Cremorne, they are bound to be in it.

The men were not so military either in antecedents or bearing as their officers. Some few, indeed, were minor members of the prize ring, and capital corporals these made, only their education had been neglected, and they could not write the orders; but for obeying these faithfully, for steadiness in the ranks, and for coolness under fire they were admirable. But the majority were costermongers, waterside men, dockyard

labourers, inferior handicraftsmen of all kinds, who were apt to be out of work and do a little tramping—three-throws-a-penny vagrants from the fair and race-course; and a few whose delicate hands, sly looks, and plausible address caused me to fear that their former means of livelihood had not been strictly honest. If any such enlisted in ours to escape the clutches of the police, how the devil must have chuckled!

Whatever their antecedents, all, with the exception of the boxing lads, were sadly wanting in physique. Their framework was all right, old Tickler, our surgeon said; but they wanted filling out, and they had come to the wrong place for such a process. Had they enlisted in the service of their own country, the rations would have made quite different men of them in two months; but—well, the man who taught his horse to live on air, and had brought him down to a straw day just as the provoking beast died, was a Spaniard; I will swear it. To see how tucked up and ribby the poor fellows looked when stripped at the triangles—for stripes were never grudged them—was pitiful. Now, the work to be got out of an Englishman is strictly proportioned to the meat you put into him; and the men fell out of the ranks on a march, or lagged behind in a fight, through sheer physical exhaustion. From a military point of view, everything had to be done with them; considering which, the progress they made in a few weeks was marvellous—almost incredible. But how everybody worked! The officers were rather a fast set, as it would be called now. They made love, they tipped, they gambled, they fought duels; but the time for these follies was taken from sleep—nothing ever interfered with drill, and they were not content with superintendency. A captain would do corporal's work, getting two or three extra awkward men into a corner, and drilling them himself, when he thought he could, perhaps, push them forward better than the non-commissioned officer, whose patience might be exhausted. I have seen my dandy captain, Mortimer, quizzing-glass in eye, march a squad of our company backwards and forwards for three hours at a stretch, never failing to detect a single blunder or awkwardness, and patiently repeating the movement until it was executed with precision; and he was by no means the most energetic.

There was one thing, when the men once knew their places, and could march a little—move in threes (which answered to the present "fours"), sections and sub-divisions; wheel and countermarch; extend, load and fire, after a fashion—we could go to battalion or brigade drill at once, for nearly all the officers were old soldiers; they did not want any drilling. So, when Sir De Lacy Evans came to inspect the San Sebastian Brigade, a few weeks after it had fairly settled to work, he expressed himself immensely pleased and astonished by the rapid progress made by that portion of the Legion.

"Your regiment does you credit, Colonel Macbean,"



he said. "It presents quite a soldierlike appearance already."

"Well, general," replied the colonel, "it takes three years to make a soldier, and our fellows have only enlisted for two. But we will do our best to spoil them for civilians in the time, at any rate."

After mess, on the evening of that review, the most long-headed of our captains expressed his opinion that it would not be long before we came in contact with the enemy.

"The sooner the better. But what makes you think so?"

"Why, the general was trying all day to persuade himself that we were fitter than we were; therefore he is impatient to use us; therefore we shall be used."

"As he likes; but the Durango decree ought to be read at the head of the regiment first. The Chestnuts should know what they have got to expect."

There happened to be a civilian at our mess that night—a traveller passing through the place—and he asked Mortimer what the Durango decree was.

"Merely our death-warrant in case they catch us. Don Carlos forbids his adherents to give quarter to any of the foreign Legionites that fall into their hands. It is rather an old-fashioned way of carrying on war; but, after all, prisoners are a great bore."

"It is the most barbarous, brutal, fiendish decree that tyrant ever issued," exclaimed Adams; "for, of course, we must reciprocate; and, for my part, I will never raise a hand to prevent a Carlist prisoner being shot, or a wounded Carlist bayoneted. Such a set should be annihilated in the interests of humanity! And yet, when one comes to think, Don Carlos is struggling for a crown, and the Basques who support him for their *fueros*, ancient rights as dear to them as the *habeas corpus* and trial by jury to Englishmen, and which have been arbitrarily and unjustly taken away from them by the Queen's Government. And so, no doubt, they feel very mad with fellows like us, who come here to fight against them without having any personal part in the quarrel. And, after all, I don't know but what it is quite natural that they should declare 'war to the knife' against us."

There was a general laugh at this sudden change of opinion; but when it had subsided, Major Starr, the senior officer present, said—

"Your desire to be fair, Adams, makes you forget that the principle of the Durango decree would deny quarter to all allies in all wars, and degrade soldiers to the level of assassins. Why, there are numbers of foreign officers in the Carlist ranks, and the almost necessary doctrine of reprisals condemns them."

An ex-member of the prize ring brought me the order book that evening.

"Well, Rose," said I, "what do you think of this Durango decree?"

"It's making a rule to hit a man when he's down, sir; just like them cowardly foreigners?"

"And what do the men think of it generally?"

"Why, they say, sir, as it isn't a pretty game; but it aint like patience."

"No?"

"No, sir—two can play at it."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—IN WHICH I MARCH OUT AT THE QUICK AND RETURN AT THE DOUBLE.

I FORGOT to mention my servant, Buffles. I picked him out because he was clean, had a pleasant countenance, and was by profession a muffin-maker before he became a soldier; and I never repented the choice. Except in the articles of liquor and tobacco, which do not count, he was strictly honest—at least, so far as my property was concerned. He may have pilfered in my interests—for I always had food, drink, and sound boots, however scarce such things might be, and how he obtained them all I never could guess; but I do not believe that he ever stole an egg for himself. His fidelity made me quite vain; for I could not but credit the object of it with superior merit. I do believe that he would have cried bitterly if I had been brought home dead, and there was no other being in the world who would have done as much, except Cerise.

The officers' servants in the Legion cured me of class prejudice for ever, indeed. They had to be taken very much at hazard, from the ranks of men generally supposed to be recruited from the very lowest strata of society; and yet no fellows could, as a rule, have behaved better. Depend upon it, the Rough is not so very much nearer to the wild beast than yourself as you are apt to imagine. He has no occasion for hypocrisy, and disguises none of his feelings; and that makes him very shocking, you know. Suppose our hearts were laid equally bare? But I am taking poor Buffles for a text.

I think it was the very next Sunday to our inspection—at all events, it was very soon after, and on a Sunday, because I remember that we were drawn up on the glacis of San Sebastian, after church parade—that the general expressed his intention of giving us a march out, to have a look at the enemy; and said that probably we might have a bit of a brush with him. How the men cheered! Have you ever heard a school-master announce a whole holiday to his boys? Well, it was like that.

"Pile arms! Off packs! Change your coatees for your shell jackets!"

While this was being done, the officers gathered into groups.

"It is all very well for the men to cheer," said Adams; "but I call it an infernal shame to take us by surprise, with our go-to-meeting uniforms on. Suppose, now, I were to distinguish myself in some way—take Don Carlos alive, for instance—and had to be decorated by the fair hands of the Queen Regent, I should not possess a decent coat to be presented in after to-day. It's most thoughtless, most careless. And yet the Spartans used to put on all their best clothes, and rub the very finest Macassar into their hair on the morning of battle; and a red coat looks the better for a few stains upon it; and we are all alike—one will not be able to show finer feathers than another; and I am not likely to catch Don Carlos."

"You don't see the general's dodge yet, Adams," said Claridge. "If a considerable number of our dead bodies are found with prayer books upon them, what a reputation for piety his brigade will acquire, and how the Tory press will be dumbfounded!"

"Prayer books? I say, let any fellows who have them put them in their breast pockets; one might

stop a bullet, and make its proprietor the hero of a tract."

"Why in the *breast* pocket?" asked the senior surgeon. "I should have thought, now, the tail pocket would have afforded a better opportunity."

"What do you know about it, Tickler? Your prayer book is a pack of cards; I'll bet a dozen he has got one about him now. Come, who'll have it? No takers?"

"Fall in!"

San Sebastian is in the extreme north of Spain, close to the French frontier, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The Carlists were very anxious to take the place; and though they were not strong enough in that part to invest it regularly, they watched it closely, patrolling constantly within gunshot of the fortifications, and keeping a sharp look-out for convoys or stragglers. Their head-quarters were at Hernani, some five or ten miles off—more than five and less than ten, I should say—separated from San Sebastian by the Oriamendi Hills.

We marched in columns to the Hernani road, and then in column of sections along it; the men going with an elastic step, singing choruses of a self-appreciative character, one of which was to the effect that any foreigner was bound to fly when he saw the red-coats nigh. They had great faith, indeed, in the colour of their jackets.

"Poor devils!" said Mortimer to me. "If they only knew how very easily a company of my old regiment would have quietly, in two minutes, chawed up the whole lot of them!"

"Is it not curious," I replied, "that they should be so delighted at the chance of a fight, in which they may get killed, or maimed for life, and cannot possibly, under any circumstances, receive any benefit?"

"Curious? Not at all. The reason is very simple. They are bored; and when you are bored any excitement is welcome. It is not the hope of winning, but the fear of losing, which constitutes the great charm of gambling. But I do not fancy we shall have much fighting. They will never be so mad as to engage our half-drilled lads seriously yet awhile. But you had better go to your place—the advance guard has halted."

The Grenadiers, a couple of hundred yards ahead, formed this, so that ours was the leading company, and we could see anything going on in front. I recognized Claridge, standing on a mound of broken wall by the side of the road, shading his eyes with his hand. Two or three distant shots were fired; then the advanced company left the road, and formed on the side of the hill. The colonel, who was riding just in front of us, cantered up to them, looked ahead a moment, and, as we had now come within earshot, turned in his saddle and ordered us to deploy to the left. Company after company wheeled off the road, and in fairly creditable time we were advancing in line, and could see the Carlist pickets retiring; whereat the Chestnuts, who had not the remotest idea of the duties and uses of pickets, began to cheer, and wanted to rush forward. That was soon checked, but caused confusion, seeing which the Carlists turned, and commenced a desultory fire; but as they were from three to five hundred yards off, their bullets fell short; we could see them knocking up the dust in front of us.

Our fellows had had it well dinned into them that

they were by no means to fire without orders; but they forgot all that, and commenced a regular fusillade, many of them blazing away into the air. My fellow-subaltern of No. 2—a bright, curly-pated little lad, named Wilmot—went wild at that. I saw him seize a man twice his size by the shoulders and shake him.

"Are you fighting with the man in the moon, you fool?" he cried, "or do you think those fellows have got a regiment of cherubims somewhere overhead?"

"Stop the firing, gentlemen! stop the firing!" roared the colonel, galloping down the line. "Don't let ammunition be wasted like that!"

We did our best, but a musket would pop off now and then. A galloper rode up and told us to halt till some other regiments had deployed, Legionites and Spaniards; and this gave us a chance to restore our line, which had bulged a good deal in places.

Mortimer thought this a good opportunity for a word in season.

"Look here, men of No. 2," he said, quietly, but quite distinctly—"you are always asking favours of me, but I have never asked one of you yet. Now I am going to. If we do get within shot of these fellows, aim at their knees. When you can't see to aim at all for the smoke, try to send your bullets below the flashes of their muskets. Keep cool, and think of that."

"All right, captain," "Only let us get at 'em, captain," and many other remarks of a similar kind came back in reply; for silence in the ranks was a military accomplishment the Chestnuts had hardly yet begun to acquire.

"I should not wonder if the enemy made a stand on this Oriamendi Hill, for their pickets are strongly supported, I see, and the ground is first-rate for defence," said Mortimer to Wilmot and me; "and then perhaps we shall have some fun. Only try and make the fellows fire low."

I told him of Wilmot's zeal.

"Good boy," he said—"stick to that."

We advanced again, and the Carlists retired. Sometimes, indeed, they made a stand in a favourable place, and we came within a hundred and fifty yards or so. But after the exchange of a few volleys, which did little damage, they retired again, and on we went after them.

A man immediately in front of me came staggering back, and dropped his musket.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir; some fellow hit me on the arm, and I have no use in it."

I looked. The red cloth was torn, the limb hung helpless; and I told him to make his way to the rear, and look out for the surgeon. That was the first man I saw hit in action.

The Carlists could increase or diminish their distance from us at pleasure. They were as active as monkeys, and could run about in places which our fellows toiled painfully over. For the ground was rough, and the hills steep; and to keep the men in something like line was rare hard work. Those with the best wind got too far forward, and those with bellows to mend lagged behind. As for maintaining them in their places, it was quite impossible; sections and subdivisions were soon mere theoretical distinctions; and we could not quite prevent even companies becoming intermingled. But the men were in rare spirits at seeing their enemies constantly retiring before them.

They panted and stumbled, but they pressed on manfully.

At length, on topping the crest of a ridge, we saw a little town lying snug in the hollow beneath us, and immediately we were halted. The men threw themselves, panting and exhausted, on the ground; for it was a steaming hot day, and the march would have been trying to troops better accustomed to mountain country than they were, if out of condition.

"By Jove, what a pretty place!" cried little Wilmot. "I must try and have a sketch of it."

And, pulling out a memorandum book, he sat down on a stone, wiped his forehead, and began. The white houses, the quaint old church, the winding stream, and the swelling hills in the background, certainly formed a picture tempting to any artist.

"I never expected to see Hernani again," said the major, riding up. "Gad! one of the prettiest series of manœuvres I ever saw in my life was about these hills; and there was a stiff bit of fighting, too, down by the Urenea there."

"Rather a contrast, major, between the old —th and the poor Chestnuts."

"Of course; but if we were the finest infantry the world has ever seen (which I honestly believe), we had the next best opposite to us. It was a very slight shade of difference between us and the French; and we have got the same material, you know. Fighting and marching are all in our fellows' breed, if we can only manage to develop those virtues. Why, some of the very best soldiers we had in the Peninsular were London blackguards before they enlisted."

When the men had recovered their wind a bit, we got them into order, and told them off again; and then rested, waiting for what was to happen next.

"Shall we do anything more, colonel, do you think?" asked Mortimer, on the chief coming up to speak to him.

"I should imagine not; it was only to be a march out for a little practice, the general said. So I can see no other course than to march back again, and get our dinners. But, of course, I don't know."

He had hardly spoken before a galloper came up.

"You are to advance, sir, and support the —th," and off he went again.

So the colonel moved us on a little way—not far down the hill, and halted again, to see what was going to happen. Presently, the regiment we were ordered to support and a Spanish corps appeared in the plain, driving a large number of Carlists before them towards Hernani.

"Good heavens!" cried Mortimer, startled quite out of his indifference, "they are going to try and carry the place by a *coup de main*."

It certainly looked like it. The Carlists had quickened their pace to a run, and our fellows and the Christine Spaniards were following at the same rate, and therefore in some disorder. I fancied they would all tumble pell-mell into the town together.

I do not think our colonel did.

"Captains of the Light Company and No. 9, move your companies forward, and hold them ready to check the enemy if the —th are repulsed, or to support them if they enter the place," were his orders.

The named companies had not advanced twenty yards before, we saw a strange spectacle. The flying

Carlists stopped, turned, and opened a hot fire on their pursuers in a moment, by word of command, with an unanimity which spoke volumes for their soldierlike qualities, and the way in which they were handled. Reinforcements suddenly joined them from the entrenchments, which they had reached; and the whole advanced, firing rapidly.

The Christinists were dumbfounded by this sudden and unexpected conduct. When the Carlists halted, they did ditto; and replied in a feeble, ineffective manner to their fire. As their men began to fall fast, they got confused and wavered; and when the Carlists fixed bayonets and charged them, they fairly turned and bolted.

Experienced men said it was the best thing they could have done; they had been drawn into a trap, and just had to get out of it. But the effect was very odd. I am certain that it did not take five minutes to turn pursuers into pursued.

How the Spanish Christinists fared after that, I could not see. They got a start of our fellows, and were in better training. But the Legionites did not run far. A steady file fire from our advanced companies checked the pursuit, and then their officers got them into some formation.

But the retreat had commenced, and no attempt was made to arrest it; though the jokers who called it a rout, and spoke of the affair as Hernani Races, exaggerated. The companies, and even the regiments, got mixed; but bodies of men halted, and held the Carlists with their fire, and were then covered in turn by other detachments, all the way home. Still, we travelled back faster than we came, there can be no doubt about that; and the Carlists pressed us close, pelting us with bullets and curses up to the very gates of San Sebastian, which we entered in a very crestfallen manner—faint, sore, dirty, tired to death, mad with vexation, and most intolerably thirsty.

When we had seen to our men, Claridge and I went out, and got some supper together, and our spirits revived.

"The excitement was not altogether of a pleasurable kind," said he; "but still, I have been excited, and do not regret having cast in my lot with the Chestnuts."

"No more do I," I replied.

And with truth; for I had not thought of Mary, or of my sister Ellen, since first we deployed on the Oriamendi Hill.

---

MACHINE FOR WASHING HAIR.—M. Clavé Bertrand thus describes a machine which he has invented for washing animals' hair:—It is composed of a cylindrical box about 6 ft. long, opening in the middle, and traversed in its entire length by a horizontal rod, furnished with helicoid palettes. The lower part of the cylinder is pierced with holes, in order that the running water in which it is plunged may circulate freely through it. At one of the extremities is a funnel, in which the hair is thrown; and the hair, after having been agitated alternately by all the palettes, is brought out completely washed at the other extremity, by means of a chain of cups. One man is able to thoroughly wash a quantity equivalent to 800 or 900 lbs. of dry hair in an hour. The steam power employed is scarcely equal to a quarter-horse power.

### The Casual Observer. IN THE STREETS.

ASK a friend, not a philosopher, where you find the greatest display of vitality, and he will most likely talk of polypi—perhaps, if unrefined, refer you to the writhings of a skinned and divided eel; but, all the same, it is extremely doubtful whether the tiny spark of life burns brighter anywhere than in the breast of that frail-looking flutterer—a bird. If there is any doubt upon the subject, let the sceptic go through the Seven Dials, where, though the birds are said to die fast, and cause great loss to the dealers, the wonder is that they live at all. The vendors must know best, and probably the close confinement is not for long; but that life can be preserved in such "Little-eases" of cages is a wonder indeed. The throng of human life is great enough in the neighbourhood, but it is largely augmented by the animal. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that, have you any natural history desire, you can, after a fashion, have it gratified in the Seven Dials.

A pleasant twittering greets you as you approach, carrying you in an instant away to the sun-flecked turf, the waving trees, and the bright, pure green of the early spring. Your mental absence, though, is but for a moment, and supposing that you stand in front of a "fancier's" shop, you are summoned back to the ill-odours and squalor of the Dials by the squeak of some unfortunate rat—one of a wire cageful, hanging out their tails as if in derision at the vicious-looking terriers straining hard to practise self-immolation, *à la* Calcraft, with their collars and chains. Occasionally they twist their chains into a Gordian knot; and, one way and another, a fancier's life seems to be no sinecure. From rats to dogs—but in a cage close by are other enemies of the rodent, in the shape of snaky ferrets, long and lithe, twisting and twining for the inner place of the shapeless heap of those which sleep.

Here upon a perch is a hawk—still, stern, and meditative—apparently lost in wonder that he cannot launch himself headlong amongst the fluttering finches that pipe and whistle around. A near neighbour is a solemn owl, bent of head, and blinking at the garish sunshine; while, close by, in other cages, are owlets—soft, round, and furry as down can make them; bright-eyed, smooth-furred squirrels, and here their bird-like nest of young ones; white mice spinning, scratching, and restless, ever thrusting a pink inquisitive nose between their prison wires; the loot from many a hedgerow and wood, in the shape of gaping-beaked, half-fledged birds, living in spite of the absence of the insect-burdened beak and the brooding breast. Another journey of a yard, and there is a conglomerate—gummed, glued together—of snails. No Apician luxury these for those of Roman taste, but delicacies of the season for thrushes and blackbirds, that now and then pipe a melancholy note, but only to break down, as if disheartened. But there are here other delicacies supplied—seed, German paste, fresh green clover turves for the liquid-noted larks that breast the cage bars till they grow bare, gazing upward at the strip of smoky blue above their heads, restless ever, although labelled "Warranted cocks, one shilling;" mealworms, too, for the "nightingales in full song,"

announced in more than one window—freshly-trapped immigrants from Riddlesdown or Epping. Magpies, shabby of plumage and stumpy of tail, but plump and saucy-looking—rejoicing, probably, in the fact that, like their predatory friends, the hawks, owls, and ferrets, they will fatten on the prisoners around who die.

One knowing pie, with head aside, watches the movements of a sooty sparrow in the road, envious perhaps of its liberty; but more likely longing to give a dig with its treacherous-looking beak. Retiring tortoises, side by side with spiky, beetle-destroying hedgehogs, and restless, anticaudal guinea-pigs, basking—happy, apparently, in their confinement, and content to live, to marry, and leave large families. Canaries out of number, guaranteed as to sex; goldfinch and mule; chaffinches, famous as decoys for pegging, or for winning a singing-match at some Whitechapel ken. Pigeons, of course—soft, dove-eyed, and cooing—barb, trumpeter, dragon, or tumbler. Fish—golden and gaping; silver—silvery and staring—sailing round and round in their crystal prisons.

Fish, too, for aquaria or baits. Gorgeous newts in their breeding hues. Snakes in their season. Poultry, pale and sickly of wattle and comb—roupy, ruffled, and drooping—all save those irritably-feathered birds of Japan breed, which look rough, stubbly, dirty, and content. Cages again, and more hutches, with huge purring Angora cats, long of hair, and foxy of tail, with kits doing their best to grow up in the ways of their fathers. That loud "tchark!" was from a jackdaw, while the answering scream, startlingly near, was from a smutty, sulphur-crested cockatoo, ready to hold its head for a friendly scratch.

Prisoners in plenty, ready for petting, or the end—grim death. For, speak the word, and you may have rats for an executioner-like terrier; or, by the dozen, sparrows and pigeons for the next sweepstakes at Shepherd's Bush—a cageful of flutterers, swift of wing, ready for the gun of that noble sportsman, man.

### Grace's Lovers.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE YOUNG COLLECTOR.

IT'S pulled down now, and carted away, to the last brickbat in the foundations; and a great gap between tottering walls, and a deep pit, with foul, earthy sides, are all that remain to show where it stood. And it was time that it was pulled down; for of all the foul, dilapidated, frowsy old places, saving those that stood in Skinner-street, it had not its equal.

But Skinner-street and its old, broken-windowed tenements are things of the past, swept away by the hand of improvement, even as it has opened its great palm, and with one touch taken away the old house in the Old Bailey.

I say that it was time it was pulled down, for it had become vile to the eye; it had been the resort of those who had sat up the night through, holding wild carouse as they gazed down upon a seething crowd, and watched the preparations of those who fixed the scaffold, to the chorus of obscene jest, yelling laugh, and the shrill shriek of wild-eyed harpies, supposed to belong to the gentler sex, and all assembled to witness the last agonies of those whom the law had doomed to die.

If I were a fine writer, I should say that our house



was a foul ulcer in the streets of our great metropolis; but I will content myself with saying that it was a dirty den, and thank heaven that its pure breath sweeps over the spot, purifying it from any taint that might remain.

Years ago, though, it was a fine old house of business, and a roaring and respectable trade did Ezra Lawrence, citizen and papermaker. He was not like the members of guilds nowadays, who are fruiterers, and goldsmiths, and cordwainers, and go to hall and eat their dinners with the knowledge that they are only guildmen by name. Ezra Lawrence was a papermaker and stationer, who had had mills in sunny Kent time out of mind. Ay, a fine trade was done in the Old Bailey, where reams of paper were always coming, and reams of paper always going. There was a crane there which swung out a chain over a waggon, hooked into a great bale, and then, creaking and groaning, hoisted the said bale of reams into the open warehouse door—a crane that Fred Warren told old Lawrence set a bad example to Newgate over the way, for there was always something hanging to it.

He said it one bright morning to old Lawrence as he stood in his counting-house; and it is an odd thing, but as Fred Warren spoke he did not look at old Lawrence, but talked at him, and kept his eyes fixed upon Grace Lawrence—first on her soft bent face, and then upon her little dimpled hands, as they rested on the desk before her; for Grace was busy enough, her task in those old-fashioned days being to act as old Ezra's clerk, while he was his own foreman, manager, and even traveller at times.

"Bad example, eh?" said old Ezra, rubbing one ear, and pushing his wig a little awry. "Fourteen reams foolscap, sixteen pound. Got that down, Grace?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, softly, and turning her head slightly.

Her eyes met those of young Warren, but only for a moment; the next she was gazing hard at her fingers, and biting with a couple of rows of pearly teeth the end of her quill pen.

"Shouldn't joke about such things, my lad. Five reams post, Grace. Got that? Seven of twelve pound foolscap."

"Well, it is a thing past joking upon, Mr. Lawrence," said the young man again, still staring hard at Grace; but that young lady was not to be tempted into looking up again, and went on scratch, scratch, at her work till the invoice was complete.

"Ring the warehouse bell, my dear," said old Lawrence, "and give the invoice to Randall. And now I'll attend to you, Mr. Warren."

The girl glided from her stool, but Fred Warren was beforehand with her, and pulled the bell—this time catching her eye as she blushing looked her thanks; while old Lawrence uttered a loud "Humph!" and opened his cash-box.

"Didn't think I couldn't pay, Warren, did you?"

"Not I, Mr. Lawrence," said the young man, laughing. "Our people only wish they had half a dozen more such customers as you. That's right, sir—four hundred and seven, nineteen six, and thank you for Hanson and Co."

It was very hard, Fred Warren thought, but, come when he would, Grace Lawrence never would fairly look up in his face, but always let those pretty blue-veined, dark-fringed lids droop over the eyes that he

considered the most beautiful he had ever seen. Such a shame, too, as he said it was, that old Lawrence should keep that girl tied to a desk, just like a clerk.

"And why not?" old Lawrence said—not to Fred Warren, for he would not have hinted at such a thing upon any consideration, but to a brother citizen and stationer—"and why not? Did you ever see a neater hand than she writes, or know a girl more clever at figuring? Not you. Her mother did it before her; and I've heard my father say scores of times that my mother did the same. Industry and thrift, sir, have enabled all our family to keep themselves respectable and independent, and I'm not going to begin making my *gal*"—he always would call Grace a *gal*—"a fine fal-lal madam. I'd rather see her able to cast up accounts. And how many reams did you say I was to send?"

For he had a fine head for business, had old Lawrence, and never lost a chance of driving a bit of trade. He looked at the whole population of the world as so many people who required paper, ruled or plain, for writing or printing, or for wrapping up parcels; and he used to say—it being a time-honoured joke of his—the only real civilizer was paper, and that the world never had any go in it at all till the stationery movement came in.

It is worthy of record that the only person who laughed at this joke was old Lawrence himself. It pleased him, and that was everything.

During this digression Fred Warren had been standing, putting in a word here and there to the old man, and trying more than once to draw Grace into conversation; but no, she was too busy calculating. At last, though, she left the stool, and was quitting the office; and now, as Fred hurried to open the door for her, there must have been something in that little quick glance she gave him, with the formal curtsy. Anyhow, Fred Warren's eyes flashed with pleasure, and certainly his pulse accelerated its pace one if not more beats per minute.

"Hadh't you better go and get back safe with that money, Master Warren?" said old Lawrence, bringing a ream of paper down with a bump upon the broad office counter, opening it, and examining the quality by holding a sheet up to the light.

"Oh, yes, I shall be off directly, Mr. Lawrence," said the young man, good-humouredly; "this is my last place to-day, and I was only having a few minutes' rest."

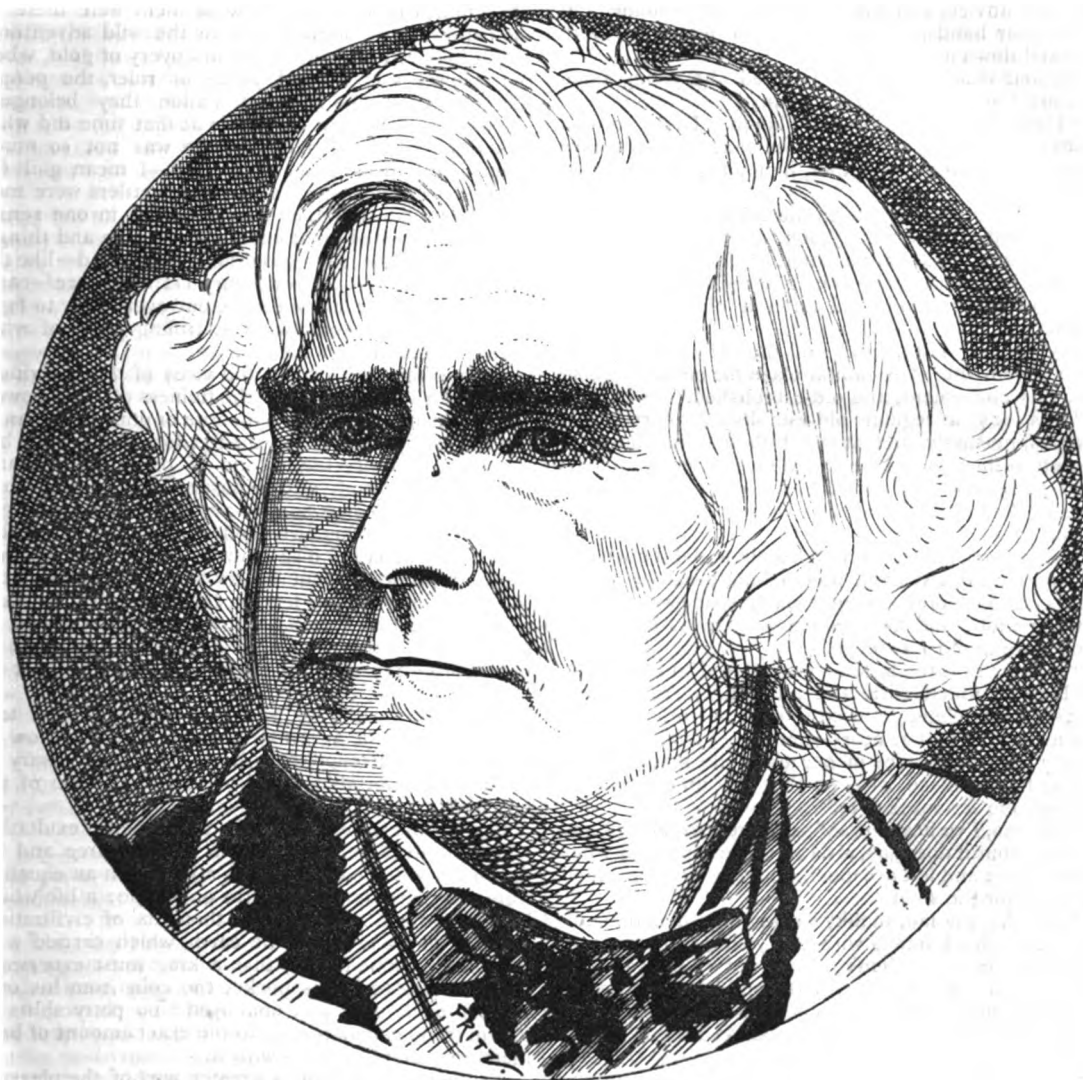
"Then you're pretty well loaded with cash, eh?"

Fred Warren looked straight in the old man's face, perfectly stolid and unmoved, without saying a word; but there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

"That's right—that's right; I like that, Warren. Never chatter about your employer's business, or the money you've got about you. Some popinjay fools of boys, that never deserved to be trusted with a guinea, would have begun bragging about how much they had in the bag, and then got knocked on the head, and robbed. I am glad to see you are not such a fool."

"Thank you, sir," said Warren, drily; but all the same not sorry for a chance of ingratiating himself with the old man.

"Look at that paper, Warren—look at it," said the old man, passing the sheet he had drawn from a fresh quire—"retree, every sheet of it, and as full of holes



MR. S. C. HALL.

as a sieve. There's business! Why, that mill must go to the dogs."

"Yes, it is bad paper, very poor," said the young man.

"Dreadful! Ah, Warren, whatever you do, do it well, my lad, and you'll prosper. There's nothing like getting on in the world, and making money. Now, take my advice, and take what you have home, and out of your hands. How should you feel if you were knocked down and robbed?"

"About dead, I expect," laughed the young man, "before I should part with a penny."

"Don't laugh, my lad—don't laugh. These are bad times; and hardly a week passes that we don't have some poor wretch or another, if not more, hung over there."

He nodded, as he spoke, in the direction of Newgate, which stood up black and gloomy across the way.

"Yes, this is a dreadful situation for a house," said Warren, half shuddering as he glanced across at where the grim black doors and fettered ornaments were visible.

"Not at all—not at all," said the old man, tying up ream after ream. "A capital place for business—central, very convenient, and old-established."

"Yes, it's a regular old-established place," said Warren, musingly, and at last bringing the conversation up to the point where it had most interest for him; "but it seems very horrible, sir—very dreadful, for Miss Lawrence, when you have those executions taking place."

The old man glanced at him keenly, and did not catch his eye, for Fred Warren was looking dreamily across the way, and peopling the intervening space with a cruel, howling mob; and he shuddered again as he turned once more to old Lawrence.

"Not it," said the latter—"we're used to it; that is, my lad," he added, correcting himself, "we're not used to it—nobody could get used to such horrors unless he was a perfect devil at heart—but we get over it. Grace mostly goes to see one of her aunts the night before; and as for the place, why, we shut that up close till all the horrible set-out is over."

"Oh, yes, I've heard that," said Fred, eagerly; "and much honour it does you, Mr. Lawrence, especially when people right and left are making money by letting their windows for the sight."

"Thanky, my lad, thanky," said the old man, smiling, as he shook hands with the young collector, now taking his leave—"thanky, we're not so bad as that. Though, do you know," he said, confidentially, "some of 'em, without half such good houses for position as mine, have made a hundred pounds at one execution."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the young man, turning to go.

"No, I always shut up close on those days: put the whole place into mourning. Good-bye, Warren, till next time. Take care of your money."

"All right, sir. Good-bye."

"I don't make my money by letting windows for executions," the old man chuckled aloud after his visitor.

"An old fool!" muttered a new-comer.

"Ah, James!" exclaimed old Lawrence.

And enter James West.

## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### PREFATORY WORDS.

THOUGH many have written tales of life in the mines of California, few of them were there in the earliest days, or took part in the wild adventures which followed close upon the discovery of gold, when the country was without guide or ruler, the people scarcely knowing to what nation they belonged. Though every man in California at that time did what was right in his own eyes, there was not so much crime as might have been expected—I mean guilt for the sake of gain; because the early settlers were men not without education, or if uneducated in one sense, they certainly had great experience in men and things, and withal a sort of ferocious nobility of mind—like the gentlemen of the Court of Henry III. of France—careless of money for its own sake, but ever ready to fight among themselves on the most trifling point of what they considered their honour.

Beyond this, the virtues and vices of the individual made themselves known to the fullness of their power. There was not, I think, a hypocrite or unnatural man in the whole country. It was the freedom of the wolf; but it was a glorious life—a life of privation, of hard, fearfully hard work and exposure; where each man had to build his own house—ay, and furnish it—light his own fire, buy his own food or even kill it with his own hand, wash his own clothes, and defend his own life and property from beasts and men, without the softening influence of female companionship, without which life to most men, in any other state, would be simply unbearable; with no book save the book of nature around; without church or priest, lawyer or law.

Yet it was a life to which I, who had been tenderly nurtured in an English home, and who now sit at my ease, surrounded with all that is necessary to make life comfortable, look back upon, in spite of the bad luck, with pleasure.

Part of this feeling arises from the fierce exultation of having lived among a people perfectly free and independent—a commune where all were on an equality, were they rich or poor, gentle or simple: a life which had in it none of the petty thoughts of civilization. We dug up money from the earth, which carried with it much the same feeling that a king must experience when he jingles in his pocket the coin from his own mint, though ours was unalloyed: no petty shifts to obtain it, no calculation as to the exact amount of base metal one should mingle with it.

Another and perhaps a greater part of the pleasure which made up for and counterbalanced the pain of such a life sprang from the fact that we were in a lovely unexplored country, abounding with large game, with a climate which admitted, during the long summer months, of enjoyment without even the luxury of a house, in which we were practically and for the time owners, to kill and to destroy at pleasure.

When I think what a beautiful, well-timbered, park-like country it was about Sonora, and what a barren, wretched place it is now, my conscience strikes me somewhat severely as having been one of those who

helped to cut down those beautiful trees, and to deface beyond recognition each smiling watercourse.

Many if not most of my English readers will think my story the imaginary product of the brain of some busy writer; but I can assure them, and Parson Dale can assure them—for he is still living, I hope—that the scenes he witnessed in Sonora far surpassed in reality anything the following pages contain, or anything that a writer would dare to place on paper for the amusement of the general reader.

Many will also be surprised at the antipathy displayed towards ministers of the Gospel by frontiersmen; but if they could only see the miserable, money-loving, hypocritical, puny specimens of humanity who have constituted themselves preachers on the frontiers, they would cease to be astonished. There are, however, some men who, unable to witness the desecration of the Sabbath, work all the week at their trade, and, when the Sabbath day arrives, call their neighbours and friends together to prayer and praise, without thinking of reward. These are the leaven which eventually so work upon the mass as to bring about a longing for a more enlightened interpreter; and when he arrives, our pioneer descends into one of the congregation, or moves farther west, to begin again his labour of love.

#### CHAPTER I.

**Y**OU that lived with me in Sonora, Tuolumne County, California, in the years 1850 and 1851, if any of you should be alive and chance to read these pages, will agree with me when I say it was the most awfully free-and-easy place that can be imagined. The town consisted of one street of tents, with a few log-huts, and a score of frame buildings, which were for the most part used as gambling saloons; though some were provision stores where was sold everything that the miners required, from flour, bacon, and candles, to articles of dress, mining tools, quicksilver, whiskey, tobacco, gunpowder, lead, and revolvers.

These latter seemed to be constantly in use, by night and by day; but more especially during the whole of the former there seemed to be a popping at intervals, which led one to imagine there might be a man killed at each discharge. Nor was this idle imagination. The place was thronged with desperadoes of all nations—old soldiers from the late Mexican war, who had learned to regard human life as something it was their especial privilege to take away; Mexicans and Chilians, whose particular desire was to plant their knives into each other's hearts with precision and dexterity; convicts from the Australian colonies, who swore the most awful oaths with a profanity and volubility only equalled by the ox-drivers from the Western States. These desperadoes would cheat you out of your money, and then, if found out, would shoot you across the table without remorse, help to dig your grave next day, and in the evening lay all the money down upon a single card and lose it—not giving themselves, and never having been taught to give themselves, a single thought as to the future.

The more numerous portion of the surrounding population were, however, simple miners, who worked all day in the hot sun, among the rocks, to get gold, which they threw away in the evening, betting at games which they knew very well were dead against them, on cards

dealt by the skilful hands of rogues who could draw any card from the pack at pleasure. Very few of these men cared to save money—no doubt they believed the riches of the land inexhaustible; but there were a few who did so, and departed to their own country, carrying with them their pile of gold dust, enough to rouse the cupidity of their fellow-countrymen, and to send them in thousands to California.

Besides this, there were about a dozen women—mostly Mexicans, of the baser sort—and a number of traders, teamsters, &c., helping to make up the population of this Eldorado.

Gold was to be had, by those who chose to work for it, in the bed of Sullivan's Creek, which ran near the town, sometimes in fabulous quantities. Men would often obtain gold enough in a few weeks to last them during the remainder of their lives; while if any man chose rather to work for others than to run his chance of better fortune, he could obtain employment at the rate of an ounce of gold dust per day without any difficulty. So that there continually poured into the town of Sonora a stream of gold from the numerous hamlets and mining villages in the neighbourhood, for and about which the inhabitants fought and scrambled to their hearts' content.

Occasionally there would be a well-conducted man shot to death; but, as a rule, Sonora might be likened to a pen into which a number of wild beasts are driven that they may tear each other to pieces. The world got rid of more rascals and dangerous criminals in one year in California, than it would have taken all the officers of the law all over the world to track down, condemn, and execute.

The code of laws which kept in check the wrongdoers was very simple. There were only two—

He that murdered another for gain was hung to the nearest tree if he were caught.

If any man took that which was not his own he was liable to be shot if discovered in the act, or banished from the camp, or whipped, or hung, according to the nature and magnitude of the offence.

Shooting an armed man over cards, or in a quarrel, was not counted criminal; though sometimes society took upon itself to execute a little extraneous justice upon the offender.

Now, as these laws were generally put in force with the utmost rigour, petty crimes were very rare, and great ones were such dangerous speculations that few chose to perpetrate them. The rights of property were defined by other laws and usages, differing according to the necessities of each district, which were afterwards recognized by the State; and when these were infringed a mass meeting was called to decide between the parties, and I must say that very fair justice was administered.

The population was necessarily a very migratory one. Stage coaches, drawn by six horses, poured in a daily load of new-comers from San Francisco, returning next day, loaded with treasure. Many of the immigrants arrived without a cent in their pockets; and, although they knew no one in the town, could obtain almost unlimited credit, no matter what their appearance. The first man they met would lend them money, if they said they were hard up. Gold was so plentiful that most people found it very easy to pay their debts.

The country around the town was very beautiful,

consisting of park-like scenery, with well-timbered, rolling hills, between which the miners sought for gold in the beds of the numerous streams, which had made deep passages between them, in their course to the sea. Most of these flowed into Sullivan's Creek, which emptied itself into the Tuolumne River, a tributary of the San Joaquin. During the day the town presented a curious appearance. The streets—unpaved, unkept—were thronged with people, bustling about as though not a moment was to be lost. Here were busy workmen, erecting a frame-house; there a party, or perhaps a single individual, setting up the poles for a canvas tent on some vacant spot of ground; perhaps a batch of new-comers looking on in astonishment at a string of almost naked Indians wending their way to the accustomed gambling-house; while carts and horses passed quickly to and fro, or ox-teams of twelve yoke of cattle, drawing a huge wagon laden with goods from the towns nearer the coast, wended slowly along, contrasting strongly in speed with the quick-stepping mule-teams which passed them *en route*.

All day long the shops seemed thronged, the saloons were filled to overflowing; while every now and then a report of firearms was heard, and a crowd rushed out with great activity, only to rush in again to see who was killed.

Let us look into one of these gambling-houses, which consisted of a boarded or canvas apartment, about fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, with a door at each end; the farther extremity being divided off by a bar or counter, behind which were displayed numerous bottles, cigar boxes, &c., from the sale of whose contents the saloon-keeper made his profits. Generally, he had no interest in the gambling, unless he chose to play; but as the players were supposed to drink after each game, and as the drinks cost half a dollar each, his profits were considerable. The gambling tables, of plain deal, were constructed so as to be used separately or together, according to the game to be played; while the players sat upon wooden benches or stools, though in more refined times chairs were imported.

Imagine, then, a large *monté* game going on, while bearded men of many nations, dressed in red woollen shirts and canvas trousers, sit or stand in groups around the table, on which are piled, to tempt the eye, heaps of gold coin, purses of gold dust, mixed with nuggets of gold. Woe betide the dealer should he be caught cheating. Every man was armed, and his nearest neighbour would conscientiously and without a moment's warning empty the contents of his revolver into the thief's waistcoat; so that games such as this were generally conducted fairly. It was only in games such as *euchre* or *poker*, in which there were few players, that the more dexterous gambler dared to play a false card; and, in consequence, there were far more revolvers fired across the table during these games. My reader may be misled if I do not explain that there were not many Colt's revolvers at that time, most of the miners being armed with huge horse pistols, relics of the Mexican war, and a very inferior weapon called an Allen's revolver—a thing with five small barrels in one solid disc, the nipples of which protruded towards the man who fired it, so that if it were loaded too heavily there was great danger of his shooting himself with the nipples, the ball remaining in the barrel. Added to this, the fact that the force of

the hammer being given by the pull on the trigger—rendering it impossible to take steady aim—made this a truly dangerous weapon to handle.

A curious incident occurred, which gave to this weapon a new name, and eventually caused it to be abandoned as a weapon.

An old hunter, just come in from the mountains, and wishing to change his clothes, which he had not been able to do for some time, went into a clothing store at Jamestown to buy a new rig. As it happened, he could find none to fit him, except the full costume of an English sailor, pea-coat included. Not caring what he wore so that the clothes were easy, he got shaved, had a dip in the creek—though it was winter—threw his old clothes into the creek, put on his new ones, had something to eat, then went to a gambling-house for a game of *euchre*, of which he was fond, he being a good player.

A gambler, who had been sitting in the saloon waiting for a chance to fleece somebody, at once spotted old Alec Coe—for it was none other than that noted hunter—and thinking he had only an English sailor to deal with, invited him to take a drink, and afterwards to a little game, at which Alec soon won all the money he had. Enraged at being beaten by this unmistakable salt, the gambler became furious, drew his revolver, and, as Alec retreated laughing towards the bar, began firing at him, emptying his five chambers just as Alec had borrowed a revolver from the storekeeper.

"I'll teach you," said he, "to cut up my new jacket."

And walking up to him, he shot the villain dead.

Alec then stooped down, and took the weapon from the dead gambler's hand, curious to know what sort of a weapon—he had never seen an Allen before—had been fired at him five times without killing him; while the crowd gathered round, wondering at the consummate coolness of the man, for none had recognized him in his novel dress.

"Why, dern my skin!" said he, looking at the face of it with infinite disgust—"dern my skin, if it aint a pepper-box! Boys, if I'd known he'd been only fooling, I'd only have laid up a paw" (shot him in the arm); "though the derned thing," said he, looking again at the Allen, "did kick mighty hard, and I reckon my new coat aint so good as it was."

With this, he pulled off his pea-jacket, and there all the balls were that had hit him, rolled up in the lining.

There had not been powder enough in the pistol. From that day, wherever and as fast as this anecdote spread, everybody threw away their pepper-boxes.

The sun shone brightly every day; but upon this particular day it shone upon a man who, with a large book in his hand, and a curious, inquiring look in his determined eye, was walking slowly up Sonora's only street. In appearance he was strongly built, and though he could not be called tall, yet his carriage was so erect and easy that he appeared taller than he really was. Dressed in black cloth, he might have been taken for a gambler—for gamblers almost always dressed in black, when they could afford it, boasting that they were the only gentlemen in town—but his white tie was something of a curiosity in those parts; and as he passed Seth Sturgess, a tall one from Pike,

the latter opened his eyes slantingwise, exclaiming, with an oath—

"Boys, it's time we moved west. I'll be dog'd if that aint a preacher!"

The preacher, who was none other than Parson Dale, a Wesleyan Methodist, just arrived, turned smilingly upon the huge Pike, saying—

"Won't you come and hear me preach?"

"Now, look yar, stranger," said the Missourian—"I aint your parient, an' I hate preachers like pysin; but if you want to be a gone coon in less nor no time, just you hold forth before Josh Holden's saloon. Take my knowledge, stranger, for your experience, and just you make tracks for hum. It's no use your preachin' to the boys. We be all past the Rubicon, I reckon, here."

Parson Dale did not understand the latter part of this speech, but he did the former, and replied by asking—

"Which is Josh Holden's saloon?"

"Thar, stranger," said Seth, pointing—"that frame building, where you see the grocery opposite with them empty boxes by the door."

"Thank you," said Dale, taking off his hat. "I guess that's just where I'm going to preach."

Seth Sturgess opened his eyes wide, and followed like a lamb, only taking the precaution to pull his revolver ready for use, as he said to himself—

"That preacher's got grit, but I reckon Josh Holden will clean him."

Was he going to use his weapon for or against him as they arrived in front of Josh Holden's saloon?

Who was Josh Holden? He was the most determined gambler in camp, to whom the bravest gave place; the owner of both the saloon and monté bank which bore his name; and who could neither count the thousands he was worth, nor the men's lives he had taken, on his fingers. Many a report of reckless daring had followed him from Mexico, where he had served as a soldier; and, had he not been lax in his discipline, he might have risen to a high position in the United States army. As it was, the officers rather dreaded him, and were glad to give him his discharge after the war was over. His Californian life tended still more to bring out all that was bad in him, though tales of his ferocity were often mixed with stories of generosity hard to be believed.

And it was before his saloon that Parson Dale was going to preach.

### Patsey and the Priest.

YOUNG Patsey Roney sat one day beside his bit of bog,

And Father Phelim came along: "Ah, idling there, ye dog?"

"Oh, no," says Pat, "yer riverince, I'm faling mighty quare."

"Inside, my lad?" "Oh, no; about what Irishmen will dare."

"Good potheen is too strong for ye," says Father Phelim then;

"Don't touch the stuff, my boy," says he, "but leave it to the men."

The father sat him on a stone, forinst young Patsey there;

And Pat, he spoke of Irish boys, and what they'd do and dare.

"Oh, father, dear, 'tis not the stuff that's got into my head;

But sorrow sore has torn me heart, until the pore thing's bled.

I see ould Ireland thrampled down—her children thin and bare,

And yet I read in history what Irishmen would dare."

"Ah, Patsey, lad, ye shouldn't read," says Father Phelim then.

"Why not?" says Pat; "are Irish lads not made like other men?"

Ye never knew, from then till now, a deed so rich and rare

That Scot or Englishman would do, but Irishmen would dare.

"Oh, Father Phelim, Erin's sons are looked upon as dirt,

Except in times of throuble sore, when all the people hurt

Will take the help poor Paddy gives, as soldier, sailor, there

To brave the bay'net, face the shot, like Irishmen will dare.

"And yet for years, wid black despair a-tearing at their heart,

They've crossed the sea to seek a home in ivery furrin part:

Far west they're made the prairie smile, and money won to spare;

As soldiers, France and Spain can tell what Irishmen will dare."

Says Father Phelim, "Yes, my son, there's truth in what ye spake;

But wait, me boy, the day will dawn when Englishmen will wake

To see how Irish boys are brave, and for their honour care,

And give them due for all they've done, and in the future dare."

Says Pat, says he, "God send the day! Till then we'll side by side,

In peace or war, on sea or shore, together face the tide;

Just let them call us *Brother* Pat, the devil then may care—

Bedad, we'll show the big wide world what Irishmen can dare!"

G. M. F.

## Things New and Old.

### Duels and Duellists.

The English newspapers have been very properly holding up to ridicule the childish proceedings of the editors and staffs of the French journals. There has been quite a revival of honour in the French capital. The Imperial journals come out with a leader *apropos* of the good old times, and express their hope of a change; the Republican journals respond with a glorification of the present, and throw mud at the Napoleonic memory; the Imperial journals respond again, and bespatter the Republic. Then comes a pleasant

change: the papers get personal, and call names, like little school-boys. Monsieur Jules says that Monsieur Achille is a pig—in effect; and after a little more of this sort of thing, challenges are given and accepted, and *Messieurs les Editeurs* meet in the Bois de Boulogne, and make great asses of themselves: one gets pinked, and a little blood flows; the seconds interfere, and declare honour to be satisfied; the principals fly into each other's arms, embrace—"Ce cher Jules!" "Ce cher Achille!" they kiss; and all is over. It is rather funny, but "other men other manners." They manage these things better in France, so they say; but fortunately we like our English way the better. Saving in one or two scurril prints, personality is unknown; and even in them it is merely made a trap to catch a libel case, so as to cheaply advertise the newspaper by the interest taken in the squabble by the public. London editors, or their staffs, do not send challenges; neither do they engage in the simple, homely duel of fisticuffs, for there is such a thing as being bound over before a magistrate to keep the peace. Bah! it is not that; surely, there is too much sound common sense in the English head. Burns said—

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

If the French pressmen could only have that gift, it would soon be *à bas* with the *duello*.

#### Those Cats.

The man who entertains a doubt as to the thorough good-heartedness of the Baroness Burdett Coutts would be looked upon either as a malevolent or a lunatic. Undoubtedly she is a large-hearted woman, of a most sympathetic nature; but unhappily, now and then, her goodness makes itself apparent in a form that is little, narrow, and only such as would emanate from a wealthy maiden lady whose sympathies have never been hardened by the exercise of her full womanly instincts. There is so much to do nowadays, so many terrible human pains and troubles to assuage, that woman is called upon to do something more than waste so much of her sweetness upon what are, comparatively speaking, trifles. The married woman and mother is naturally braver and more helpful in her instincts. She has learned that great mystery of love—the love of her husband and her offspring. Your maiden lady's affections too frequently go towards dumb animals. With all respect to the Baroness, there is something of this latter leaning to be detected in her charity, and much money that might have been better directed seems to have been frittered away. It is from goodness of heart, of course, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is in her favour; that the drinking fountains are helped—although, as a rule, they are only so many playthings for children, who drink more water than is good for them, and then splash their companions; that the dog and horse troughs were provided—all good things in their way; but the Baroness's last whim was one that raises a shrug of the shoulders. She writes to the papers to appeal on behalf of the cats, and asks for better treatment of the poor creatures. Lady Burdett Coutts writes from Stratton-street, Piccadilly. If she would only live in a moderate-sized suburban street for a few weeks, and hear the voices of the charmers, in every minor key, making night hideous, she would, like more than one good man and

true has done, wish the swarming cattery back into blind kittenhood, and in some mighty pail of water, upon which he could hold the lid till the last latent feline nuisance was no more.

#### A Wild Beast Sale.

The two noble young lions in one den paced the floor, and reared against the bars, with their muzzles poked between, as though with some idea that with a freer look-out they might discover what the matter was; while the full-grown lioness reclined defiantly, and looked out on the crowd with that blazing scorn of which no eyes save those of the lion are capable, and with an expression on her intelligent face which might have meant that it was bad enough to be made an exhibition of for paltry money, but that when it came to be gaped at by a mob who had not paid a farthing for the privilege, why the sooner there was an end of it the better. The grizzly bear, as though foreseeing the base indignity that would presently be cast on him, was in a particularly unamiable frame of mind; and on a near-sighted gentleman venturing too near his cage, in order to make out the number of the "lot" bruin comprised, the irate animal thrust out a paw, and caught the inquisitive one a thwack on the ear he is not likely to forget in a hurry. . . . The five camels were then paraded, and marched past the auctioneer in single file. The male came first, a splendid-looking animal. The first bid was 10s., and it was a long time before he got over that. He was very nearly knocked down for 15s. After a great deal of chaff he realized £7 10s. only. The secret of this was explained in the remark of a bystander hailing from Jamrach's. "If them as has bought him don't know how to manage him, he'll eat up the lot on 'em, clothes and all." This shows what bad temper will do in depreciating an otherwise splendid animal. Camels have very long, sharp teeth, very like dogs' teeth. They have great reach with their long necks. A camel's bite is a very serious thing, and this animal has already bitten more than one man. The other camels realized about £20 a-piece; a camel calf, four months old, twenty guineas.

#### A Witty Irishman.

In the days I write of, when the Guards were quartered at Windsor, he dined with me at the mess of the Blues. There happened to be present a fire-eating, quarrelsome man, who had been involved in many what were termed affairs of honour.

Dick, who had all the pluck of a son of Erin, and who had listened patiently to this oracle laying down the law, thought he would cause a laugh at his expense; so, suddenly turning to him, he quietly said—

"I saw a man to-day who would give any sum of money he possesses to kick you."

"Kick me!" responded the Sir Lucius O'Trigger—"kick me! I call upon you to name him," at the same time turning livid with rage.

"Oh, bedad, I'll tell you," replied his tormentor.

"I insist upon knowing," interrupted the angry man.

"Well, if you wish to know—but it must not go farther—the man was——"

"Who? who?"

"Ah, don't be in such a hurry—the man was Billy Waters, who goes about in a bowl; because why, he has not any legs, and, by the powers, would give all he has to be able to kick anybody."—*Recollections of my Life.*



**Jack Hamilton's Luck.**

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—IN WHICH I GET A GLIMPSE AT CLARIDGE'S SECRET.

"OH, Buffles, pack all my things up, and take them to this address, where they are to be left till called for."

"All, sir?"

"All, except what I have left out on the bed. We have got the route for Vittoria."

"Beg pardon, sir—how long will it take to get there?"

"About a month, and we start to-morrow morning."

"Why, the tents have not come yet, sir, and we have had no practice a-pitching of them."

"Well, Buffles, as we are not to have any tents, that does not matter so much."

I shall not readily forget my servant's face when I imparted this information. It was freezing sharply in Bilbao, where we were quartered at the time; and on the mountains we had to traverse, report said that the weather was exceedingly severe.

"Why, sir, I beg pardon, but we shall all be froze to death."

"That is what we are paid for, Buffles."

A few days after the Hernani affair, we had been sent round by sea to Bilbao, and there we kept hard at drill for a couple of months, with no incident to break the routine but a sally to protect the retreat of a large body of Spanish troops, which had been defeated by the Carlists; on which occasion the Legion behaved so steadily as to restore the confidence which had been somewhat damaged by the first premature demonstration. But there was no serious fighting, and I forget the details; though doubtless they were, for the most part, more noteworthy than my telling my servant to pack up my possessions when we started for Vittoria. But poor Buffles's dismay at the prospect of being iced, when he had been enticed into the service of Isabella Segunda by suggestions of eternal summer, tickled my fancy. Yet I believe that he cared more for my probable discomfort than for his own.

It was a severe march, that from Bilbao to Vittoria, in the November of 1835. That winter was the most bitter that had been known for forty years in those parts, so it was said; but, then, the same remark is current every cold winter everywhere. Anyhow, it punished us. The men were poorly clothed, badly shod, and as helpless in unaccustomed situations as Englishmen—unless they are sailors—generally are.

At the close of the first day's march, when they were told that they were to pass the night on the bare hillside, in the snow, without any covering, and the thermometer being any number of degrees below freezing-point—and this not for the sake of getting at the enemy, which would have made it all right, but as a natural way of lodging when you travelled from place to place—I really think that they looked upon the information as a hoax. Convinced that it was the simple fact, they were for lying down in the most exposed localities, without taking the slightest pains to seek shelter from the nature of the ground—a hedge, a hollow, or what not. We had the greatest work to get them to cut wood and make bivouac fires,

to cook their food, or help themselves in any way whatever; and I really thought several times that the whole Legion would perish of sheer cold and inanition. There were, of course, exceptions—my friend, Rose, the ex-prizefighter, being one of them. To see him rousing the men up was splendid.

"Now, you fellows," I heard him say, "drop these here airs, as if you had been used to fine feather beds and a footman to keep the place warm against you came to bed. A lot on you knows what a dry arch under a bridge is for a lodging; and you couldn't get no wood there for a fire, while here there's lots for the cutting. Come along."

I remember one bitter night, when, wrapped in our cloaks, and, lying as close to our bonfire as was possible, we could not get a wink for the cold, my captain, Mortimer, sat up, lit a cigar, and burst into a fit of laughter. This was so unlike him, that I asked what was the matter.

"Can't help it, Jack," he said, breaking out again. "I was thinking how often I have had my newspaper aired, for fear I should catch cold by reading it damp."

The officers did not grumble much. The seniors, who gave the tone, knew how the Spaniards behaved to the English when they were flooding the Peninsula with their own gold and that of future generations; when they were draining the life-blood of the nation in their defence; when they had one Wellesley at the court and another in the camp to watch over their interests, and what could they expect now that they were merely their hired mercenaries? They had made their bargain with their eyes open, determined to fulfil their part, though they knew very well that the Government of Queen Isabel would not keep theirs; and what was the use of complaining?

That march knit us together as one family. Up to that time I had looked upon my brother-officers as a dissipated, gambling set—on the whole, very good fellows in their way, but not the sort of men I should have selected as intimate friends. But in the hardship and difficulties of that time their better qualities came out, and I learned to respect them. Their vices were superficial, their virtues deep. Almost the only exception I made was in disfavour of Tickler, the surgeon, who always managed to procure brandy, and was generally under the influence of it. His passion for play, too, was not to be frozen out of him. At every halt out came his leather case with the pack of cards; and if awakened by the cold at night, one was sure to see him sitting close to a bivouac fire, dealing and shuffling with some one whom he had persuaded to keep a gamester's vigil with him. Sometimes Claridge was his companion, when no one else came forward.

"It is a matter of charity," he said. "I believe Tickler would play Jack Frost for his fingers and toes, if no one else would hold a hand against him."

What I disliked our surgeon most for was the cynical way in which he always deprecated the men. The rest of us made allowances for them, were indignant at the treatment they received, tried our very hardest to alleviate their condition, and work them into shape. But Tickler called them riff-raff, the scum of the earth, sneered at their appearance, doubted their courage; and said that if they all perished of disease, exposure, and Carlist bullets, it would be a good rid-  
dance for society in general. If he had been the cor-



respondent of one of the Carlist London papers, he could not have been more unreasonably bitter. Ill-clothed, badly shod, insufficiently fed, the troops certainly deteriorated during that trying march, and much of our previous work of organization was undone. The Durango decree proved positively useful to us, as it prevented them from straggling; but it was a distressed, half-starved body of men that entered Vittoria as the British Legion.

If any sanguine soldiers imagined that they were now to be recompensed for their hardships and sufferings by being decently lodged, clothed, and fed, they were doomed to disappointment. Walls and a roof were certainly provided for them, and insufficient rations, but nothing else. No beds nor bedding; not a blanket. The officers had to exert themselves unceasingly to procure them a few handfuls of straw to spread between their bodies and the stone pavement upon which they had to lie. Poor fellows, they knew that we all did our best for them, and were very grateful. Hatred to the Spaniards—nominal friends as well as doomed foes—grew in their hearts side by side with attachment to their officers; and so an *esprit de corps* was formed which was of supreme service on many a trying occasion, and did more than anything else to promote the efficiency of the Legion.

The officers, especially those who, like Claridge and myself, had money at command, could make themselves comfortable enough in Vittoria; for, after that march from Bilbao, even Spanish beds and Spanish cookery appeared luxurious. Claridge and I lodged together. On the march, at the bivouac, on outpost duty, when the long crawling watches of night had to be got through; and now again, under snigger circumstances, over a blazing wood fire and a bottle of good wine, we passed many and many of those hours which are so conducive to confidential talk, and I opened my heart to him entirely. But he never reciprocated. He talked of old college days, of our Paris adventures, and then of his African travels, freely enough; but of what happened in the interim—to the one episode of his life of which he was ever thinking, and ever striving not to think—he made no allusion. His spirits appeared to be excellent, and the greater the hardships we had to undergo the higher they rose, as if he revelled in toil and privation; and he was a general favourite. It was only when alone with me that his manner would change, and betray the uneasiness of his soul; and then the alteration was as sudden and complete as that of an actor as he passes from the stage to the wings. He never expressed impatience at remaining inactive, or a desire to see some fighting, as many officers constantly did; but a light came into his eyes when the subject was mooted, which showed me that he hungered more than all of them for the excitement of combat. It was not long before there seemed to be a prospect of this wish being gratified. Going to parade one morning in January, I saw a crowd of soldiers of all arms gathered round a placard posted up on the wall, which one was reading out loud for the public benefit; and going up, I perceived it was a proclamation, signed by Cordova, the Spanish general in command of all the forces in Vittoria.

"Brave and generous foreigners—"

"That's us, Bill!"

"—who are come to fight for the progress of civilization—"

"Oh, that's what we are a-fighting for, is it? Well, the blokes want it, bad."

"—let us see—"

"I should like to see the colour of their money."

"—animated by a spirit of generous emulation—"

"Sure, an' it's a bellyful of victuals is the animation I'm wanting!"

"—to which nation fortune will this day award her favours, and victory her brightest crown."

The meaning of all this balderdash proved to be that an expedition had been determined upon to drive the Carlists from certain parts they occupied in the neighbourhood; and so, one snowing, raining, sleeting day in January, we marched out in three columns—Cordova, whose division included the French Algerine Legion, in the centre; Espartero on the left; Evans, whose force consisted of his own brigade, the Chapelgorris, or Redcaps (natives of Guipuzcoa, officered by Basques principally, though there were a few foreigners among them—hardy, active men, of the same breed as the Carlists, but with a touch of the brigand about them); and a regiment of Castile, commanded by a famous partisan, named El Pastor, on the right.

We marched along the high road to Salvatierra, by Glaraca and Matanco—Cordova on the high road to France, Espartero towards Villareal, if anybody is acquainted with the country, and wants to know.

It was the same old game as the march towards Hernani, on a larger scale, and with more employment of artillery. We drove the Carlists from position after position, which they never meant to occupy, and did not seriously defend; but we had a good deal of skirmishing, which was exciting; and cannon balls played amongst us, and shells burst over our heads pretty frequently, all which prevented our being dull. And then we were in constant expectation of closer, hotter work; for it was not to be supposed that the enemy would give ground beyond a certain point, and we were not devoid of confidence in doing pretty well, for the men were far better in hand. Drill had done its work—they held their tongues, and kept their places; or, if they got into momentary confusion, were able to tell themselves off, and get right again without fuss.

"This amusement is hardly so dangerous as hunting," said Mortimer, when we had been more or less under fire for a good many hours without any casualties.

As he spoke, a shell, better directed than most, burst over our heads. One fragment went through the company drum; a second cut the top of my shako, giving me a most unpleasant chuck under the chin with the strap of it; a third took Mortimer just above the left knee, sending him down with a nasty ragged tear, from which all the blood in his body seemed to be gushing. I passed the word for the surgeon, and Tickler was up in a moment, clapped on a tourniquet, bandaged the wound, and poured a cordial down the patient's throat, with a readiness, a delicacy of touch, and a firmness which astonished me. For we were halted just then, and I could watch the operation.

"Why, Tickler's of some use, after all!" exclaimed little Wilmot, with a *naïveté* which caused the doctor to shake his fist at him, and made the wounded man smile.

"Hard lines to be thrown out in the first burst, Jack," he said to me. "Shells are a bore."

At that moment the word was passed down to advance; so I just pressed Mortimer's hand, and went on. I did not know at the time, but on after-reflection I was and am sorry to find that I was pleased at my captain's being wounded; for the command of his company devolved upon me, and that was a new toy, and amused me—selfish brute that I was!

The Carlists retired before us all day, and in the evening we halted on a hill, with the enemy somewhere in our front. The snow had turned to drizzling, half-frozen rain; and there was a fog of the nature which is very erroneously supposed to be peculiar to England.

The Grenadier company and No. 2 were ordered to the front on outpost duty, which seemed of an unusually important character, for the mist was very favourable to a surprise; and then I was in a responsible position.

Robarts, the adjutant, came up to me.

"Did you notice a cluster of houses out yonder, before it came on so thick? You can just distinguish them now it has lifted a little. There is a château, with a few poor hovels scattered about it, and a sort of farmyard place, it looks like, to the left. Well, you make your way to that farmhouse, and post your sentries out from there; Adams will be on your right in the château. The colonel says you are to hold out pretty resolutely if attacked, because you will be reinforced if necessary."

"All right," said I; "but if the Carlists are there already?"

"Kick 'em out if you can, like a good fellow, or the brigade will have to retreat a couple of miles to prevent being out-flanked; and it would be awkward to move in the dark and fog. But the responsibility of all that rests with Adams. The château is the only strong part of the position. Of course, you must help him all you know."

"But if—"

"Oh, you want to know such a lot!" laughed Robarts, cantering off.

According to Mortimer's way with the men, which I thought myself bound in conscience to carry out, I explained to them what was wanted; and that as perhaps there might be some of the enemy in our farm buildings we must keep as quiet as possible, and pounce upon them suddenly, not firing unless it was necessary. Then I made them fix bayonets, that we might not give notice of our approach by the rattle of that operation; and we started in the direction indicated. After marching about a mile, I went on a dozen yards ahead, telling Wilnot to halt the company when I held up my sword.

Our course had been along a lane, deep enough to conceal us from the Company which was close upon our right, as also from the buildings we were going to. Presently I came to the end of this lane, and could distinguish what looked like the farm outhouses Robarts had described looming through the mist. There was an open space, surrounded by a low wall, flanked by ruinous-looking buildings, which might well be granaries, some forty yards in front. I let the Company come up to me, and then told the leading files to front form, speaking under my breath. The men were sufficiently trained now to conform to the movements

of those in front of them without the word of command, and they formed in line silently. When we had covered half the distance, a voice challenged in Spanish. I replied with the word—

"Double!" And we were up to the wall, and over it in a twinkling. There were a dozen or so of Carlist soldiers in the enclosure, a few of whom got bayoneted in the rush; the rest escaped over the opposite wall, leaving their arms behind them. The careless sentry who had challenged so tardily had already paid for his negligence with his life, and that before he could let off his piece.

Leaving half the Company in the farmyard with Wilnot, I then explored the hovels on our right with the remainder, and found them untenanted. The last was not far from the house which Robarts had called a château, but which would be more correctly described as a villa, with a pleasure garden around it, in which I saw men of the Grenadier Company moving about. So I went towards it, wishing to confer with Adams and Claridge about the posting of sentries, &c., and found them talking together on a grass plot before the door.

"I have got a job I hate," said Adams. "The owner of this house is probably at home, everything looks in such apple-pie order; and I must either turn him out, or advise him and his family to lock themselves up in the cellar. At any rate, I must occupy the premises, and put the place into a slightly defensible condition. At least, I suppose—have you seen anything hostile? We fancied we heard a scrimmage."

"Yes," said I, "there are scattered parties of the enemy about."

And I told him what had occurred.

"By Jove, then, there's no help for it. Here goes to apologize for all the mischief I am going to do. I hope there are no ladies in the house. You remain with the company, Claridge. Sergeant Brown, bring four file and the pioneer with the pickaxe, in case we have to break the door in."

After a certain amount of rapping and kicking at the door, a voice from an upper window cried—

"Be off with you, brigands! You will get nothing here but hard blows. We are armed, and determined to protect our property."

"We are not brigands," replied Adams, in broken Spanish. "I am an English officer, in the service of the Queen Isabel, and on outpost duty. I am very sorry to inconvenience you, but I must hold this house. There shall be no damage done unless we are attacked, which is not likely; and we will molest you as little as possible."

"I understand," replied the voice above. "Christianist, Carlist, it is all the same. You are brigands—go. There is nothing of value here, and plenty of bullets."

"Pray, do not be so obstinate," urged Adams. "I am forced to obey orders, and if you do not admit me freely must break the door down."

The daylight had faded rapidly in the last ten minutes, and the fog had thickened, so that the figures about the door were indistinct. There was a pause of silence, then Adams's voice again—

"Bring that crowbar here."

The clink of metal against stone, and thud!—thud! the wrenching and tearing of wood; a flash of fire from the upper window, and a cry of "The captain's down! Come on, lads!" next reached us; and almost simul-

taneously there was a crash as the door went in, a rush of feet, shots, oaths, and cries.

"Steady, men—steady!" cried Claridge; for some were breaking out of the ranks, and two or three had fired up at the window the shot came from. "Right turn—left wheel."

And he led them to the entrance.

A couple of men were raising their captain into a sitting position, with his back to the wall, and I stopped to see how it was with him. A ball had grazed the side of his head, making a furrow on the scalp, about an inch long, and knocking him stupid. But I could feel that the bone was not fractured; and, though unable to stand, he was not senseless.

Three piercing female shrieks caused me to rush into the house. At the entrance, I stumbled over a prostrate figure, which groaned. Recovering myself, I turned into a large room, lit by a blazing wood fire, filled with soldiers and crouching domestics, who were crying for mercy in abject terror, expecting the fate which had befallen several who lay about the floor. After restoring order to some extent, and putting them under the care of a sergeant, I went upstairs, and entered another room, from which light came.

Near the window lay a Carlist officer on his back, his arms extended like a cross, everlasting calm on his face, and the red wound which had given him instantaneous death on his forehead. In the centre of the apartment, and dressed as a civilian, was a corpse, whose clenched hands, drawn-up knees, and horribly contorted features told of agonizing bayonet thrusts. In another part of the room there was a couch, from which came a sound of gasping for breath. A few soldiers stood by, silent and quiet, and amongst them Claridge, with a lamp in his hand, and an expression I could not read upon his face. He was pale as death; his eyes had a look of compassionate horror in them, while his lips were firmly compressed. Stepping up, I saw that his gaze was riveted on the face of, I think, the most lovely woman I ever saw, who lay on the couch, with the tide of life ebbing from her left breast.

Presently her eyes opened; she turned them round, looking for a friendly face, and met those of Claridge. The gasping ceased; she raised herself on her elbow, and stared like a fascinated bird. Claridge took off his cap, and bent nearer to her, with his eyes still fixed on hers.

"Mercy!"

Oh, that cry! Many years ago as it is since I heard it, it rings in my ears yet. The uttering of it quenched the flickering spark, and she sank over—dead.

"Clear the room, and take those two bodies out of it," said Claridge, mastering the emotion which rent him with a violent effort.

He left last, locking the door, and taking the key. The dead beauty remained alone, without even the company of a corpse.

"You knew her?" I asked as we went out.

"She was my wife!" he answered.

Adams, who had been only stunned, and was none the worse, save for a sore head, now made his somewhat ghastly appearance, and took command again. We settled the disposal of the sentries of the two Companies, and I returned to my own men, from whom I had been absent exactly twenty-five minutes. Little

Wilmot had posted double sentries, and organized the reliefs in my absence.

Next day we got orders to remain where we were, which rejoiced us. It was a sad business about the château; for, from the evidence of the servants, there was little doubt that the resistance had been due to a *bond fide* belief that we were a straggling body of plunderers. But two dead Carlist officers, and the presence of Carlist soldiers in the farmyard, showed that we had not attacked our friends, at all events, which was some consolation. A greater was that we found provisions and wine in the house, and were under shelter, while the troops in rear were exposed to a steady pouring rain which froze as it fell.

On the third day we were called in; and it was with a sad heart that I turned and looked for the last time at the solitary, desolated château. The dead men had been rudely buried in the garden; but the lady, struck down by a chance shot, still lay in that upper chamber of which Claridge had the key. No one but he and I knew who she was, and her sad story remains a mystery. He never spoke of her again.

### The Casual Observer.

PLEDGING HIS WORD.

HOW came gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion to be so strongly associated with goods and chattels in that state known as the secondhand? Sales by auction—old clothes, *bric-à-brac*, there they are, buzzing about like so many flies; or, to take another simile, like a flock of vultures dragging at carrion. This sounds hard—plain; but it is truthful. Not that we feel disrespect for the tribes of Israel, or their representatives—far from it; since amongst them are plenty of reputable, highly estimable men. But somehow, as if glorying over downfall, those hooked beaks—that is, noses—and those full, sensual lips are to be seen hovering about; hands, none of the cleanest, extended claw-fashion to snatch at a garment, to punch, plunging in right to the shoulder, some foul-ticked feather bed.

Do you doubt it? There's a sale to-day at the King-street mart, and the vultures are in their glory. No novelty this, for sales are not uncommon at the mart—though thousands pass the stately pile without a thought as to its purpose. It is an institution, though, all the same. Perhaps in their travels wayfarers through the streets may, by accident, have seen that remnant of old London's sign days, the three golden balls.

We do not for a moment suppose that there are those amongst the readers of this article who have the most remote idea whose that sign is, or the trade, profession, what not, of its owner. To remove such innocence—ignorance is too hard a term—it may be as well to say that the owner of the three golden balls fulfils the duty here of the *Mont de Pitié* in Paris. He is playfully known as "My uncle," and further facetious allusions are made to a portion of his premises known as the "spout." In fine, his place of business is the receptacle for all kinds of goods required as hostages for the loan of money—a fact, perhaps, after all, pretty well known.

But, even as in the time of Shylock, there comes a reckoning day; then days of grace; and lastly a time

when, grace being ended, and the pledge unredeemed, it must be sold. Stand, then, some day in King-street, Covent-garden, and you shall see the covered cart stop the way, and the unredeemed go tumbling into the great warehouse—from Dobree's, from Attenborough's, from all the pawnbrokers in London, and its mighty suburbs. Or, better still, enter one of the great rooms now there is a sale on, and make use of your eyes. Don't take any notice of that polite Hebrew who solicits the favour of your commissions, nor of that extremely unsavoury, unwashed, unshorn, unhallowed Christian, who asks if he can buy a few articles for you; for the sale is in full swing, and you shall see to what shifts some are put to raise money.

The hall is large and lofty, with a near relative of an old City pulpit for the auctioneer's rostrum, from whence comes his hoarse voice in rapid checking off of bids—"six—and six—seven—seven—eight—and six—nine—ten—all done?"—tap! and the article is sold to a frowsy-looking, flue-haired woman, who seizes it, holds it up, examines each seam, looks at the arms, wrist, elbow, and armpit, peeps at the lining, and then, apparently satisfied, turns it inside out, and carefully rolls it up—for it is an old black silk dress. Two pairs of trousers have been knocked down to another lady, certainly Jewish, while the dress was being folded; and now there is a bundle rapidly shaken out and being passed round by the auctioneer's porter. It is a mysterious-looking bundle of skirts and whalebone fabrics, and a pair of boots; but there is an eager competition, and the hammer descends at fourteen shillings, the purchaser snatching at the bundle as if there was a possibility of its being seized by another claimant. Coats, vests, old hats, silks, satins, and stuff dresses; gorgeous theatrical robes, with their satin and spangled slippers to match; remnants of every description of fabric; rolls of cloth; pieces of silk; feminine attire, made and unmade, from the veriest rag to the most costly shawl—all are there, offered and sold at no mean rate, till the eye tires and seeks for something whereon to rest.

The change soon comes, for there is a break in the long catalogue. The Jewish gentlemen, who have been holding aloof, draw near to the great circular counter, and the harpies of the old clothes department shrink away. For there is something fresh in the way. Those twelve gallery paintings of the great Cæsars frowning from the wall are put up; then follows a pair of fine Sèvres vases; next a couple of Narwhal tusks—two long ivory spirals, one seven feet in length, to be knocked down at seven pounds, their destination ultimately being to become the glistening teeth of some fair lady who visits a dentist's for, perhaps, a fifty-guinea set. Now there is quite a fight for a trayful of potsherds apparently, only they are the fragments as well as wholes of Dresden china. A musical box in full play is succeeded by a cuckoo clock, and that again by a piece of brown canvas, very dark, very varnishy, brilliant of frame, but as to itself—well, in one light, as it is carried round, you obtain a trace of something, but what the work of art may be it is impossible to say, so you fall back upon the auctioneer's description, that it is "supposed to be by Vandyck."

Books in handsome bindings to be fought for by competition, and to fetch a price that must be quite encouraging to authors, till they see the prices made

by some of the future lots whose bindings happen to be shabby. More fictile wares—ceramic specimens, that are dull and dead, or bright and glorious in gilt and colour. Now it is Crown Derby—now Chelsea—now from the far East, with its grotesque drawing slightly out of perspective; and again comes the delicate-tinted Wedgwood from our English Etruria, light and graceful, with chaste, ivory-hued medallions. Now the sales are made in peace, now a dispute arises, and eyes flash on either side of fierce aquiline noses, as a favoured chiming clock is briskly competed for, and held in dispute at the hammer's fall. But it is put up again, the price rises a pound or two, and something else takes its place.

Strange things come here for sale. Bronzes and bicycles, which seem to be flat in the market, and are evidently bought in, from not fetching the sellers' price; chandeliers, and their modern relatives of the gas; now it is a banjo or an old violin, to obtain ready sale; but a handsome harp in satin-wood and gold seems to be veritably hung up in public taste, and is not sold. Mirrors fare better, and, brittle as they are, sell well, even when the gilding is tarnished and the silver slightly gone. But there are no less than seven pianos to find fresh owners—your good old maker of some notes short compass fetching as much as your brand-new, shining walnut-wood piece of veneering, whose tones are brilliant certainly now, but what they may be after six months' use who knows?

Nothing seems too old or too bad for sale, for there is a great refiner's pot for all things, and the odds and ends now being bought with such eagerness will in a few days shine. Furniture now—solid and flimsy; old and new opera glasses in abundance, and field glasses and microscopes out of number. New boots are next on the list; and they, too, sell in bundles of half a dozen pairs, as if the buyers felt certain that there was never a boot yet but that there must be a foot to fit.

And so on, hour after hour, the sale proceeds, till it becomes very evident that besides those who go in distress to "my uncle" to raise money upon some cherished household idol, there must be a large class of little manufacturers who make it their practice to knock up a cheap article solely for the purpose of pledging for as much as it will fetch. There is a good deal here for the moralist to dwell on; and gazing perhaps in one of those tarnished mirrors, he may thoughtfully see some sad one, day by day, paying a visit to the three-ball sign, pledging the household gods to stay the demon want—gods that it has been hoped may, when brighter days come, yet be redeemed; but those days have not arrived, and, the time expiring, the end is here.

But the air is oppressive: one fancies there is the odour of Israelitish fried fish floating around; and so we seek the outer air to drive away the dismal thoughts—for does not the wheel of fortune ever turn?

A MILWAUKEE chap kissed his girl about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said, in a sad tone of voice, "Ah, John! I fear you have ceased to love me." "No, I haven't," replied John, "but I must breathe."

## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### CHAPTER II.

PARSON DALE'S father was one of those Englishmen who, despairing of obtaining religious equality in their own country, determined to seek it in America. But, although the change secured for him the object he desired, in a worldly point of view it was not a change for the better. Misfortune begat misfortune, until little of the wealth he brought with him remained—scarcely enough to support himself and his wife, and to send an only son to college. In due time this son, our hero, was sent to minister at a small church called Salem, in Boston, where he soon became so famous as a preacher that his congregation rapidly increased. Like many a good and zealous novice, he did not scruple to lash any known sin to which his congregation might be addicted with severity; not that he was, or intended to be, personal—far from it. It has been said that, in a large congregation, each one of the Commandments, when read, will hit home to some one; and, in this case, a sermon of Parson Dale's came with such force upon the conscience of one of the deacons of the congregation and a certain married sister, whose husband was gone to sea on a whaling voyage, that they made sure he was preaching at them.

Unfortunately, the minister had passed them walking together in a distant part of the town, some few days before, and as he did not speak to them or even look at them at the time, they supposed he had not noticed them, as in truth he had not. The sermon, however, left no room for doubts in their minds; and so the very next day Tekel Bourbon, the elder, and Mrs. Oleanda Blaze met together, and concocted a scheme of vengeance, which was carried out in the following manner:—

It is customary in the Methodist Church for the congregation to send presents to the minister, whose salary is very small; which custom Mrs. Oleanda Blaze took advantage of, often giving Mr. Dale things which were most acceptable, such as butter, eggs, &c. This gave her an excuse for calling upon him sometimes on Sunday mornings, and walking with him to church, at which time Tekel was ever on the alert to point them out to the congregation with little comments of his own.

Tekel was born in the early days of baby shows; and his parents, because he was a very fine boy, had him exhibited, making sure that he would get the prize—which no doubt he would, had he been properly fattened. The prize babies were all many pounds heavier than young Bourbon, so he was judged unworthy; and his father lost divers sums of money which he had bet upon him. So disgusted was he, that when asked to name his child, he said "Tekel;" for, said he, "he has been weighed in the balances and found wanting."

But when Tekel grew up to manhood he was not found wanting in low cunning, by which he soon acquired sufficient wealth to enable him to aspire to the office of deacon in the church, the congregation of which was composed of tradesmen and small shopkeepers like himself. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Oleanda Blaze, whose husband was gone on a

three years' whaling voyage to the Arctic seas, and between these two an intimacy sprang up, which became the secret source of most of the scandalous stories which were circulated concerning the members of the congregation. No one suspected their intimacy, because their meetings were held at the other end of the town, some miles away, where none of the congregation would be likely to visit.

Poor Parson Dale was perfectly ignorant of the fact that people coupled his name with that of the grass widow, though she did make herself so agreeable, until one evening, after service, Mrs. Blaze walked boldly into the vestry, and, finding him alone, said—

"Mr. Dale, I have come to speak to you on a matter which I have striven so long to conceal from you, but which, I guess, won't hold in my bosom any longer; and yet I don't know how to begin."

Here she burst into tears, fell on her knees, and clasped her arms around his legs convulsively.

Dale, thinking she had some dreadful sin to communicate, and required spiritual advice and consolation, endeavoured to soothe her, at the same time begging her to rise, for fear any of the church members might enter.

The woman only clung the tighter, ejaculating "How shall I tell him?" at intervals between her sobs.

Even Dale, young though he was, and unsuspecting of treachery, began to see the danger of prolonging the situation. What a fix he should be in, he thought, if any of the elders or deacons should come; and what would Grace Emus say if she were told?

This latter thought stung him to action, so, seizing the woman's wrists, he unwound her arms, and raised her to her feet; but Mrs. Blaze was not to be so thwarted. The moment he had relaxed her hands, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, with a shriek—

"Oh, how I love you, how I love you, and how thankful I am that you return my love!"

At this moment who should come in but Tekel Bourbon, with some of the other members of the congregation, who had been collected by him—he having told them that he feared there was something going on in the vestry which it would be well for them to bear witness to.

In vain poor Dale protested that there was no impropriety in his conduct; in vain Mrs. Blaze pretended to protest—appearances were against them, and they must take the consequences.

### CHAPTER III.

EAST-STREET stretched well out into the suburbs of Boston, and there, on the sunny side, was a pretty cottage, with a porch and creepers. Standing as it did, back from the road, surrounded by a small but well-kept garden, it gave one the idea that it was the home of well-to-do people, and that they were also trim and neat, like their house.

On the evening of the day when the vestry affair took place, one Mr. Emus was seated opposite his only child and daughter at dinner. He was a fine man, about fifty years of age, but looking much older—for his locks were white as snow—and his cheerful face showed a strong growth of beard, not usual at that time amongst the dwellers in the Eastern States. This made him a marked man wherever he went; not that he required anything to add to his presence, for he was naturally



BARRY SULLIVAN.—TRAGEDY.



a man of gentlemanly ease. Some said his hair was black up to his wife's death, which happened some years before. Be that as it may, it is certain that he gave up business at that time, being a man of means, and retired with his daughter to this cottage, where they had since lived in peace, caring very little for the pleasures of the world around. Grace Emus was one of those golden-haired beauties of whom dyed representations may be met with at every corner. She was not tall, but her figure was perfectly moulded, and she looked her name, though dressed only after the plainest fashion; while her perfect features and blue eyes harmonized with the mass of golden hair which was looped up in a knot upon her head. She was beautiful at any time, but when she let those tresses fall loose over her face she might have been called divine.

Sometimes, but rarely, does such a rose-blossom hide away in retirement; but such a rose never grew without some one finding it out, and trying to pluck it from its parent stem.

In this instance, the lady—she was but seventeen—had two suitors, Parson Dale and Tekel Bourbon. The former she had met in the course of his ministry, and he was a frequent visitor at her father's house—in fact, had made such an inroad into her heart that there was not the slightest chance for the latter to acquire the heiress's heart and hand. She knew also, though she had not shown her own hand, that her love was returned; for Dale had half confessed it more than once, unable to control his feelings before this Yankee beauty, and was still waiting for a sign from her, that he might openly confess and ask her hand.

Tekel Bourbon, on the other side, felt that he had little chance so long as the good-looking minister was in the field. Grace always received him with that respect which was becoming to her father's friend, but she ever checked his advances with a look or a gesture which he could not fail to interpret. She knew very well that such a man would be more likely to love her fortune than herself; and she was too happy in the quiet life she led with her father to wish for such a change as he could offer.

Grace had no secrets apart from her father. Their lives were too much bound up together for them to think or act apart. And at the very moment we see them seated at their ample meal, they were talking over the character and eloquence, together with the future prospects of John Dale, whose misfortune they had not yet heard.

"My dear," said Mr. Emus, as if in reply to her numerous attempts to make him confess that her lover was perfection, "you must not set your heart on this young fellow, or on any one, until he has been thoroughly tried—that is, until we have seen more of him. I guess you are not yet a very old woman, and I reckon you can well afford to wait a year or two. If he cares for you, he will not fall in love with any one else."

"I know what you are thinking of, papa. I reckon you're thinking of what folks say about him and Mrs. Blaze being so intimate."

Before Mr. Emus had time to reply, there came a knock at the door, and the servant announced that Mr. Tekel Bourbon, with three other members of the congregation, wished to see Mr. Emus on important business. The visitors were shown into the library; and, as dinner was nearly over, Mr. Emus left the table

rather than keep his friends waiting. No sooner had he entered the library, than he was saluted with a volley of groans, which rather startled him. As he inquired what was the matter, there were more groans; but at length Tekel Bourbon lifted up his long, sorrowful face, and whimpered out—

"Oh, my friend, my friend! 'the glory is departed from the sanctuary.' Our church will, I reckon, be henceforth for many a day a byword and a hissing. We may well rend our garments, and cast dust upon our heads, when the pastor of the flock has fallen so low."

Here they all—unable longer to keep back the news which their sanctimonious lips were longing to utter—burst forth with—

"We caught him in the vestry hugging and kissing Mrs. Blaze, and she was screaming like mad to get away."

Mr. Emus turned pale.

"When did all this happen, and how came you all to be near the church at the time?" said he, looking straight into Tekel Bourbon's eyes, who, he thought, winced, and turned, if possible, a shade more yellow.

"Why, you see, Mr. Emus," said Tekel, "I overheard the minister say to Mrs. Blaze that he should like to see her in the vestry after meeting; so, being a friend of her husband, I kept my friends here with me, that they might bear witness unto the truth."

"Yes," said one of the others, "we were outside the church, and we heard her screams—though I guess you might have heard them quite a piece further; and when we did rush in, there was he, with her in his arms. I reckon he had better not wait in these parts till Moses Blaze comes home, or he will have to wither pretty considerable."

John Dale attended the vestry meeting that was summoned, at once; and, in answer to the evidence brought against him, simply declared that there was not a particle of truth in it from beginning to end. He described how Mrs. Blaze came into the vestry, and how the others were waiting without, ready to rush in and bear witness against him; but he failed to convince the members of the church. And when called upon to resign his office, he simply said he would rather be expelled than even seem to confess the truth of such a vile slander.

Turning to where Mrs. Blaze and Tekel Bourbon stood, after the primitive fashion of the church, he said—

"I trust God will reveal and confound the vile plot by which you have brought the ruin of his servant's character. In the meantime, I will go and preach to men who may not yet have heard of God. In a foreign land I will hide—not my shame, for I have done nothing wrong—but I will hide myself from your unjust reproaches, and mine eyes from those vile wretches," and he pointed to his accusers.

John Dale was a man of resources, and not to be cast down while he knew that he was right. Therefore, before his successor could be appointed, he had written a letter to the presiding elder, denying *in toto* the accusation brought against him, denouncing it as a wicked conspiracy, and at the same time saying he could not see how, under the circumstances, they could fail to expel him from the church as an example to others, and hoping that, should Providence vouchsafe to dis-



cover the truth at any future time, they would take immediate steps to clear his character in the church. He added, he was about to journey at his own expense to California.

Parson Dale did not make light of this disgrace—far from it; no one could have felt it more acutely, and but that he was a firm believer that all things were for his good, he might have sunk under a trial which rendered him an outcast from the society he had been accustomed to, and caused his dearest friends to look upon him with suspicion. But his anguish became terrible when he thought of Grace—she whom he felt he loved with a first and only love, whom he was about to leave, perhaps for ever, having nothing to bring him to her remembrance but his disgrace.

Determined, however, to see her once more, he called on Mr. Emus, and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to let him see his daughter alone for a few moments.

"I have asked her," said the father, "and she refused. I will go now and ask her again, saying you are here."

Mr. Emus departed, but soon returned, flushed with anger.

"Dale," he said, "my girl tells me it is of no use to see you again, it would only unnerve her; but she bade me say that she wishes you every happiness in the land where you are going. But believing what she does, she can never be again even an acquaintance. But Dale, let me tell you there is one person in this place—there is one member of Salem Church—there is one, and only one (besides those who know to their shame), who does believe in your innocence, and who will do his best to find out and bring the truth to light; and that one is called Emus. Here's my hand, if you are not afraid to shake it—that's it, an honest shake, I thought so. And how are you off for money? there's a hundred dollars for the heathen. Good-bye; write to me, that I may know where you are—Post-office, East-street. Good-bye."

Before Dale could reply, he had pushed him into the street, where he heard, or thought he heard, a convulsive sob from a window just above his head; but he might have been mistaken.

His step, though, was lighter as he walked to the railway station to take his place for New York.

"There was one man," he said aloud, "who believed in his innocence. Bless him! the time may come when others will also; but of what use will it be? She will then be married to another."

He was quite unprepared for the cold reception his parents gave him. Having written them, he fondly hoped that they would at least console him as far as lay in their power for the misery he had endured. Nothing, however, would persuade them that the elders of the church could be mistaken; and though they said little to him, they showed plainly that they shared his disgrace, and that the glory was departed from their house.

His father, at the end of a long lecture about the depravity of the human heart, and the way which was open for the worst of sinners to repent, offered him some money, which the son indignantly refused.

"No," he said, "I will have no money from a father who will not believe in his son's innocence, or from a mother who can believe her offspring capable of so vile a deed."

And so he left them to their thoughts; while he, bitter and sick at heart, started for fresh adventures in the far West.

### Grace's Lovers.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE MAN WHO CAME WOOLING.

SOME men have eyes, and some have only eyes.

That is to say, some men have optics that strike you directly as being something unusual; while other men only have ordinary good-looking blue, grey, brown, or black eyes, which you look at, and which look at you, and there is an end of it. One don't forget a one-eyed man, or a man who bothers you by having revolving eyes, which seem to be looking at something else when their owner is addressing you, or a man whose eyes always seem to be trying to become intimate under their owner's nose. Again, there is the Joey Bagstock, or lobster eye, which fixes you, and makes an impression. But James West had no such eyes as these; and yet, seeing a part of them two years before, for the first time, Fred Warren felt that he could never forget them.

For, as the young men met at the door, distrust took possession of them, and Warren gazed fearlessly and openly at—no, into—a pair of pale, bluish-looking eyes, which were kept half-covered by their lids, drawn down as if to form a veil, behind which their possessor hatched his opinions of those whom he met.

His opinion was evidently not favourable, for his face assumed that expression known as looking black; and though, on hearing old Lawrence's remark, he had muttered the very disrespectful remark given in the last chapter, he entered the counting-house to seize and shake both Mr. Lawrence's hands most eagerly.

"Very—very—very glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Lawrence, sir. I've got you the order for those hundred reams. And how is Miss Grace, sir? I hope well."

"Well, James West? Oh, yes, she's well enough," said the old man.

"Hope I've not frightened her away by my coming, Mr. Lawrence, sir," he said, with a sickly smile, which sat ill upon his tolerably regular features.

For had he kept his eyes open and his head straight, and not gone through life like a man who found it a very dark place, and was peering forward so as to go in safety, he would have been a good-looking—almost a handsome man.

"Frightened Grace away? Pooh! nonsense, my boy—absurd! Here," he cried, going to the inner door—"Grace! Grace!"

"Yes, father," came from above, in a pleasant voice, which made James West rub his hands.

And the next minute Grace Lawrence came back into the counting-house, bobbed the fresh visitor a curtsy, and then took her place once more upon the stool by her desk.

"Here, enter this order Mr. James West has brought us," he said. "Hundred reams, didn't you say, James? To be sure—yes. One hundred reams of large post, eighteen pounds. Thank you, James. You'll have to ask some day for your commission."

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence, I shall," said the young man, looking very hard at Grace, and then back, meaningly,

at his elder, who screwed his face up a little, apparently not displeased, as he returned the other's look.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Lawrence, of course you will not say anything to our Warren about that transaction in the paper; it might be thought, perhaps, that I was going out of my way to do it, and there's a good deal of jealous feeling going on there."

"No, no—of course not," said the old man. "But you'll have to go into business for yourself, James; you'll be wanting to be married," he said, with a chuckle and a sly glance at Grace. "With your knowledge of the paper trade, you ought to get to be a junior partner in some snug, old-established firm."

Grace bent lower over her writing.

"Nothing I should like better, Mr. Lawrence, sir, if I could find such an opening. I have a few hundreds of my own—not many, but enough, I dare say, to give me a start."

"Well—well, we'll talk about that some day," said the old man. "Don't go away, Grace, I've more writing for you to do."

"I'm afraid I frighten Miss Grace away," said West, in a pathetic tone of voice.

"That you don't, I'm sure," said the old man, stoutly. "My gal's too well brought up not to give a hearty welcome to the man her father chooses as his friend."

"Thank you, Mr. Lawrence, sir, thank you," said West. "I hope Miss Grace will soon grow to have as high an opinion of one who has been her slave ever since he saw her first."

Grace gave him a half-frightened look, and then turned again to her clerking.

"I met our Warren as I went out," West said, turning to the old gentleman. "A very fine and worthy young man. We—I mean our firm: it's very pretentious of me, but I get so identified with our business that I can't help talking like it—we put a good deal of confidence in him, letting him collect our accounts; and he deserves it too. A very high-spirited, trustworthy young fellow. I say so, though we don't seem to hit it very well together. He never said so to you, I suppose, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Never a word," said the old man. "No, I don't think he ever mentioned your name. By the way, though, I must get on, James West—get on. Business is pulling me all sides at once. Come in this evening, and smoke a pipe, and drink a glass, and I dare say Grace here will get us a bit of supper."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lawrence," said the young man. "I won't forget. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, Miss Grace."

The young girl shook hands, but in a very half-hearted way; and, as soon as he was gone, went on writing letter after letter, invoice after invoice, listening the while to her father's pæan, which he was singing in praise of James West; who, according to him, was one of the worthiest and best young men in the City of London.

"Ah," he said at last, "if I were a young girl, and such a man as that was to ask me to have him, I should think myself as well off as a queen. Don't you slight him, my girl—don't you slight him. He means business, he does; and if he proves himself the right man, he shall have all he wants, even to a share in the busi-

ness. Now, then, that last invoice; let me look it over—Smithson's, I mean."

He took the paper from his daughter's trembling hand, and began to read.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, glancing at the neat, clear handwriting. "Why, what now, you puss? Thinking of him to that extent, eh? Go along, I'm ashamed of you! Smithson's invoice, and you've made it out, you saucy hussey, to Mr. James West. No, no!" he cried, as she rose, with flaming cheeks, and tried to snatch the paper away. "But what's this?" he added, angrily. "Five reams of demy, two pounds four. Six, Frederick Warren. Why, what in the name of the black deuce is the girl thinking about?"

Grace gave quite a sob as she put her apron to her face and ran out of the office, refusing to come down again even after the third or fourth call.

Meanwhile, James West went back, thinking and rubbing his hands, to Hanson's great papermaker's warehouse in Dowgate, where, passing the clerks' glazed-in office, he saw Fred Warren busily engaged with one of the principals. The chink of money came to his ears, and a cheery laugh, which did not prove infectious; for, making his way between stacks of paper to his own room, James West sat himself down, moody and distrustful, to make a light, pleasant meal off one thumb nail, which he nibbled to the quick before turning his attack upon the other.

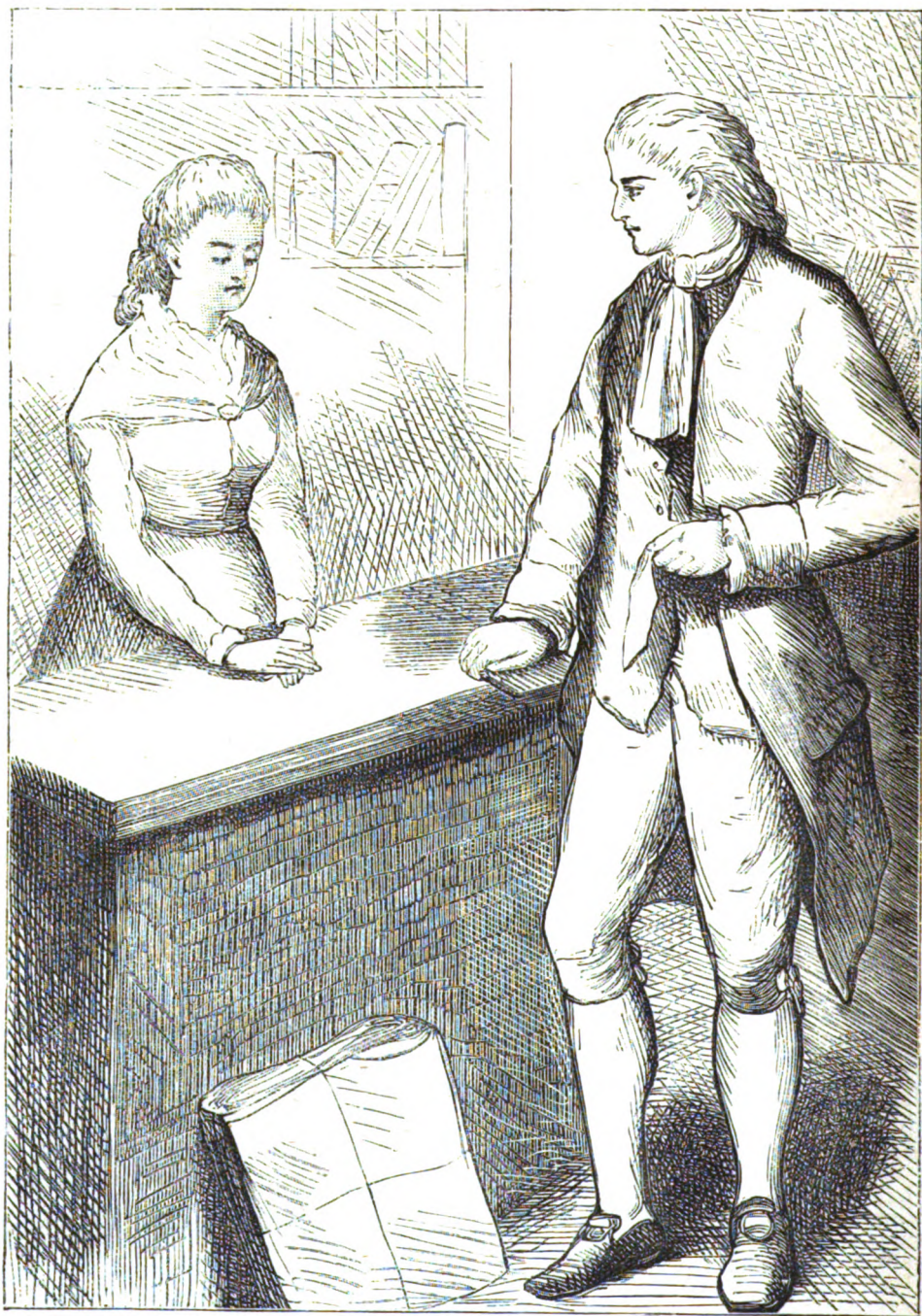
#### CHAPTER III.—RIVALRY.

THERE had been more than one execution at

Newgate before the old house in the Old Bailey since the day when Fred Warren met James West at old Lawrence's door; for these were the days when men were hung for highway robbery—both highwaymen of the Claude Duval stamp and the beggarly footpad; when sheep stealing, burglary, and forgery were all capital crimes, and hanging was a wholesale business for the Calcraft of the day. More than once Grace Lawrence had sat in the back room and shuddered, as through the gloomy, candle-lit house there came, through closed door, shutter, and blind, the muffled roar of one of London's vilest mobs. Generally she would be away from the place. Your merchant lived over his City house of business in those days. But often matters would so happen that she would have to be at home, and she would move shudderingly about the house, unable to rest for the greater part of the night for the noise on either side; for though old Lawrence scouted the idea of letting his rooms, and barred and barricaded and closed every window, his neighbours on either side drove a roaring trade with those seeking after excitement, who were ready to pay heavily for a good view of one, two, three, four, five, or even six or seven poor shivering, half-dead wretches, brought out to be strangled one by one at the hands of the common executioner. A strange taste, and one that had not died out ten years ago, though I write of a century back.

Matters were not progressing happily in the Old Bailey. James West, from coming once a week, then twice, and then every other evening to smoke a pipe with the old man, now came every night. Business was discussed; and between them it was an understood thing that before long West was to give up his position of confidential clerk to the old papermaking firm, join





Once a Week.]

GRACE'S LOVERS. (See page 23.)

[October, 1875.]



Mr. Lawrence as junior partner, and in due time become his son-in-law.

This was what they settled; but then there was a third party to the contract, and number three was restive. James West came every evening, 'tis true; and with a quiet chuckle to himself at his cleverness, old Lawrence used, after the smoking of the first pipe, to find out that he had a letter that he must write that evening, when he would adjourn to the counting-house, leaving, as he said to himself, the young people "to do their bit of courting."

The letter used to take him one hour to write every night—at least, it was supposed to, for he used to spend a great deal of his time on these occasions counting reams of paper, examining quality, and making notes upon his stock, recreation to him, however dull an occupation it might have seemed to a looker-on. This finished, and an hour having expired according to the old turnip of a silver watch with which he used to do battle when he wanted to know the time—for it would resist as obstinately the pulling out as the putting back process—he would be seized with a violent fit of coughing. This over, he would close and lock the warehouse door with a great deal of jingle of keys; and lastly, on reaching the door of the snug back room, he would set to and kick at the mat and wipe nothing off his clean shoes for quite five minutes before entering to supper, ready laid.

It was very kind and very far-seeing on the old man's part. There was a great deal of self-denying in it, too, giving up as he did his snug chair by the fire. Doubtless memory went back to the days when he had visited the lady now dead for the last ten years—killed, some said, by the horror of the old house; but this was not so, for old Lawrence had been a loving, though a thoughtless and somewhat miserly husband; and poor Mrs. Lawrence would probably have lived no longer had they moved.

But the old gentleman might have spared himself all this trouble, for James West's courting went in different guise. This was about a fair sample of it:—

The old gentleman would rise and leave the room, and Grace would give a longing look at the door; but she had made up her mind to be firm, and she acted like a little heroine. At first she had left, and gone upstairs; but this had been, upon James West's protest, forbidden by the old man, who had ordered his child to study and entertain their visitor; and, at the end of twelve months' wooing, this was how he was entertained—with a sight of little Grace's bent head and busy fingers, as she deftly set to and made up for the neglect of the family sewing, for during the day her time was taken up by clerky tasks.

Not such an unsatisfactory sight, and one which would have gratified some men with the thoughts of what a notable little housekeeper the girl would make; but love asks for some change.

More than once James West had tried to urge his suit. He had even gone so far as to draw his chair close to Grace's, and place his arm round her waist, for her to start from him like a fawn to the other end of the room, where she stood, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and told him that if ever he dared do such a thing again, she would never sit in the room where he was.

He apologized, and told himself between his set teeth

that he would wait his time, for it was plain enough that the little maiden meant it; and then, upon his going back to his seat, she resumed hers, and ever after they sat on opposite sides of the fire, and old Lawrence chuckled—chuckled when he saw Grace's heightened colour, and chuckled at the idea of their being on opposite sides of the fire, giving them ever after plenty of time, as he said, to resume their places.

West complained of his want of progress.

"Pooh! my boy—what more do you want? She's young and skittish—don't know her own mind. Don't bother her; it will all come right, as a matter of course."

And the old man laughed to himself, and felt that it would; and congratulated himself upon having chosen so good a son-in-law—one who would always take care of the business.

James West, though, knew matters were not going right; and he knew why, too, grinding his teeth with rage. But he was not the only man who injured his dental apparatus in a similar way, worn as he was with envy and bitterness to see his rival the constant attendant upon the girl of his heart, while he was never allowed to enter the house.

For old Lawrence had scorned his pretensions, and told him his daughter was engaged, with the result that Fred Warren only got a glimpse of Grace now and then, without you count those two delightful hours when he sat and gazed upon her little bent head at church, esteeming it a high reward if he obtained one glance at the end of the service.

But it happened that Fred Warren reached the Old Bailey one collecting day when the old gentleman was out; for Warren still collected accounts for the big firm, in spite of sundry hints given by James West to their employers respecting the inadvisability of allowing so young a man to be the bearer of such heavy sums.

Fred entered the counting-house eager and hopeful on the morning of which I speak, for he felt that he should see little Grace; and, to his delight, he found her alone.

She hurriedly left the desk as he entered, and seemed about to run from the place, but only to stand flushed and panting, as he called her by her name—

"Miss Lawrence, pray—pray don't go. I—I have only come about the account."

His words seemed to fetter her, and she came back trembling, to take down a book, and compare the statement he presented to her, the paper shivering in her fingers.

Then they stood, each holding it by an end, he gazing at her with his soul leaping from his eyes, she excited, with eyes swimming, and not daring to look up, for it was to her as though that thin sheet of paper were galvanic, holding her spell-bound, to hear whatever he would say.

"It used once to be such a happy visit—this—to come here—and see you," he said at last, huskily. "Have I offended you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, with almost a sob.

And for one instant her eyes met his.

"It seems so hard," he said, gaining confidence from that look—"so very hard, to feel that I am always to be kept at a distance—when— Oh, Grace—Grace—darling—I love you with all my heart!"

Poor Fred!—he had meant to lead up to it all with set

phraseology, when, as her eyes were again lifted, so humid and pitiful, to his, his confession leaped forth at a bound, the statement of account was crammed up, and he had those two little, soft, dimpled hands in his, held tight to his breast, so that she could feel his heart throb—throb—throb—throb against them, and she did not even try to draw them away.

Why should she, when he had been her sole thought for months and months?—he, so frank and manly and handsome. She liked him all the better, too, that he was poor; she could not say why, but she did.

And now, of course, he began to talk nonsense to her; for, in that transparent, glass-enclosed counting-house he dare not go further, and take her to his breast—as he felt that he might, without a word of chiding.

"And—you don't—love James West?"

He said that in a whisper.

"Oh, no!" was the reply, in tones that seemed to say, "How can you ask?"

"But he comes here so often."

"Don't mind that," she said, laying one soft little hand on his. "It can never make any difference."

He did bob his head down for an instant, to kiss that little hand—but it did not take long, and his face came up again radiant and joyful; for he had made some progress during the last few minutes, and he looked very different to the being who had entered the place.

"Then you will not let yourself be forced into a marriage with him?" said Fred, jealously.

"Oh, no," was the reply, made simply. "Father would never force me to marry a man I hate."

"Say that again, sweet," whispered Fred, pinning her hands more tightly.

And now he was actually standing on the statement of account, having already trampled on it twice.

"No; I think I have said too much now, Mr. Warren," said Grace, trying to withdraw her hand.

"Then," he whispered, earnestly, "look me in the face, darling, and tell me you love some one else, and always will, truly, till death, and I shall go away a happy man."

Grace raised her tearful eyes to his, and let them gaze fully at her lover's, with a look that should have satisfied the most sceptical. Whether she would have said the words he dictated it is impossible to say, for at that moment something happened.

The young people had been too intent upon each other to notice that a grim-looking face had appeared at the glass door, looked in, seen what was going on, and then gone away grinning, its owner stepping on tiptoe to the outer door, to stand rubbing a red nose with the end of a fringy apron, till, looking towards Newgate-street, he saw something which made him hurry back to the counting-house door, open it, and whisper—

"Miss Grace, here's the old man coming."

The young people started guiltily away, and the next minute Fred Warren had picked up and was trying to smooth into decent appearance the crumpled and trampled statement, while Grace hid her rosy face over the big ledger.

"Humph! how are you?" grunted the old man, in reply to Fred's salutation, and he glanced suspiciously at Grace, whose face was all aflame from neck to brow. "You can go upstairs," he said to her, gruffly; "I'll

settle this account. She never looks like that when James is here." Then aloud to Fred: "Strange thing, your people can't send for this account at proper times."

"Grumble as much as you like—I don't care, I'll never resent it now," thought Fred to himself, as he looked quietly up at the old man's face.

"I think you might have left the statement and called again, young man, when you found I was out," said the old fellow, surlily. "And look here," he continued, as the door closed on Grace, intercepting as he spoke a glance which Fred directed after her—"look here, young man, I may as well tell you that that young lady is engaged to be married. Do you understand?"

"Oh! don't say that, Mr. Lawrence," cried Fred, earnestly.

"But I shall say it, sir, and I do say it; and what business is it of yours? Now, look here, sir, there's the door; don't you come into this house again till I fetch you in, and that will be never. Leave that statement. I shan't pay you; but I shall ask your employers to send somebody else. I won't have my daughter insulted by a jackanapes."

"Indeed, Mr. Lawrence, I—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and leave my office. I won't have you here again. As I said before, when I want you I'll fetch you, and that will be never."

Fred's face flushed up hot and angry, and he was about to speak, but he saw Grace's father, and he might revile and trample on him if he liked. She loved him!—she loved him! He knew it, and his heart swelled with joy. He could not even look angry at the old man, as he stood scowling and pointing to the door. He would come round in time, he thought; for he knew how the old man loved his daughter. He was angry now, and he had excuse. So Fred merely said:

"Don't be vexed with me, Mr. Lawrence, I am going."

"Yes! yes!" reiterated the old man, whose wrath was rising fast; "and don't come into this house again till I fetch you, and that will be never."

Fred Warren went quietly and thoughtfully out, casting a deprecating look at old Lawrence, who seemed to him to be once more repeating the words which he looked upon as scathing in their way. And it was so; for he was repeating his vow never to fetch Fred Warren into his house.

But he did.

A WORD ON THE FASHIONS.—Going down Regent-street the other day, and while passing a shop window exclusively devoted to ladies' finery, my startled gaze fell upon an ornamental but sufficiently formidable-looking dagger, sheathed in velvet, and with a silver chain to attach it to the waistbelt of the fair wearer. The article was labelled "The New Dagger Fan." The fan was intelligible, but the dagger was a puzzler to me, until I bethought myself that it was probably intended for protection in travelling. A lady's toilette can be made very expressive of her tone of mind. There was a certain style of head-dress much in vogue a few years ago, which went by the name of "Follow me, my lad;" and why should not a dagger, worn as an ornament, say just as plainly, "Keep your distance, sir."

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE CHESTNUTS ARE SET BEFORE THE FIRE, AND SOME ARE SCORCHED.

WE found that we had been treated to as pretty a trick as is to be found in the whole annals of treachery. Cordova had quietly withdrawn both his own and Espartero's divisions the day before, leaving that of Evans, alone and unsupported, in face of the whole Carlist army. But the object was defeated by the same thick fog which made it possible; for the enemy were unable to perceive their advantage in time, and we effected our retreat to Vittoria with little molestation. But the troops had not been exposed to an alternate treatment of drenching and freezing, with no food but a few biscuits, for three days and nights, with impunity. On the following morning, a dozen men were reported down with fever. The number rapidly increased. The disease proved to be a malignant form of typhus; and there was no hospital accommodation. I do not mean that the accommodation was poor or insufficient, there was literally *none*—no beds, no medical comforts, not a single blanket or rug provided by the Spanish authorities, who expected the sick to lie amongst the sound on the bare stones of the convents which were appointed for barracks.

General Evans did all he could, and his efforts were seconded by all his staff; but what can be effected with officials to deal with who promise everything and perform nothing? The men died like rotten sheep. For the remainder of that winter our principal work was burying them; and the Dead March in Saul resounded from sunrise till sunset, until at last the playing of it was forbidden, and the dead were borne to their graves in the inhospitable soil in silence.

And now I found out that I had been mistaken in my estimate of Tickler, our head surgeon. How that man worked! To save when he could, to alleviate when there was no hope, was literally all he lived for. Day and night he was by the side of the sufferers; or, if he left them, it was to beg for nourishing food, decent covering, necessary medicines. For two months he toiled incessantly, and then fell a victim to his heroic exertions.

Several officers took the fever, and died of it—amongst them two captains; one of our majors being also invalidated, and quitting the service. And so Claridge and I got our companies.

Fearing to be brought to account for his treason, Cordova fled, and Espartero was appointed to the chief command.

In April, Evans obtained leave to quit Vittoria, and quarter the Legion in villages round about; and so, with the spring, the fever left us, recruits came out to supply the place of those who had perished, and, when we had got into something like working order again, we marched to Santander, and were there shipped for San Sebastian.

That city was now closely invested by the Carlists—I mean on the land side, for they had no fleet; and the sea was open, so that we sailed into the harbour unmolested, save for a few cannon shots which passed harmlessly over our heads.

The sun shone brightly that morning of our arrival;

and the picturesque town, the surrounding hills, the enemy's lines, perfectly distinguishable from the deck, the position of the batteries being marked by puffs of white smoke which floated up compactly in the still air, all formed an exhilarating scene. We had left disease behind us, too: the regiment was convalescent, and every one felt as if a curse had been removed from over his head. And then report went that we were at last to be allowed to measure our strength with the enemy; that in an attempt to drive the Carlists back from the town, and establish a cordon of entrenchments which should keep them at a less annoying distance, our general was to have sole command, untrammelled by the vacillation, jealousy, or treachery of Spanish leaders; so that every one was in high spirits. The men crowding the fore-castle were singing songs with choruses, the favourite burden running—

“With your right shoulder forward,  
Quick march away;  
Singing, ri tolural lural lural,  
Ri tolural ray.”

The officers stood on the quarter-deck, chatting, laughing, and watching the Carlist batteries through telescopes.

“They are going to have another slap at us,” said Adams. “I wonder whether they will get within a quarter of a mile of us this time. Hardly,” he added, as we saw the shot ricocheting away on the water, a long distance off. “It does provoke me to see such waste. A cannon ball can be dug out of the ground; even the fragments of a shell that bursts over land can be gathered, and sold for old iron; but a miss out to sea is sheer waste. And yet, I don't know, it would be worse if they hit us, too.”

“Aye, a cannon ball would crack your skull, Adams, though it *is* bullet proof.”

It was the jocular custom to assume that the slight nature of the injury done to Adams by that shot at the chateau was owing to the impenetrable character of his cranium.

“Never mind, Adams,” said the colonel; “some of them may be wishing that *their* heads were a little harder before many days are over. We have got a tough job before us, which I fancy will show what stuff the Chestnuts are made of. I have got a letter here from a fellow I know in the Engineers, who has made a plan of the Carlist lines, which can be traced distinctly, he says, from the top of the citadel. Their works extend from that point jutting out into the bay yonder—Lugarritz, right away to Puyo, the hill which overlooks the valley of Layola, and along the ridge down to the river Urenea. You remember that wooden bridge across the river, at the foot of the glacis? Well, they have broken that down. The first line makes use of the suburban villas, a series of which are blocked up and loopholed, the garden walls being joined by earthworks; then there is a ravine, and a bank, behind which we have the second line of defence—the key of which seems to be the Molino Battery, where the wind-mill is; and my friend says that it looks very strong. There is a last line at the foot of the Oriamendi Hill, two miles to the rear; but that he cannot judge of. There are at least 25,000 men in the front; and if we carry these works, our detractors will not be able to say we can't fight, at all events.”



"We are to have hot work, it seems," said Claridge to me, shortly afterwards.

We had separated from the group, and were leaning over the bulwarks, smoking.

"It looks like it," I replied; "but so it has a score of times, and we have never been fairly in action yet."

"I hope you will not get knocked on the head," he said; "because I tempted you out here."

"Bah! What does it matter?"

"A good deal. I've been thinking. Are you aware that you are only twenty-five? In another ten years you will hardly be able to realize the acuteness of your feelings of a year ago. You will be a new being, and a young man still. At twenty-five, every man may look out for a second innings."

"I made a duck's egg in the first, at any rate," I said. "By the bye, Claridge, you were in my year?"

"Certainly I was."

"Then we are of the same age; and you may hope, too."

"Certainly I may," replied Claridge. "If I do not get killed in this foolish, stock-jobbing campaign, I intend to cultivate the paternal acres, keep a pack of hounds, perhaps stand for Parliament."

Then, after glancing round to see that nobody was in hearing, he said—

"I am another man since I have been able to forgive."

We remained for some time silent, gazing on the water. I knew right well that, if he could have put the story of his marriage into words without the most acute pain and shame, he would have confided it to me long ago; and deeming it no friendly part to awaken remembrances which he would fain lull to sleep for ever, I asked no question, directly or indirectly, then or afterwards. The *dénouement* I witnessed; of the earlier scenes of the tragedy I know nothing.

"When I am back in Worcestershire, you must come and live near me, Jack," he said, after a while. "Take a farm, and try your hand at making beasts and sheep pay. It won't ruin you, if you go easy, and don't spend too much on the newest inventions. Indeed, you need not be tempted; for I have a grass farm which is never let on lease; just a little plot of sixty acres, with a snug hunting box upon it, always reserved by family tradition for a relative or very intimate friend, and temporarily thrown in, at a reduced annual rent, to a large farm next it. Will you have it, at thirty shillings an acre, house included?"

"Very likely I may," said I; "but I shall stick to the Chestnuts as long as we both exist, and there is another year to run yet."

"A year and a month," replied Claridge; and, as we were nearing the place of disembarkation, we parted to look after our men.

One of the first persons I met on landing was Mortimer, who had been invalided for his wound. His leg was sound again now, and he looked as sleek and languid as ever. He congratulated himself on his hurt, by which he escaped the period of fever, which he considered must have been a bore of suffocating dimensions.

At about three a.m. on the 5th of May, 1836, I was roused by the flash of lamplight, and, wide awake at the instant, I saw Buffles—not in the fatigue dress in which he usually attended upon me, but in full fig,

with all his pipeclay about him, and his knapsack and musket on one of my chairs. He held my drawn sword in his hand, and was testing its sharpness with his left thumb.

"Have you been having it ground, Buffles?" I asked, turning out.

"Yes, sir, there's a nice butcher's knife edge on the six last inches or so. And I've cleaned the pistols careful."

On proceeding to my toilet, I found that the attentive fellow had put out all my oldest clothes, filled my flask with stiff brandy and water, and provided me with three pocket handkerchiefs—"in case of an accident," he explained. It was evident that Buffles anticipated a warm day's work.

The roll was called by the light of a lantern. It was a form readily got through, for in the whole regiment there was not a man late; and the "Here! here! here!" rang out with a sharp and cheery sound which inspired confidence of success. We were brigaded on the glacis, clear directions were given to the commanding officers of each regiment, and we advanced to the attack.

When we had gone about half a mile, we deployed into line; and while the movement was taking place, light dawned in the east. On we went again, the light increasing every moment; and presently we saw a mound of earth, a line of wall, and simultaneously there was a bright flash, as the first gun roared "Go" to the combatants.

At the signal, the artillery on both sides burst forth with a warlike din which would have driven a very Quaker mad with excitement; and then in front—to right, to left, far as the eye could see—ran a flicker. The crackle of musketry was added to the concert, playing treble to the deep bass of the cannon. Nor was vocal music wanting. When Royalty passes through London on a day of pageant, when a popular member is successful at an election, when the idol of the hour is toasted at a public dinner, when the winner of the Derby returns to the paddock, there is a good volume of cheering; but he who would know what a British hurrah really is, must hear it on the field of battle.

Dozens of the throats that were uttering it were choking the next moment. Why the whole line was not blown clean away, I don't know. The Carlists, several deep behind their entrenchment, gave us a close volley over the top of it, slap in our faces, at twenty yards' distance about—not forty, I am certain; and yet most of us were none the worse. To pause where we were was perfectly impossible. There were only two courses for us to pursue—to turn and run back, or to rush forward. The former never occurred to us, perhaps because we had not a quarter-second even for consideration; so we quickened our pace, and were up to the obstacle with a rush.

I found myself mixed up with my men, crouching under a wall about four feet high, holding my sword up ready for a chop at any head or arm which showed over the top. Some of the men darted up for a moment, fired their muskets into the enemy, and dropped down again to load; others stood up manfully, and prodded away across the obstacle with their bayonets; the Carlists acting in a precisely similar manner from their side. They had no advantage now—the wall protected us as much as it did them; but then we

had to get over it! Presently a Whitecap, at whom I made an ineffective cut—catching him with the flat of the sword in my hurry, as if I were knighting him—gave me an equally ineffective dig with his bayonet on the epaulette; whereupon I caught hold of the barrel of his musket with my left hand. He pulled and I pulled; and finding I could not wrench it away from him, I stuck my toe in the interstices of the wall, and let him drag me up. If he had worn a very fierce aspect, I might have let go and jumped back again; but as he looked frightened, I took courage to scramble over, and tumbled in on the top of him, right in the middle of the Carlists. Half a dozen bayonets were turned to me, and an officer raised his sword for a cut at me; but ere they could thrust or strike, my assailants went over in a heap, riddled with bullets, and their clothes on fire, and as I struggled to my feet I heard Buffles's voice above all the din—

"Stick to the captin, boys! stick to the captin!"

And saw the men jumping down from the wall in all directions.

Then, for about a minute, there was as nice a rough-and-tumble as any gentleman from Kentucky might wish to see. Shouts, cries, yells, oaths—in English (Whitechapel dialect), Irish, Scotch, Spanish—with screams and groans undistinguishable, for the voice of agony is a universal language.

But it was no part of the enemy's plan to try and retake the first line when forced; and they retreated to the next, covered by a sharp fire from a house a little in rear—which killed several of their own men, by the bye—this house being in turn evacuated directly we were checked.

The great job now was to prevent the men from running after the Carlists, which they were as eager to do as dogs are to chase a retreating cat; but, by dint of much shouting, gesticulation—I almost fear a little swearing—and pulling back some of the most excited by the arm, the officers managed to effect it. The companies were got together in something like order, and allowed to amuse themselves by popping at any Whitecaps they could see. It was injudicious pastime, as it drew the attention of some smart artillery officer to the fact that we had forced the lines just there, and shot and shell began to plunge about us in a most objectionable manner; so we got what shelter we could, and waited for orders.

For the defensive works opposite the Chestnuts happened to be weaker than the average; and we could see that the first entrenchments were not all carried, for the firing was still hot and continuous on each flank.

We were not long left idle. Presently the brigadier came up.

"Here, I want some of you. Whose regiment is this? Oh, Colonel Macbean's. Send a wing to the right and a wing to left, colonel, and try to take the defences in flank."

So we wheeled off in opposite directions.

This proved most satisfactory and inspiring work. Advancing in a direction at right angles to the entrenchments, we could see our friends toiling, struggling, dying on one side of a wall or bank of earth, and the enemy shooting them down from a point of vantage on the other. A few enfilading shots from us caused the Carlists to waver. They did not know which way to

turn. Their fire slackened. Then came a cheer. The Redcoats swarmed over the obstacles. Our fire increased as fresh companies came up; and back bolted the foe. The bravest man must give way if, while he is engaged with an adversary in front, another pitches into him sideways.

One way and another, the first line was carried, and the real work of the day lay before the attacking force.

It is to be hoped that no reader of these pages requires correct strategic details. I am not writing history, but indulging in a long-winded piece of egotism. I was a civilian—an amateur—who had nothing to do properly with the military galley, and narrate merely what occurred to myself, or impressed me at the time.

My experience of the second line of defence, then, was this. We came upon a steep, narrow ravine, on the opposite side of which was an earthwork, from behind which the enemy opened fire directly we came into range. About a thousand yards to our right, there was a regular field-work, with a windmill in it, which was called the Molino Battery. Until this could be taken, it was of no use for us to carry the entrenchments, because we should then have been commanded by the fire of the battery. So we were ordered to get under cover as well as we could, and merely reply to the fire opposed to us; which, as the Carlists had to expose the upper part of their bodies when they aimed at us, we could do well enough.

The principal attack was directed on the Molino, from the direction of which there came a tremendous din during the two hours or so that I was personally superintending a somewhat desultory practice at the bobbing heads opposite. It seemed a very long time, and may, indeed, have been nearer four hours. I know that my company used up all its ammunition, and that I had some difficulty in getting a fresh supply; and that Adams must have thought it a very sad waste, for almost all the lead plumped into the earth bank—very little into Basque flesh.

At last there rode up a Spanish aide-de-camp—a remarkably handsome young fellow—with his pretty clothes in a rare pickle, bare-headed, his right arm bound with a bloody handkerchief, his horse shot through the neck.

"Forwards!" he cried, with a strong foreign accent, but in English—"forwards! Where is your colonel?"

We jumped up from the ridge, behind which we had been lying, and ran down a declivity: at the top of the other side was the entrenchment; we had only to mount the other slope, and we were at it. That was all, but the job was to do it alive. It was a gentle incline, and bullets pattered all over it, like raindrops on a pond. Knots of men would dash forward a few yards, and then come reeling back, with half the number lying prostrate. Prayers, entreaties, threats, curses, alike failed to get them to face it. Officers ran forward alone, waving their swords, but collapsed suddenly in a manner which was the reverse of encouraging.

"Chestnuts! Lads! Don't turn cowards now! Don't show the white feather! They are licked, and only want the finishing touch. Come on, boys—come on. Don't mind a lot of Spaniards. Chestnuts!"

I was waving my shako with my left hand, and yelling myself hoarse, when I got a rap on the knuckles, and my headpiece went flying.

It was of no use, the men would stick at the bottom of the ravine, firing up at the bank.

Presently the Spanish aide-de-camp rode through us, and calmly went at the entrenchment. His horse went down in a heap; but he fell clear, and, picking himself up, went on without looking back. Simultaneously, Colonel Macbean was to be seen on foot, alone, bleeding in the face—five yards in front of anybody. For very shame all the officers dashed forward, the sergeants followed their example, and then the whole lot made a rush, and the next moment were swarming over the embankment.

The Molino Battery being carried at the same time, the Carlists had nothing to stop for; so they decamped, falling back on a third line of entrenchments they had got, a couple of miles in the rear. But it was no part of General Evans's plan to attack this position, which would have been far too extended for him to hold with the troops he had, even if he had carried it. So all we had to do was to pull ourselves together, and make ourselves comfortable on the ground we had won, bury the dead, succour the wounded, and, first and foremost, get something to drink. I know that I had very often thought myself thirsty, especially at the Cape, but I never really knew what the word meant till that day. That incomparable Buffles! Before the firing was over, he came up to me with my shako in one hand and a bladder in the other, and this bladder was distended with wine. He had found it, he said—how or where I have not the remotest conception. It was a conjuring trick worthy of Houdin.

While my mouth was at the neck of it, I heard a voice say—

"What, Jack! Alive and drinking! Thank God!"

It was Claridge; and, to my great joy, without a scratch.

I did not say anything, but handed him the bladder, which was great eloquence, in my opinion.

"Where are you hit, old fellow?" he asked, presently.

"Hit?"

"Yes; you are bleeding like a pig."

And, now that the pain of thirst was mitigated, I was sensible of other pangs; and on investigation we found that the middle finger of my left hand was fractured, with considerable laceration of the flesh of that and the fourth, a bayonet had torn my shoulder, and some abominable missile had chipped a bit out of my right ear. So I went to the spot where poor Tickler's successor and his assistant had set up their field hospital, and saw a ghastly sight, which I do not care to describe. Suffice it to say that there had been a good many amputations, and one was going on at the time. Poor little Wilmot had been shot through the neck, and was waiting to be carried back to the town, the ball having been extracted. Mortimer and Adams were both wounded again, but not severely; and the colonel had got his head in bandages.

There were at least fifty men—some insensible, some moaning, but most of them pale and patient—waiting their turn to have their hurts dressed; and I was ashamed to obtrude my mere broken finger on the medical attention. So Claridge, who had acquired some practical skill in surgery during his African adventures, set it, and put it in a splint for me, and afterwards dressed my shoulder. These slight wounds gave me several sleepless nights, and a good deal of pain. I

did not wish them worse, I can tell you. And the flies almost drove me wild with their visitations to the chip in my ear.

But we had won a victory; and those who were alive, and not seriously maimed, were in very high spirits.

### The Casual Observer.

#### AT A DANCE.

AS a rule, far West knows but little of far East. Far East, though, lives all the same—after a fashion, certainly—but still it has its ideas of comfort and amusement, one of its recreations culminating in a grand jig-dancing match for £100 a-side, and the championship. The mention of jig-dancing seems to carry one backwards some years, or else into the wilds of the sister island, with ragged Irishmen trailing the tails of their coats upon the ground, as they flourish and gesticulate before rampant, akimbo-armed maidens, who join in chorus with every whoop and halloo! The bagpipes, too, rise to the imagination, which soon floats one away to reel and strathspey in the far north; but nothing of the kind here, since we are in a handsome, well-lit hall, in the region between Shoreditch and Whitechapel. The place is large, the decorations are elegant, and there is the further advantage that the ventilation is excellent. In short, far East is favoured beyond the West in this respect. The place is well filled, and the physique peculiar to the neighbourhood strongly predominates; but, in spite of the region, the audience are thoroughly well-behaved, only that their excitement warms them into rather louder demonstrations than are conducive to good order; but a few words from the master of the ceremonies, a tap or two of his hammer, and a request "not to make quite so much noise up there, gentlemen," is sufficient—the appeal, coupled with the title "gentlemen," having a wonderfully calming effect.

The entertainment, during the early part of the evening, is of the customary music hall type—songs in character of the old stagey class, where the love-lorn swain bemoans the loss of some faithless wife or flame—and always to be received with rapturous shouts of applause. Then there is a relief, for a few old glees and ballads are well sung, and as well received—the hearers having apparently paid their money with the intention of thoroughly enjoying everything supplied—the liquids included, for the waiters have a busy life, and Shoreditch and Whitechapel imbibe freely. A farcical operetta in dumb show, not of the most refined character, follows, the various tableaux producing a perfect furor. A tiny boy effects wonders upon a bicycle, his performances being well worthy of imitation by those who insist upon wobbling about our roads on this break-neck means of progression. A couple of acrobats try hard to obtain admission to one of the hospitals; but, fortunately for the comfort of the spectators, they fail. Skating upon wheels, a very hot and laborious task, is received with uproarious cheers—the harder a performer falls, the greater the measure of his ability. In fact, tumbling—and tumbling over tables and chairs, and into corners—seems to form a very great feature in the East-end ideas of real sterling wit. Hence, then, it follows that a man with a good padding of flesh,

elastic enough to resist bruises, and bones with plenty of gelatine, is certain to get on.

Music hall celebrities, rejoicing in the familiar abbreviations of "Fred," "Bob," "Harry," or "Will," follow in rapid succession, and smile their acknowledgments to the hearty and decidedly genuine reception afforded them, while the inevitable darky business is, of course, not omitted. But, in spite of the "grand assemblage of talent," forming a glorious galaxy of "stars," there is an evident feeling of impatience evinced; for the grand event of the evening is kept back. The cup of bliss is being drained; but it is plain to see that the cup is not stirred, and a great deal of the sugar is expected from the bottom.

The songs take best which have a pleasing melody, that can be easily caught up by the audience in chorus. The words do not signify in the slightest degree to them; and, of course, that is an advantage, for the less said respecting their rhyme and reason the better. But now comes the essential sweetness of the night: there is a ringing volley of cheers, and the two heroes step on to the stage, ready for the exciting contest. The international strife is to be decided, and the nerves in the legs of the American representative are evidently eager for the fray. His adversary is ready to sustain the British reputation; and they front the audience, blackened of face, in shirts of the whitest and crimest, glistening breeches, and white clocked stockings. Embellishment, too, is there—one competitor sporting a diamond (?) butterfly in his bosom, the other a jewelled ornament upon his left breast. Champion belts, too, are worn, like stomachers of silver, with bosses of the cairngorm style of gem. The excitement increases as the question arises as to who shall be the judge upon the complicated question of jig dancing, with its concomitants of cut and shuffle, double shuffles, toe and heel, and changes innumerable; but at last, in spite of a disposition to squabble evinced between the competitors, the lot falls upon the "Great Blackney;" and a quiet-looking, grey-haired man advances to receive such an ovation that one feels a sensation of jealousy—envy for those who achieve greatness to such an extent. Popular favour is evidently strong that the negro delineator shall be the judge; he bows to the decision; the customary copper is spun up; and the lot decides that England shall first appear upon the arena.

A squeaking fiddle and a harp do duty. Sand is thrown upon the boards, the belt cast off, and the jig begins. Kick, stamp, shuffle, spring, clicking metallic heels, vibrating muscles—in short, legs run violently mad without restraint. The perspiration streams down the blackened face, but still the dance continues—increasing, decreasing, rising again, and at last culminating in a tremendous flop of one foot brought down upon the stage—the signal, apparently, for the loud burst of deafening cheers from hundreds proud of their jiggling champion.

"If Ameriky can beat that 'ere, it's a rum un," observes one gentleman close at hand, who looks round for the sympathy of his hearers, and gets it.

The harp and viol depart in peace, and another fiddle comes forward, preceding the American champion, who at the first squeak starts off, and does all that his competitor has done with greater grace and care; with more command of muscle, and even greater rapidity—or, shall

we say, poetry of motion. He has uphill work, though, for popular favour is with his rival, in spite of admonitions to "go in and win." Perseverance has its reward, and the obstinate looks upon the East-enders' faces soften into admiration as they watch the twinkling feet in the exceedingly clever performance; faster and faster—"pitter patter, pitter patter"—till the final stamp is given, to be followed by a roar more loud, if possible, than that which greeted the Englishman.

For we are fair here in the East. Nationality is not allowed to stand in the way of ability, and every one has given in, and decided in favour of the American's winning the championship and the hundred pounds, before Blackney the Great gives in his dictum to the same effect. Fairness was evinced throughout, and the appearance was indeed cheering when, after acknowledging his defeat, the loser joined hands with his rival in fraternal grasp. The National Anthem struck up; the crowd began to file out; and as to the query, *Cui bono?* we answer that it was very innocent, even if the ability was misplaced, and the East-end enjoyed itself. Why should it not?

### A Punning Address.

THE old fashion of giving rhyming prologues and epilogues is dead; but lately, upon a benefit night, a humorous address was delivered by Mr. Terry at the Strand Theatre, written by H. J. Byron, and relating to the actor's career in the various pieces produced at this house.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I can't allow

This night to pass unless I make my bow,  
To speak my thanks for numerous favours past,  
Which favours I most humbly hope may last.  
For six years have you, in the little Strand,  
Held out to me a friendly, helping hand;  
Cheered all my anxious efforts to amuse,  
And with *Huzz-a's* helped to dispel the *Blues*.  
I've tried, whilst your continued fires of cheers  
Suggests, as one might say, the *Fusiliers*,  
The *Cavalry hoarse* laughter to refine,  
And, in a double sense, to draw the *Line*.  
I, as *Toledo's* King, here first appeared,  
And my "complaints" you cordially cheered.  
Then, as the Widow Shepherd, showed my fear  
Of the too effervescent "Ginger Beer."  
And then as Richard of the Lion Heart;  
Then Mr. Huxley (not a first-rate part,  
Though in a clever piece); then Pluto; then  
Claude Frolo—most malevolent of men;  
And then in a burlesque which most surpasses,  
Poluphoisbois—there I pleased the lasses.  
'Twas called *Orion*. Many a graceful she,  
During its long run, kept *her eye* on me,  
Causing domestic scenes, unpleasant very,  
And several arguments with Mrs. Terry.  
Then as King Edward, and, still later on,  
Celestial garments was I forced to don,  
As Widow Twankay did your favours gain,  
In which, they tell me, I looked rather plain—  
Which was correct, for all collectors boast  
The ugliest china mugs are valued most.  
If in *Aladdin* I looked plain and old,  
I quite made up for it in Mr. Mould,

In which Sir Simon called me names, it's true,  
 But in his next burlesque gave me my *Dhu*—  
*Roderick Dhu*, for those who don't quite see it.  
 And then as *Cassidy* I made a wee hit—  
 At least, your kindly plaudits seem'd to say  
 As an *Old Soldier* I deserved my pay.  
 Paul Pry, Joe—*El Dorado*—the Maire, too,  
 Received your smiles, and not forgetting *Loo*,  
 In which I played the hero, such a silly 'un,  
 The piece brought *hundreds*, and I was *St. Emilion*.  
 Lieutenant Lamb then bleated not in vain,  
 And Ginger fought his battles o'er again;  
 Whilst last, not least, let me allude to *Nemesis*,  
 Which seems to be a fixture on the premises.  
 It brings the management both peace and plenty,  
 A kind of *Dolce H. B. Farnie-ente*.  
 Too much, p'raps, of myself, and now to you,  
 My kind and generous friends, a word or two.  
 I am no orator, and have no art  
 To say more than is set down in my part;  
 So will you take the *will*, please, for the deed.  
 Let your kind feelings for one intercede  
 Whose heart, with deepest gratitude o'erflowing,  
 Knows but one way that gratitude of showing,  
 Which is to strive, in every part he's cast,  
 To do his best (as in the pleasant past  
 He has endeavoured) towards its illustration,  
 Still further to secure your approbation.

### The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

#### CHAPTER IV.

DALE made his way on foot toward the ship, where he had already deposited his effects, consisting of a box of clothes. On nearing the dock where the ship was moored, his attention was directed to an auctioneer selling off a promiscuous lot of goods. At the moment of Dale's approach, he was holding up a pair of skates, to attract the attention of the very few people who stood around.

"Now then, who'll bid for the fifty pair of skates? Cost two dollars a pair in New York, and selling for one hundred and fifty in California. Going without reserve."

Dale, who knew little of the ways of the world, pricked up his ears when he heard what price skates were in California; and, at the same time, he thought that he had not the quantity of baggage allowed by the ship, and what folly it would be to carry money to California; so, scarcely knowing what he did, he bid twenty-five cents per pair.

"Going at one quarter of a dollar—dollarum! dollarum! dollarum! No one bid any more? They are yours, sir, for cash," said the auctioneer.

Dale paid for the fifty pairs of skates—of course, very inferior ones—and, while he waited about, trying to induce some one to take them to the ship for him for a trifle, the auctioneer managed to sell him a barrel of salaratus (a kind of soda for raising bread), at five cents a pound.

Dale did not know what to do with this; but, as the auctioneer said he had bid for it, and the bystanders

corroborated the story, he hailed a dray that was passing, and, putting in it his purchases, soon found himself standing beside them on the deck of the *Albatross*, a fine Baltimore clipper, bound round Cape Horn for San Francisco.

It soon got noised abroad that there was a preacher on board, with fifty pairs of skates and a barrel of salaratus, which he was taking to California, where there is no skating, and where, it was supposed, there was plenty and too much alkali of every description.

Now, as every passenger had also a little venture in articles of some kind, from which it was fondly hoped to derive great profit in the land of gold, the fact of a man taking skates to such a climate struck all as so ridiculous, that poor Dale found himself the object of much good-humoured banter.

"Du tell, brother," said a 'cute-looking down-easter, called Cyrus Crimp, whose little venture consisted of a barrel of dried apples and one of pea-nuts, "who's your broker? I guess you'll be a long way to the mines before you change them for gold dust."

"Why?" said Parson Dale.

"Why, you're from Vermont, I calculate, if you don't know there's no ice in that latitude. It's hot as mam's oven all the year round; and as to salaratus, why, there's miles of it, they do say. Why, I do declare you must be wanting a little in the top storey."

"No—no," said a fellow whose wit had been sharpened in the State prison, "he aint mad, he's only a little skate-addled."

After which dreadful pun the poor minister, finding himself unable to restrain his anger any longer, bolted down below and shut himself up in his berth, amidst the prolonged laughter of the passengers.

Skate-addled soon became a bye-word in the ship, and was corrupted to skiddaddle as applied to any one who bolted or ran away quickly to hide himself.

Now, if Dale's purchase had been the only ridiculous one on board, he would have had what they would call a happy time of it. Fortunately, there was another individual who had made what was considered by the 'cute ones a still more ridiculous venture. This individual was a miserable, disjointed, out-at-elbows old man from Massachusetts, who had brought with him three bundles of hickory walking-sticks; and he being a poor creature, those wags, whose ventures were more likely to sell, could make fun of him with impunity.

"Gwine to turn schoolmaster, venerable? Not a bad profession, when there's any children," said one of them. "But there aint none in San Francisco, and you'll have to wait a piece until they can raise some, I calculate."

"We don't thrash infants with walking-sticks where I come from," said the old man. "I was born in the woods, I was, where they know a thing or two. You fellows from the towns would be lost out of a clearin'. I never met one of you who could tell a he-tree from a she-tree."

"I calculate I could, though," said a herbalist, whose venture consisted of sassafras, bark, and dandelion. "I'll just bet you twenty-five cents clear cash, against a shin plaster, that I'll tell every tree in the forest half a mile off. I got my eddication from natur' mostly, I did."

"You're a 'nation 'cute one, no doubt—born where they get up early in the morning, young man," said



CAPTAIN WEBB.



the old man; "but I reckon it would take you all you know, and a heap more, to tell which be the he's and she's in one of my bundles."

At this there was a great roar of laughter. And when it had subsided, the old man, who had been the society of turning the tables on some of the younger men,

"I'll just bet you the cash you advanced just now that, if you can't, I can tell you the gender in the bundle. I cut 'em myself, I did; and I reckon I'm about old enough to tell a man from a lady, I be."

The wager having been taken by the whole company, and the money deposited on both sides, the bundle of walking-sticks was produced.

"Now, can any of you, before I begin, tell which are the ladies?" said the old man, looking round. "None of you—no. You're quite sure you know nothing about it, being all in a state of generative ignorance, as the young sparrow said to his mother. Now, ye that halt under the infirmity of blindness, as Parson Skateaddle might say, draw near and open your ears about a foot. The sticks which are smooth and free from knots are the hes, and those that have knots are the shes. Here, hand me over those quarters: I reckon I've riled somebody."

Old She-Sticks was his name from that day, and though he looked so demure and simple, there were few that could outwit him; while, though his body appeared as though it would fall to pieces like a house of cards before a breath of wind, there were few who could master him in a fair fight.

Cyrus Crimp accounted for the thrashing She-Sticks gave him by saying—

"The mouldy old cuss was so out at elbows, he could hit round the corners."

Dale suffered much from sea-sickness; and the ship was well down on the Atlantic before he managed to crawl on deck, supported by Cyrus Crimp, who quietly asked him "if he had been practising with them skates," when he saw the weak and ineffectual efforts he made to walk the deck.

"Cheer up, minister," he said. "You'll soon be all right now. Try to eat a bit: keep your pecker up, as the young crow said to the old one. I reckon you'll soon lose your appetite and gain a donkey's. Why, there won't be wittles enough for you in the ship when you starts preachin'."

With these and sundry other consolations, Cyrus Crimp managed to bring the dilapidated traveller to the sense of a desire to live. After that he soon became himself again, and in a few days began teaching with such effect that the most dissolute of his strange companions were touched with remorse, perhaps partly from the force of his argument, but, I fear, partly because, as old She-Sticks remarked, "they were always in chapel" (meaning the ship), "and had become impregnated with religion."

However, the winds wafted them onwards over the deep sea, to land, after many long months, upon the shore of California. But while they are afloat, let us see how matters are going on at Boston.

Poor Grace had been ill, and Mr. Emus very anxious about her—so anxious that he had not as yet been able to carry out his plans with respect to the conspirators; for the more he thought of it the more convinced he became that they had wrongfully accused their late minister.

Tekel Bourbon called often to inquire after the health of Miss Emus, and from him he learned that Dale's high position in the congregation. She had forgiven the poor young man, she said; and at prayer meeting often hoped he would repent.

As time progressed, Grace felt less angry with her lost lover; and as time again flew by, she began to think he might after all be innocent.

About this period, which was six months after Dale's departure, the door of her room burst open, and her father rushed in, and clasping her in his arms, cried—

"He is innocent—he is innocent, thank God! I always felt sure he was."

"Father, what do you mean?" cried the agitated girl.

"Blaze came home last night from sea," said Mr. Emus, "and caught Bourbon and that wanton together; and after cowhiding Tekel through the streets, left him more dead than alive, I fancy. The congregation were up in arms in a moment. They seized them both, and only let them go when they had confessed that they had conspired against poor Dale. I must write to Dale to-night."

"Write to him, father," cried Grace. "Yes, you may write to him. But I owe him more than that: if I don't seek him through the world, and fall on my knees before him, I'm no true American girl."

Mrs. Blaze fled with her companion that night, none knew whither; but it was supposed that they would not dare to stop short of California. Bourbon's property was sold by his creditors, and very little there was for each of them. No wonder that he desired Grace's fortune; that alone could have saved him from exposure and ruin. The congregation met, with their new minister at their head, who wrote a letter to the presiding elder, detailing the circumstances of the infamous conspiracy so happily brought to light; begging him to revoke the decree of expulsion, if it had been issued, and to forward it with that letter to Dale's parents, as they would most likely know his address.

Long before this, however, John Dale had landed in San Francisco with his fifty pairs of skates and his barrel of salaratus. No sooner had the anchor dropped than the crew all deserted; so the captain was very glad to let Dale sleep on board at night, for the protection of the vessel. He had no money; and he felt he must either sell his little venture at a great price, or go to work as a labourer, in order to get cash enough to go up the country, where he hoped to support himself by preaching.

"Is there any duty to pay on these skates?" said Dale to the Custom House officer who came on board; "as I wish to take them on shore to sell them."

"God forbid, young man," said the officer (contrary to his usual habit, and out of respect for the minister's cloth); "and I speak serious, young man, when I advise you not to offer them articles for sale here. They're talking about starting an asylum just now up town, and they may begin with you. Take the advice of one who I reckon has seen more of the world in general, and of this city in particular—the advice of an older man than yourself—and drop them little ways of skating and preaching. With them white hands of yours, you can make a fortune at gambling, which is one of the only occupations for a gentleman here. Is that your salaratus?"



"Yes."

"Then I'll give you two hundred dollars for it; though I should advise you not to sell it in bulk, but to peddle it about in small quantities: it is very scarce just now. Good-bye, and good luck to you," said he, as he stepped into his boat. "I'd give five thousand dollars if I had hands like yours, you innocent."

Dale took his advice so far as the salaratus was concerned, and in a few days sold it all for the enormous price of six hundred dollars.

In the course of his peddling from house to house, he caught sight of Cyrus Crimp standing on his barrel of dried apples, which was half buried in the mud with which the streets were almost rendered impassable. They had not been mended, these streets, except by the merchants throwing out such goods as were too plentiful in the market, and for which they could find neither sale nor store room. I have often seen the sidewalk composed of bags of spoilt sugar, tobacco, coffee, &c., for a considerable distance. Anything, indeed, that could not be sold promptly was bundled into the street.

It seems that Cyrus Crimp, unable to sell his barrel of dried apples on the wharf, had shouldered his treasure, as he explained to the minister.

"You see, I warn't to be done by them wharfingers as I thought, who offered me only ten per cent. more than I gave in York for the sass; so I just backed the barrel, asking at every door if they would buy my sass, when all of a sudden somebody gave me a push, and down went my venture into the mud, as you see it here. You may guess I was all-fired riled, and went for the fellow, without asking him where he come from. Well, after one bout, we gets up, and I looks, and dern my skin if it warn't She-Sticks. As well tussle with an India-rubber ball as with that cuss; so I says, quietly—

"She-Sticks, you derned cuss, I believe you'd have upset Ulysses if you had met him a-coming along where there was a mudhole."

"Now, Cyrus, my boy," says he, in his crookedest, blandest bass, "when a parent sees his boy doing what is not good for him, I guess he has a right to upset his apple cart, and put him straight. I'm your parient—your devoted. Open your eyes, and behold, and you'll find plenty of apple sass around you, I guess."

"I did scrutinize; and, as you see, the whole of the mud hereabouts consists of sassyfras, bark, and dried apples, with a mixture of sweet herbs and groceries. Why, I do declare, if it were not for the tobacco, it would make a smart mixed sass, that would sell well at hum."

"Well, She-Sticks," says I, "about them he-hickories of yours?"

"Sold 'em all," says he, "at two dollars for the shes and three for the hes. Guess I could have sold a ship-load if I had them. Lots of 'em never heard of a she-stick before, I reckon. Why, here comes the grass doctor, with his sassyfras on his back."

"Look you here, doctor," says I—"you and me are the two derndest fools out of never mind where. Look you, there's apple sass and bark enough in the street here, let alone cinnamon and allspice, to last this yer forsaken town for twelve seasons. How mysterious am the workings of natur' and destiny as displayed in our cases, unfortunate; while that derned She-Sticks there

has sold all his venture at something like five dollars the pair."

"Cyrus Crimp, you are mistaken," says the doctor (cuss him!), "if you think I don't know the workings of natur' better than such as you. If I starts with a venture, I don't ask folks to buy, I makes 'em buy; if they don't want sassyfras, I mixes it with a little potash, and calls it sarsaparilla. I've just taken a shop in Sansome-street, an' want you to help me to cork bottles. My name, I reckon, aint Silas Dobs no longer, I've found a better in a British directory. If you'll just look in that paper," handing me the *Alla*, California newspaper, "you'll find that Dr. Hall has just arrived with a cargo of sarsaparilla from England, and can be found at his warehouse, No. 23, Sansome-street. That's me. Now, you and She-Sticks come and help bottle, and mum's the word if you see any of the *Albatross* fellows."

"They two are in that grocery there drinking, while I be contemplating a plan of making the mud of this 'ere street into something saleable; and if it warn't for the tobacco, I'd never go bottling at ten dollars a day for Dr. Hall."

"Now, du tell me, parson," he continued, "how did you get cured of that skateaddle nonsense of yours?"

"Friend Crimp," said Dale, "you will believe now that man cannot dispose of the future when I tell you that I have sold my salaratus for—don't be scared, now—for six hundred dollars, cash, which will carry me and the skates a long way, and the gospel as far—or farther, please God," he added, devoutly.

And they parted.

"See—there he goes," said Crimp next day to his companions, the doctor and She-Sticks, "with his skates on his back. Let's go and see him aboard the steamer. I reckon, whenever he gets to the mines, they may swear they've got the best man that ever lived. That's one of them as I calls a good sort. He don't scrub his neighbour's face with sandpaper, ne'er a time, but just says by his actions as he preaches with his mouth. We aint none the worse for having been aboard ship with such as him, I guess."

Dale did not go to bed, but walked the deck, thinking of some one he had left behind, and wondering if his character would ever be cleared. He attributed rightly to Tekel Bourbon the invention of the plot, knowing that it was his interest to estrange him from Grace; but how he could have induced Mrs. Blaze to join him in such a scheme passed his comprehension.

Arrived at Stockton, he immediately took a place in the stage coach for Sonora, a mining town in the foothills of the Sierras. The road lay across what were then well-timbered plains, abounding in game, such as elk, antelope, deer, and wild horses; while the wolves paddled along in packs, looking at the coach as at something they would like to be acquainted with. So little did they know of man, that they would sit round the camp fires at night howling, to the great annoyance of the weary travellers; but they were never known to attack men. The fact was, they had not yet learned that man was good to eat.

As it is not my intention to describe the scenery, I will only say that Dale arrived safely with his skates; and that, not liking the accommodation at the hotel, he took up his abode under a tree until such time as he could erect a tent for himself.

## Grace's Lovers.

## CHAPTER IV.—SOWING BITTER SEEDS.

IT was only the second time it had happened; but all the same Fred Warren exclaimed angrily to himself—

"He's always meeting me here!"

For as he reached the outer door it was to encounter James West, the sneering, savage grin upon whose face told as plainly as words that he had heard something of what had taken place.

All the determination to be patient and forbearing oozed out of Fred Warren as he encountered this look, and West said—

"Eh? what? kicked out? Then now, perhaps, you will know your place."

He started back, though, and turned pale as he saw Fred's flashing eye and menacing aspect—for the young man raised his clenched fist; but he dropped it again, luckily for West.

"What would she say, poor darling!" thought Fred, as he gave up the idea of striking, and passed on without a word, heedless now of the malignant, spiteful look directed after him by his rival, whose heart was not nearly so much at ease as he entered the counting-house, to find old Lawrence walking fuming up and down.

"I won't have it, that I won't!" the old man said, striking his fist heavily upon the desk. "You're fooling about till you'll let some beggar out of the street take her away from you, James West. Why, what have you been about all this time?"

"What, indeed," said the young man, bitterly.

"Haven't I helped you in every way—done all I could—given you every opportunity?"

"Yes—yes, I know! But she don't care for me," said West, bitterly.

"You're a fool—a great fool, James. I tell you she shall have you. Am I her father, and is she to do just as she likes? No, not if I know it. There, I won't hear another word. Go in and talk to her, and bring her to her senses. I'm going to write to your people, and to tell them not to send that jackanapes, Warren, here any more, for I won't pay him."

James West's lowering brow clouded as he heard this, and without a word he went into the snug back room, where he stood looking out at a brick wall and the passage which led out into a narrow thoroughfare. But there was no Grace.

He sent up a message to tell her that he was there, and that her father wished her to come down; but the only response was that she had a headache. So James West stood gnawing his lip and biting his thumb-nails at intervals, till the old man came in to exclaim loudly—

"Why, where's that gal?"

"She is unwell, sir;—has a bad headache."

"Has she!" exclaimed the old man, angrily; "then I'll go up and cure it."

In spite of James West's half-hearted remonstrances, old Lawrence went out of the room, stumbled upstairs, and then his voice was heard loudly.

Two minutes after he came in, leading Grace, looking as if she had been crying, but with a new light in her eyes, and a soft flush suffusing her cheek.

"There, now, let's have no more of your nonsense," he exclaimed. "Fetch the pipes."

Without a word Grace busied herself in fetching the pipes, glasses, and spirits, and made herself thoroughly the handmaiden of both. Her father was astonished, for she did it all with a cheerful alacrity, and answered almost gaily each remark addressed to her; and when James West rose to go, she shook hands with him frankly, and perfectly unmoved.

"There," said old Lawrence, seeing his chosen son-in-law to the door, "you don't half manage her. She's right enough, so come often, for you'll always find the road clear."

James West shook hands, and went away moody and doubting, for he saw matters in a very different light to the old man. It was not at all cheering to him to see Grace so much at ease after Fred Warren's departure; and his brow grew darker and his head more bent as he walked towards Dowgate, where he again encountered Fred Warren, whistling cheerily as he crossed the warehouse. But James West did not look him in the face this time; he only let his eyes rise as far as the loose black tie round the young man's throat, and gazed at it eagerly, as though he were calculating about how many twists it would take to strangle him out of the way.

## CHAPTER V.—THE FRUIT OF THE SEEDS.

MONTHS passed, and love matters progressed not at all for James West. Fred Warren used to growl and murmur to himself, too, that they did not progress for him; only that every Sunday a pair of sweet, loving eyes were raised to his, and in them he could read, in a language that made his heart beat, "Always yours!" and he would go away happy and at rest.

True, it was weary work waiting, and he knew from the old warehouseman, Jem Knott, that poor Grace was very unhappy, and that her pale, anxious looks were caused by endless scoldings. But he had the satisfaction of also learning that James West progressed not a whit, and he had corroborative evidence in the young man's bitter, soured looks and malevolent glances.

Fred knew that he must wait for the old man to come round; and, though vexed, he was more pleased that Grace would consent to no clandestine intercourse, either by meeting or letter.

He had tried very hard once to get her to meet him, sending a note by Knott, who was delighted to perform the part of Mercury; but he came back with rather a long face, for Grace had scolded him sharply, and had told him never to bring another note, if he valued his place. All the same, though, she answered it in the prettiest of little round hands, thanking Fred for his kindness and tenderness to her; telling him that she, too, loved him very dearly, and would always, come what might, be faithful to him; but until her father gave his consent, she could not again either see him privately or write.

It was disappointing and yet cheering; and Fred Warren set himself to wait patiently as he could, and looked so happy day after day, that James West glanced more often furtively at the young fellow's necktie, as if with murderous thoughts.

One morning, after about six months had elapsed,

Fred was busy over his books, when a summons came for him to appear in the private room of the partners—Hanson and Company.

He went in bright and cheerily, to find that they were all present—three elderly, stern men, sitting at a table like a trio of judges; and, in spite of himself, the young fellow felt uncomfortable.

Mr. Hanson, senior, was the first to speak, which he did; at the same time holding out a strip of paper to the young man.

"Have the goodness to look at that, Mr. Warren," he said. "Who should you say wrote it?"

Fred glanced at the paper, which was a bank draft, turned it over, back again, and then said—

"Well, sir, I should say that I filled it up, and you signed it. Yes, that three thousand four hundred pounds, and the figures, are like mine, and the signature is like yours."

"Exactly, Mr. Warren," said Mr. Hanson; "but I did not sign it."

"And I did not fill it up, sir," said Fred, laughing.

"This is no laughing matter, young man," said Mr. Hanson. "That draft is a forgery; and, what is more, it has been presented, and deceived our bankers so that it was paid."

Fred whistled, and said softly—

"Three thousand four hundred pounds!"

"Exactly," said Hanson, watching him keenly; "and you say you did not write it?"

"Good God—no, sir!" exclaimed the young man, excitedly. "You surely don't think I did."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Warren, my partners and I are under the impression that you did commit that forgery."

"Oh, but I can soon prove that I did not," said Fred, hotly. "This is too hard on me, gentlemen, when you have trusted me for long enough now with heavier sums."

"Rely upon it, Frederick Warren, that you shall have full justice done you; but we cannot, as business men, treat such an act as this with anything but severity."

"Of course not, sir," said Fred, uneasily, as he watched his interrogators, who whispered together.

And then Mr. Hanson turned once more to the table, from which he took up a large sheet of blotting paper, which had been torn in four pieces, and carefully mended.

"That was yours, was it not?" said Mr. Hanson.

"Yes, certainly," said Fred. "There's my name in the corner."

"Exactly!" said Mr. Hanson. "Now examine these two sheets, and tell me what you find upon them. And look here, Frederick Warren, if you are open and confess, throw yourself upon our mercy, and help us to recover the whole, or part of the money, we will be lenient."

"But I have nothing to confess," said Fred, hotly.

"Very well," said Mr. Hanson, in cold, hard tones; "then tell us what you see on those sheets of blotting paper."

"It seems as if you had written your name a great many times, and blotted it on the paper, sir."

"Or as if you had practised writing our name, and blotted it upon your paper."

"Oh, but that's all nonsense!" said Fred.

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hanson. "Now look at those two pieces."

Fred took two small ruled leaves, evidently torn out of a pocket-book, and found them covered with the signature of the firm—admirably exact, but blurred and faint, as if blotted as soon as written.

A cold perspiration was breaking out all over the young man's face as he looked at the two leaves, for he did not require the cold, measured tones of Mr. Hanson's voice to inform him that those leaves had been torn out of one of his old collecting-books. While glancing across the table, it was to see more and more evidence, in the shape of half-burnt scraps, covered with the damning signature, and all on partly-destroyed paper from his own office.

"I think we need go no further," said Mr. Hanson, speaking bitterly. "For my partners, as well as self, let me say that I am very sorry, for we trusted you. What do you say?"

"Must have done it in my sleep, sir," said Fred, who was completely staggered.

The partners smiled; and then Mr. Hanson said—"Come in."

A Bow-street runner entered the room quietly, with a self-satisfied, smug air of satisfaction on his face.

"We have got more evidence, sir, and shall recover some of the money, entered by letter in a small bank in his own name."

Then he raised his eyebrows interrogatively. Mr. Hanson passed his hands across his eyes, and nodded, turning away his head, while the Sir John Fielding's man stepped lightly to the door, opened it, beckoned, and a couple of his subordinates came in, handcuffs ready, and approached Fred, who flung the first man aside, and ran to Mr. Hanson.

"For God's sake, don't send me to prison, sir," he gasped. "Think what you are doing. Why, it's forgery, and I'm innocent as a child. Why, I should be tried for my life—perhaps hung. For God's sake, give me time, sir, and I can show that I am innocent!"

"It is too black against you, Warren," said the old gentleman, in broken tones.

And, quite unmanned, he rose and hurried out of the room.

"Mr. Wilson, sir," Fred cried, appealing to the second partner, who also seemed much moved, "pray save me, sir! Indeed, I did not do it. Mr. John Hanson, sir—pray help me! Give me time! Don't let them lock me up where I can do nothing."

"We have given time, Warren," said Mr. Wilson, sadly, "and we must go on with this. Our last clerk robbed us, and it must be stopped. We must do it."

"Will no one help me?" groaned Fred, as he saw the Bow-street officer collecting the damnatory evidence.

"Go with them quietly, Warren," said Mr. Wilson, "and I will see that you have a good lawyer for your defence. I can do no more."

Stunned—dazed—helpless—Fred Warren submitted his wrists to the manacles; but he shivered as they clicked, and the iron came in contact with his flesh.

"Thank God, I've neither father nor mother to know of my disgrace," he muttered to himself.

And then, perfectly stupefied by the combination of circumstances, he was led out, where a new trial awaited him. The news had spread through the warehouse, and the men were all gathered together to see him go.

As he appeared there was a low, angry murmur. But directly after a lusty voice exclaimed—

"Don't you be down-hearted, my lad; it'll all come right. Give him a cheer, lads."

A hearty hurrah rang out, for Fred was a favourite with all; and then, with the tears in his eyes, he passed on between the stacks of paper, dazed and wondering, till, near the door, he saw a figure retiring to where it turned and watched; and then the thought came like a flash—

"James West, this is your work."

#### CHAPTER VI.—A CHECK.

**T**RIED, convicted, in spite of an able defence, for Mr. Wilson had done everything that money could do, and in spite of previous good character and an appeal for mitigation of punishment, condemned to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. Fred Warren, the bright, light-hearted young fellow, swore to the last that he was as innocent as a child, and that it was the work of an enemy. But there were the damning facts one after the other, fitting one into the other, like a dissected puzzle, and the last piece the depositing of a large sum in an assumed name at a bank.

There was no appeal. Life was not worth much in those days; and, along with four others, Fred Warren was condemned to death. As for his companions in misfortune, they were to suffer—one for burglary and battering out the brains of the burgled, the second for premeditated murder, the third for sheep-stealing, and the fourth for highway robbery—five candidates for the gallows at an early date.

And all this time matters had been going on in the old style in the house in the Old Bailey. Grace did her clerical work while her father drove a thriving business, and made much money. James West came regularly night after night, but made no progress; for Grace was always the same, gentle and pleasant to her father's guest, but never let the young man advance a step in her favour.

She was rather more dull than usual, for, poor girl, she was out of spirits, and had had many a good cry at night in her own room. It almost seemed to her that Fred Warren had tired of waiting, for Sunday after Sunday passed over, and she saw nothing of him. At times she almost regretted her coolness and determination, but she felt that she had done right, and waited.

The forgery was quietly discussed by her father, but always in her absence, and day after day passed without the news ever reaching her ears. Knott knew of it, but the threat of instant dismissal sealed his lips, and he only went about the warehouse sighing to himself, and looking pityingly upon his young mistress.

Grace shuddered, though, as she learned that another execution was shortly to take place; and she gladly welcomed the announcement made by her father that her aunt would be glad to see her for a few days.

She felt that she wanted change; for the old house grew more distasteful day by day. The very sight of James West had become odious to her, and at times she could hardly speak to him with civility.

All the same, though, he was attentive and watchful, almost servile, in his attendance, and quietly and firmly her father gave her to understand that James West was not only to be her chosen husband, but his successor in the business which he had carefully built up.

It had been a busy day with Grace. She had been packing up her little box, and at half-past six she was to go to the Head Inn and take her place in the coach, bidding adieu to London for a week. James West was waiting in the parlour to see her off, and her father was busy as usual in the counting-house, working till the last minute lest he should lose a sixpence.

"Ah, let's see—fare five shillings—fare back five shillings—two shillings pocket money—twelve shillings. A very great expense—very great, and all that she may be away. Hallo! post."

There were three letters, and he put on his spectacles to read them.

The first was an order for a small quantity of paper to be sent to a business house in the country by coach or waggon; the next was a notice that a certain paper mill would be unable to complete the order it had received to date; and the third was in a strange hand, very badly written, and horribly spelt, with a strange transposition of capital letters, some of which appeared in the middle of words instead of the beginning, and others even having been pushed right to the very end.

"What's this?" he said, turning it over and over. "Hand I don't know."

He laid it down and scratched his head; then took it up and turned it over once more, to try and make out something from the seal—top of a thimble, motto "Industria" left out. Then he took off and wiped his spectacles, put them away, and ended by breaking the seal and unfolding the old-fashioned letter.

It was very short, and to the effect that his sister had been suddenly called away to the deathbed of one of her husband's relatives, deputing to a neighbour the task of writing to say that Grace must defer her visit.

"Confound it!" exclaimed old Lawrence; "and at such a time."

He read the letter over and over again, and then began walking up and down the counting-house with it in his hand, before carefully snuffing and extinguishing his candles, and going to the parlour.

"You'll have to give up your journey, Grace—your aunt is away."

Grace turned pale, but she said nothing; only proceeded to take off her cloak and mufflers, previous to folding them up and carrying them upstairs.

She had no sooner left the room than James West said, hoarsely—

"Can't you send the poor girl anywhere else?"

Old Lawrence shook his head.

"I should if I were you, and let all the front windows. You will clear eighty or ninety pounds from the sight-seers."

"That I won't," said the old man, stoutly; "and if I thought you'd do so, the devil a penny should you ever have of my money, James West."

"I was only joking," said West, with a sickly attempt at a smile. "But about Grace—what shall you do?"

"Shut up the house as usual, and she will hardly know."

West's brow contracted, and he stood thinking for a few minutes. Then he followed the old gentleman out into the counting-house, and stood talking to him for some time, ending by going in to say good night to Grace; but she had not come down, for she was crying bitterly in her own room.

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—WE PAY A SECOND VISIT TO HERNANI.

READERS of battles receive an impression that there is perfect rest and repose after the fight is over, because the events next related sound tame by comparison. But, in fact, the weary soldier gets no more respite than is actually demanded by exhausted nature. The campaign is the fight—a battle is only a blow in it. If it tells, it must be followed up by the conquering side, while the losers have to take precautions to ward the next attack. Directly the Carlists were driven back, we had to entrench ourselves, and form those lines which were to keep them from annoying San Sebastian, until such time as it should please the wire-pulling ministers and generals to make a serious and combined effort against them. The men of the Legion had now to learn the use of the spade as well as that of the musket; and whether because a large proportion of them were already efficient diggers, or because they had so lately seen the advantage of having a mound of earth between oneself and a fellow-creature who is shooting at you, they worked with a will, and in a few days we were entrenched from Lugarritz Point, in the Bay of San Sebastian, to Puyo, and thence by Alsá to French Passiages. Batteries were constructed, and every day the works grew stronger. The Carlists soon rallied and attacked us, but it was we who were sheltered by cover now; and, for my part, I own that I liked fighting better under those circumstances, especially as we always repulsed the enemy with just enough casualties to make it exciting—hardly more than at football, if you play the Rugby game. Then the town of San Sebastian was close at our backs, and when off duty we could get comforts, and even luxuries; those of us who had money or credit, at least. For we got no pay—no cash, that is. When arrears had accumulated to a certain sum, we received a document called a “*título*” for it. These could be turned into ready money, it is true, but at a discount of seventy-five per cent.—ruinous terms which the majority of the officers were fain to accept. But the very fact of Spanish bankers being willing to give even a quarter of their value for these I O U's showed that the Government had a *bona fide* intention of redeeming them some day; and therefore those who had private funds kept the *títulos*, or even bought them from intimate friends at a far higher price than their market value. Claridge, for example, was always ready to cash them for any brother officer who asked him, without any deduction whatever. He was saving a lot of money, he said, by remaining abroad and keeping up no establishment, and he might as well invest it that way as another. I was also living within my income, and glad of it, for the sake of Cerise.

I heard about her regularly from Mrs. Harwood, and soon after the action of May 5th received a letter from the young lady herself:

“DEER UNKLE JACK—I rite this leter al mysef it aint ritin oneseif wen sumone holds your pencil you no i hav a kiten and a little dog and lots of dols but i don't luv any lik poly the dol u gave me i luv gumpy very

much but not so much as u i and gumpy don't liv alwis in lundun but sumtims in the feelds by the river tems at ricmund cum hom sune your afectonate CERISE.”

Mrs. Harwood was in the habit of calling herself a grumpy old woman when playing with the child, who had consequently taken up calling her Gumpy. The *lucus a non lucendo* never had a better illustration. “Ricmund” meant Richmond, in Surrey.

I carried that letter in my breast-coat pocket till it wore through in the creases; and, whenever I read it, called myself a fool for letting the child twine so about my heartstrings. Proverbs are superficial catches as a rule: a burnt child does not dread the fire any more than a moth. Men drink port wine, though they know that they will have the gout for it; stake their money at roulette with a perfect knowledge that the chances are against them; and indulge in affections which are safe to give them the heartache. I doubt if there has been a consistent philosopher since Diogenes, and we do not know the whole truth about him.

What would Cerise care for me by the time she could spell and punctuate properly, and knew the use of capital letters? Ah, well, perhaps Augier is right when he sings—

“Je ne regrette pas le sang pur dont mes veines  
Ont rougi les buissons où je cherchais l'amour,  
Car ce que m'ont appris la ronce et les épines,  
C'est qu'il n'est rien de bon au monde que d'aimer,  
Que même les douleurs de l'amour sont divines,  
Et qu'il faut mieux briser son cœur que le fermer.”

Certainly, the most selfish men I have known, those who succeeded best in “shutting up” their hearts, have not been happier than others; that is some consolation. There was little doing till August, when an attempt was made against Fuentarabia and Irun; but as these places were found to be too strong to be taken without siege artillery, which was not to be had, we retired to our lines again, where we were unmolested till October 10th, when the enemy came at us with a will, making a desperate and long-sustained effort to break through our centre.

There was a fortified farmhouse here, held by a picket of the 3rd Westminster Grenadiers, under Captain Lyster, which was most furiously assailed. Batteries, stationed half a mile off, poured shot and shell into it, until you would have thought no living thing could be in the place; and then column after column was hurled at it. We, who were looking on from a distance, were in an agony of excitement; for it appeared to us as though the attack must be successful. But the Westminsters and the regiment that went to help them—the 1st, I think—fought in a manner which would have covered them with glory had it been in a more popular cause, and the Carlists were finally beaten off. But the loss to the regiments mentioned was very heavy.

The attack on the entrenchments defended by the Chestnuts was not pushed home with the same vigour; and though we shot down some dozens of the enemy, we did not suffer very much behind our defences. The men had learned to be cool now, and they waited till their targets were well within range, and then took deliberate pot-shots at them, resting their muskets on the top of the embankment. They thought it rather fun.

The enemy failed to appreciate the humour of it,

however, and never renewed the attack; so that during the whole winter of 1836-7 there was nothing going on but the ordinary routine and outpost duty. I did not mind; my broken finger had somehow cured me of any particular wish to be killed—drew the inflammation to the surface, perhaps. There's a hint for the faculty. If a broken finger can infallibly cure a broken heart, the problem of ministering to a mind diseased is solved. Not that many patients would adopt the specific, however highly recommended.

The fact is that I had very little military ardour about me. Had the cause interested me, I dare say that I should have been enthusiastic enough; but I could see very well that the war was prolonged for interested or party reasons. If the Queen's Government had but granted the Basques their *fueros*, the sword would have dropped from Don Carlos's hands at once. We had been befooled and betrayed over and over again, and if the Moors had come back to Granada, and resumed their ancient place in the Peninsula, I should not have cared. But I had taken service for a specified time, some months of which had to run; and I was prepared to do my duty to the best of my ability to the Government which had hired me. But that my heart was in the work I cannot say. My brother officers did not seem to care twopence about those considerations which damped my ardour. They considered any cause good enough to fight for. War being their profession, they looked upon a condition of peace simply in the light of being out of work. They grumbled, indeed, at being ill-treated and badly paid, but a campaign under such circumstances was better in their sight than no campaign at all; and when in the beginning of March—appropriate month—active operations were resumed, their spirits rose so high as to be absolutely infectious. For though I cared little for Spanish interests now, I was anxious that the Legionites in general, and the Chestnuts in particular, should distinguish themselves.

Espartero had planned a combined movement, by which he hoped to drive the Carlists out of the provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa into Navarre. He himself was to march from Durango, with 40,000 men, upon Tolosa; the Legion and Jauregui's Spanish division were to join him by way of Hernani; and a third column, under General Irribarres, was to converge towards Tolosa from Pampeluna. But the success of the scheme depended upon all these movements taking place simultaneously; and we had had too much experience of Spanish dilatoriness to believe in such a miracle. And the event justified this scepticism; for Espartero, who had planned the whole affair and fixed the day, did not budge an inch.

However, General Evans could not tell that; and on March 10th, the day appointed, we commenced operations by carrying an entrenched Carlist position at Emetrya, and forcing the enemy over the Uremea, in which affair we lost a thousand men. On the 12th and 14th, we were engaged in repulsing the attempts of the enemy to regain their lost ground. On the 15th, we resumed the initiative, and attacked another entrenched position on the Oriamendi Hill, which was carried at dusk, after a whole day's fighting; and we found ourselves, for the second time, looking down upon Hernani.

The Chestnuts had been in reserve all day, and were only brought up for the final effort; and so, being fresh,

were pushed in advance when the enemy retired, and took up a position in the plains at the foot of the Oriamendi. Being next for picket duty, I took my company still farther to the front, and established it in a war-ruined building on the very edge of a little river. The roof had been demolished by shells, and the upper floor was full of rents and gaps, and encumbered with the rubbish from above; but there was standing-place round the walls, which were already rudely loopholed, both here and on the basement. The house was enclosed on three sides, at a distance of about twenty paces, by the remains of a wall, which I set to work at once to strengthen in front, by piling up the stones which had been thrown down, arranging beams taken from the interior of the house, and filling up certain gaps which still remained with the trunks and branches of some trees which grew in the neighbourhood, and had hitherto been spared; thus forming a defence breast high all along. I also caused the wall on the left flank to be partially repaired, and that in rear, towards the Oriamendi Hill, to be further levelled; so that there might be no impediment to our retreat, in case we were driven in. Our right flank was protected by the river.

Forty yards to the left there was a mound the height of our house, a spur of the hill, and if the enemy got on to this our position would be exposed to a plunging fire and become untenable. But this hillside was fully exposed to the Christinist batteries, and could not be occupied without extreme loss; whereas the hollow ground round it, in which we were posted, was sheltered by the hill itself, and offered a most favourable route by which the Carlists might advance to the attack. It was much more probable that they would act strictly on the defensive, after the events of the last five days; but still they might turn on their pursuers—they often did—and if part of their advance was in that particular direction, they must either march up the hill in the teeth of the batteries upon it, take the other side of the stream, which would occasion a long *délour* and great delay, or force my position.

I had not military knowledge sufficient to discover all this, which was explained to me by Colonel Macbean when he started me; but I saw it clearly enough when he pointed it out, and experienced a grave sense of responsibility, which did not seem to be shared at all by my subalterns, Vivian and Deedes, who were so exhilarated by a week's continued success as to think the enemy still in our front utterly broken, and aggressive measures on his part quite out of the question, and who evidently considered my elaborate preparations somewhat unnecessary. They did not work at them the less heartily for that, however; and Deedes—a big, powerful young fellow—urged the men on with example as well as precept.

"Heavy!" he exclaimed, when a couple of soldiers bearing a mass of stone between them pleaded its weight in excuse of the slowness of the movement with which he upbraided them. And, taking the block, he pitched it into its place, adding, "The idea of its taking two men to carry a *pebble*!"

My favourite, Rose, corporal and pugilist, whose transfer to my company had been managed, I flatter myself, with ingenious diplomacy, seconded him with vigour; and performed marvellous feats in the way of lifting heavy weights, putting every man in the com-

pany on his mettle in forming temporary defences—except Buffles, who was engaged on other and not unimportant duties. The more I knew of this wonderful servant of mine, the greater became my appreciation of his valuable qualities. He was always at hand when wanted, was never sick or sorry, or tired out, never got hit, never failed to provide something for me to eat and drink. He had a positive genius for finding out any one, in our own regiment or another, who had made a successful forage; and was down upon him at once, with Captain Hamilton's compliments, and could he spare a joint, or a fowl, or a bottle of wine, or whatever it might be, at the price paid for it.

Goodness knows the people who had never heard of me, or I of them, to whom he presented my compliments for me—I don't. I kept him supplied with small money, and enjoined him never to plunder, and the bare notion of doing such a thing seemed to shock him sadly; so the regularity and small expense with which he obtained additions to my very scanty rations must have been due to his rare talent for marketing. On this present occasion, he cleared a portion of the ground floor of the house for an officer's quarters, lit a fire there, and vanished mysteriously. In half an hour he reappeared with a brace of wild ducks—at least, he called them so; but they appeared, and tasted, remarkably like tame ones.

By the time the defences were completed, the double sentries posted, communication established with the next post on our left, and the ground in front explored, the ducks were roasted, and Deedes, Vivian, and I sat down to pick them.

Vivian was the only officer in the regiment I could not get on with. It was not that I had any prejudice against him, for all the coolness and stiffness was on his side. He was a late arrival, having joined after the action of May the 5th, which caused several vacancies; and, though cordial enough with others, he always seemed to avoid me, and to find my presence a restraint upon him—why, I could not imagine, for the fact that I was generally called Jack proved that my manners could not be repelling; unless it was that as a half-pay in the British army, and my senior somewhat in years to boot, he resented my being his superior officer. But then the same objection applied to Claridge, and he was all right with him.

On this evening, however, he was too much excited to help thawing, and he laughed and chatted freely. The fact was that we were all very jubilant. The Carlists had fought their very hardest to prevent our advance—there could be no doubt of that—and we had fairly beaten them in four successive contests in five days. Of Espartero's non-co-operation, which rendered our efforts purposeless, we knew nothing.

"I suppose that we shall have billets in Hernani yonder to-morrow night," said Deedes.

"Only the rear-guard, I fancy," replied Vivian; "we shall be pushed on after taking the place."

"I suppose we shall open the ball; we had hardly anything to do to-day. But I don't see why Hernani should be taken so very easily. To carry a town, or even a village, house by house, is a long business."

"Oh, but they won't make any serious defence, surely, for fear of being caught in a trap."

So we settled the course of the game to our own satisfaction, without having seen the adversaries' hand,

and giving our partners credit for better play than they were capable of. Not that we were remiss or careless in our immediate duties, for which there would have been no excuse, as there were three of us, and that gave each a good sleep in turn: the sentries were visited hourly, and every precaution taken against surprise; but there was no alarm all night, and the day dawned bright, calm, and beautiful.

Everything was so still and quiet in our front, that we began to think, as the day advanced, that the enemy had quietly evacuated the town in the night, and that we were destined presently to enter it unopposed, and we waited patiently for orders.

Soon after the men had got their breakfasts, however, Hernani awoke. The blare of trumpets, the roll of drums, the cheery notes of the bugle, told us that our suppositions were all wrong.

"They will await our attack in Hernani, after all," said I.

"Await our attack!" cried Deedes. "The beggars are coming out to attack us."

And, sure enough, the head of a dense column was to be seen issuing from the town.

### The Casual Observer.

OUT WITH JACK.

THERE are few streets in London that are touched by the hand of alteration without improvement. Let the contractor's cart be busy, or the builder's men at work, and some of the old excrescences left by our fathers disappear. Roads are widened, pathways bettered, and the comfort of the wayfarer is studied; but with Ratcliff-highway all things seem to go by the rule of contrary; those which should be improvements are all on the side of evil; and though thousands of pounds are spent, the place grows fouler and fouler still. Explain? Well, those thousands are spent in private, not public enterprise. And yet it is public enterprise, for it is in the beautifying (?) of the places where somebody's Entire, or the "spinnings" from some great distillery are vended.

It is night, and the Highway is in all its glory. The meters of the gas companies are working hard, for blaze, flare, and flicker, the thousand jets send up a light that is reflected far and wide. Chimney-pots glow as if from the rising sun; and the masts of many a tall argosy in the docks hard by stand up above the huge blank dead walls, with rigging that seems changed, as it were, into gold.

But it is a foul light, and eyes must be lowered to the grovelling earth to see it in all its vileness. For it is high carnival time here: Jack is ashore, and the season when Jack is ashore lasts through every night in the year; for there is not a day when some vessel does not make its way up to the great port of London, with its laborious crew, who have been earning their pay "like horses," and are hungering to go "and spend it like asses."

They live on Jack the sailor down here, and night and day traps are baited to catch him. It is for him that those shoddy suits of sky-blue, shore-going long togs are hung out, in company with knives that will not cut; and to preserve his life, close by are preserved meats, solid biscuit, casked beef (?), and those yellow



rings that James Greenwood cut open to find that they were not composed of cork. But here is one of Jack's special enemies—the crimp—who takes to him so affectionately, seeing to his long bolster bag, taking care of his cash, and allowing Jack to treat him at one of these gaily-illuminated bars, which we now enter, decorated for Jack's especial benefit with mirror, German silver, and painted china. Handsomely polished metal and glittering glass are everywhere, and, according to Jack's fancy, he can be poisoned with white, amber, or brown spirit, till his few months' pay is expended.

It is perfectly wonderful what a gentleman is Jack, and how obsequious is everybody to the slouchy, slovenly-dressed Hercules, who rolls in, tarry of hand, sodden of aspect, bleary of eye, his face flushed, the traces of tobacco at each corner of his weak, half-imbecile mouth. As long as his money lasts, he is a perfect monarch, and landlord and barmaid rush to obey his nod.

But here is Jack's great enemy, in the shape of this painted, high cheek-boned, savage-looking tigress in human form, who lurks for him everywhere, from the corners of the vile alleys that debouch upon the Highway almost to the dock gates. The Sailors' Homes tower up here and there, but they have enemies by the hundred; and, as a rule, there is no home for Jack until, sodden, sick, and helpless—a fifty per cent. worse man than he was when he came ashore—he is hauled once more on board his ship.

This place to the left here is dignified by the title of Music Hall; and after lazily swinging along for awhile, Jack and half a dozen messmates slouch in here, to listen to about as dreary a series of miseries as were ever classed under that much-belied word, entertainment. Perhaps the cloudy, smoky state of the place is soothing to Jack's befogged brains. The liquor, too, forms another attraction—for, probably from a long career in torrid climes, or from his salt-sea life, he has acquired a perennial thirst which needs constant quenching.

There are some strange types of countenance, for the faces seen here in the glare of the gas are not always the blunt English, the fiery Scotch, or the peculiar simious-looking, lower-class Irishman; for, broad of face, fair, long, and straight of hair, here comes a party of sailors, evidently from some Baltic timber vessel, all hanging together for mutual protection, and not without need. A few yards farther on there are two little, coppery-looking Lascars, fresh from some East Indiaman, their destination being probably Bluegate Fields for a pipe of opium. They are in funds now, small though those funds be, and they glide silently through the brawling crowd, collecting outside this public-house, where a couple of furies are shrieking and blaspheming over the plunder they have reft from some drink-stupefied mariner. Dishvelled, torn of garment, and flashing of eye, perhaps no more hideous sight can be seen—the feline brute after which they have been so aptly named being a thing of innocence and beauty by comparison.

But here come, slowly and reluctantly, a couple of the helmet-crowned to interfere; for the blast is growing too hot for even this furnace, and the law steps in to administer the refrigeration of a cold cell, and a few hours' solitude.

Again strangers: a swarthy black, broad of shoulders,

close and crisp of hair, white of his grinning teeth, and opal of his rolling eyes, which seem to rest with delight upon the glaring scene; the tall, hatchet-faced fellows with rings in their ears are half, or more likely much mixed bloods from somewhere in the West Indies, and the British sailors about view them, in spite of bemuddled brains, with suspicion; for they know that foreign Jack smites not with the fist, and that a few hasty words would bring forth one of those coppery hands knife-armed, and ready to sheathe that blade in the nearest foe.

Open house everywhere, with drink in endless draughts, but solid food in scarcity. But there is again the foreign element visible, in half a score of gesticulating, closely-cropped Frenchmen—fishers, evidently—in their red caps, heavy boots, and stiff canvas petticoat trousers; while here again, this trio, oval of face, olive of complexion, and dark of eye, are from some Genoese barque in dock.

A wondrous mixture of nationalities—representatives of plenty of flags, whose flauntings are not visible now. Hour after hour the wild revelry goes on—a savage feasting over the great shearing, nightly carried on, of the huge sea sheep that are always arriving in flocks, ready to offer themselves patiently to the shearer. Well, for many of them, if they escape with life.

### Those Nasty Flies.

THE generally received opinion about flies is that, despite limitless ingenuity expended on patent traps and poisoned paper, they form one of those ills of life which, it not being possible entirely to cure, must perforce be endured with as good a grace as may be. Consequently, when they ruin our picture frames and ceilings, insinuate themselves into our milk and molasses pitchers, or lull us to sleep with their drowsy buzzing, only to bite us during our slumbers and render the same uneasy, we thank fate that the cold weather will rid us of the pest. To be sure, they are scavengers in their way; but after we have spent several minutes in picking a score or more out of the butter dish, we arrive at the conclusion that it is an open question whether they do not spoil more good material than they carry off bad. *Festina lente*, good reader, hasten slowly, and do not anchor faith to such opinions until you are certain that the above sum up all of the fly's mission in this world. *Musca domestica* (science uses six syllables in Latin to express that which good round Saxon epitomizes in two) is a maligned insect. He fulfils a purpose of sufficient moment to cause you to bear his inroads into your morning nap with equanimity, or even complacently to view him congregated by the score within your hidden sweets.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the in-

sect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food? This query, which perhaps may have suggested itself to thousands, has recently, for the first time, been answered by a Mr. Emerson, an English chemist; and certainly, in the light of the revelations of that gentleman's investigations, the fly assumes the position of an important friend instead of a pest to mankind. Mr. Emerson states that he began his self-appointed task of finding out whether the house fly really serves any appreciable purpose in the scheme of creation, excepting as an indifferent scavenger, by capturing a fine specimen, and gluing his wings down to a microscopic slide. On placing the slide under the instrument, to the investigator's disgust the fly appeared covered with lice, causing the offending insect to be promptly released, and another substituted in his place. Fly No. 2 was no better off than fly No. 1, and as the same might be predicated of flies 3, 4, 5, Mr. Emerson concluded that here was something which at once required looking into.

Meanwhile fly No. 1, on the slide, seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification, for wherever the lice were, there the trunk went. The lice were disappearing into the trunk: the fly was eating them. Up to this time the investigator has treated his specimen as of the masculine gender; but now he changes his mind, and concludes it to be a female, busily devouring, not lice, but her own progeny. The flies, then, carry their young about with them; and when the family get too numerous, or the mother too hungry, the offspring are eaten.

Awhile reasoning thus, Mr. Emerson picked up a scrap of white writing paper, from which two flies appeared to be busily eating something, and put it under the instrument. There were the progeny again on the paper, and brushed off easily with a cloth. "This," he says, "set me thinking. I took the paper into the kitchen again, and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. I had now arrived at something definite: they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air; and the quick motion of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal."

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad-smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules; while other flies, captured in bedrooms or well-ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean, and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same. Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of the fly, has added another and lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules form food for

the flies, the flies for the spiders, the spiders for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man.

### Poisonous Newts.

**W**EAK and defenceless as newts appear, they are not without means of protection, which can make themselves severely felt as far as any personal attack from the higher classes of animals is concerned, where the attack involves the newt being taken in the mouth of the aggressor; and the obvious and visible effects on these occasions have—in popular belief—invested them with some mysterious power of doing damage, which acts as a great protective against human foes.

When alarmed, the Triton emits a poppy-like perfume, and I have found this smell especially powerful in specimens which have escaped from captivity indoors, and harboured somewhere about in dusty corners till dry and nearly dead. On placing some of these newts—in their ordinary state of health—under the influence of chloroform vapour, the viscid liquid from which the scent arises may be observed exuding from the pores of the skin, and an infusion of it in water will be found, when tasted, to be acrid, numbing to the tongue, and causing some degree of inflammation to the more tender parts of the mouth, the inflammatory effects lasting some hours.

In a series of experiments as to the effect of the poison conveyed directly from the skin of the newt to the mouth of the affected object, it was strong and well-marked on mammals, and powerful also on the Tritons themselves, foam appearing round the jaws whilst the reptile still held on to the brother newt it had been compelled to bite, followed by symptoms of varied degrees of intensity up to convulsions in the biter, the bitten newt never being in any way constitutionally affected. A cat, which had been induced to attack some of the reptiles, suffered similarly, a sudden flow of clear saliva in large drops being followed by foaming at the mouth, and, as with the newts, by violent action of the jaws, or audible snapping of the mouth, apparently quite uncontrollable. In the case of a human subject, induced for the sake of a knowledge of the sensations undergone to submit to the unpleasant experiment, the effect of the exudation was similar.

The back of a live Triton *Cristatus* being gently pressed between the teeth of the experimenter, the first effect was a bitter, astringent feeling in the mouth, with irritation of the throat, and numbness of the teeth immediately holding the animal, this being followed in about a minute by a strong flow of clear saliva, accompanied by strong muscular action of the mouth, as in the case of the lower animals; the experiment being followed by headache, general discomfort to the system, and slight shivering fits—these apparently physical effects, not nervous influences, as the patient, being accustomed to similar experiments, was not susceptible to the intense aversion which would usually be felt for the operation. In the case of the lower animals, the after-effects appeared to pass away more rapidly from the system, yet not entirely from the memory, for, ever after, puss was as little wishful to repeat the experiment he had first volunteered as his owner.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### CHAPTER V.

JOHN DALE had left the greater part of his six hundred dollars in a bank in San Francisco. He could not afford to hire men at an ounce of gold dust per day to help him. He must needs, therefore, erect some kind of a house himself, and sorely puzzled he was how to begin, when luckily there came by a miner, armed to the teeth, and leading a mule packed with all kind of things that a gold-seeker requires. He was evidently about to migrate; seeing, however, such an extraordinary sight as fifty pairs of skates hung to the boughs of the tree, their steel runners glittering in the sun, he drew up his mule, and cried to Dale—

"Hallo! I say, old hoss, what the thunder be you doing thar with them things?"

"I want to sell them," said Dale, shamefacedly.

"Then why on earth don't you live in the town?"

"Because I have only just arrived, and I don't like the noise. I want to build a tent here, only I don't know how."

"Wal, then, stranger, look ye here; that tent as you see down on the flat there belongs to me, and I'll give it you, with all the fixings, for just one pair of them curiosities."

He was from Arkansas, and had never seen any skates before.

"They won't go off, will they?" said he, handling them carefully.

Dale explained their use, and told the man he should be glad to accept his offer; and also that, in case he came back again, he would give him up possession.

"Say, stranger," said the man, suddenly eyeing the white necktie, "be you a monté dealer?"

"God forbid!" said Dale, holding up his hands. "I'm what they call a preacher about here."

"Then you may bet your life I sha'n't come back here agin. Why, I come away from hum because preachers and such-like was creeping into our clearin'. I'll be doged if they did not raise a church out in the prairie, only the Injuns burnt it down one Sunday when they was a-praying—the only good thing I ever knowed them redskins to do. I hates preachers and Injuns like pisin. Yes, surree, bob horsefly. Now," he continued, as a new idea struck him, "if you'll be learnt by a friend, and that friend me, you'll break off the wood from them articles, and they'll make all-fired good crevassing knives. Good-bye, preacher."

The man departed with his mule, without another word. Dale thought him the most extraordinary being he had ever known. He evidently had a grudge against people of his cloth; and yet he had given him a place worth at least two hundred dollars for a pair of skates, and also given him good advice as to the other forty-nine pairs of skates—ending by wishing him good-bye, as though he had known him a long time.

"What queer people there are in this world!" thought he. "I liked the looks of that fellow, spite of his dislike to our cloth. I wonder where he will go to now, and if he will always keep moving to avoid hearing the Word. I will pray not a little that it will catch him up in the end. What would I not give to be the means

of converting such a strong—ah, and I believe honest—soul as that to righteousness! Perhaps, though, the house is not his own. I will go and see."

Could you have looked into that man's soul, Parson Dale, you might have seen something that would have confirmed you in your opinion as to his honesty. You learnt it afterwards, though.

His name—he was known by none other—was Arkensaw. Everybody knew him in camp, because he chopped and sold firewood; and though he seemed a very peaceful man, yet the boldest respected him—partly from the look of his eye, partly from the length of his knife, but more, perhaps, from the look of his rifle—one of those curious, heavy old pieces which no one could handle unless he had been used to it from childhood. Many a deer he killed while at his occupation in the woods; and while selling the venison he became acquainted with the wife of one of those "ne'er-do-weel" sort of men who always manage, somehow or another, to get a wife. He was nicknamed Chawbait, because he was always chewing the ends of trees, gum, or bits of grass. This woman took a fancy to Arkensaw, and boldly told her husband so.

"I can't help it," she said; "so you had better either kill me, Arkensaw, or yourself, or move off where I sha'n't see him."

"Wal, Susy," said Chawbait, "you be what I call a ticklerly honest woman, you bet; and I'll do as you say, one way or the other. I aint much use in this world, nor never was—unless I was to you. I kinder thought when you took me you had made a mistake; but I'll go now down to Arkensaw, and have a talk with him—maybe he'll make it all right. Never fear, Susy, but I'll do my duty by you."

Poor Chawbait, knowing that all the little joy and light of his life was gone, walked down one Sunday morning to Arkensaw's tent, in the vain hope that the latter might be induced to put an end to his life. Arkensaw, who was washing his clothes at the tent door, saw him coming, and guessed his errand.

After examining the person of his approaching visitor, he said—

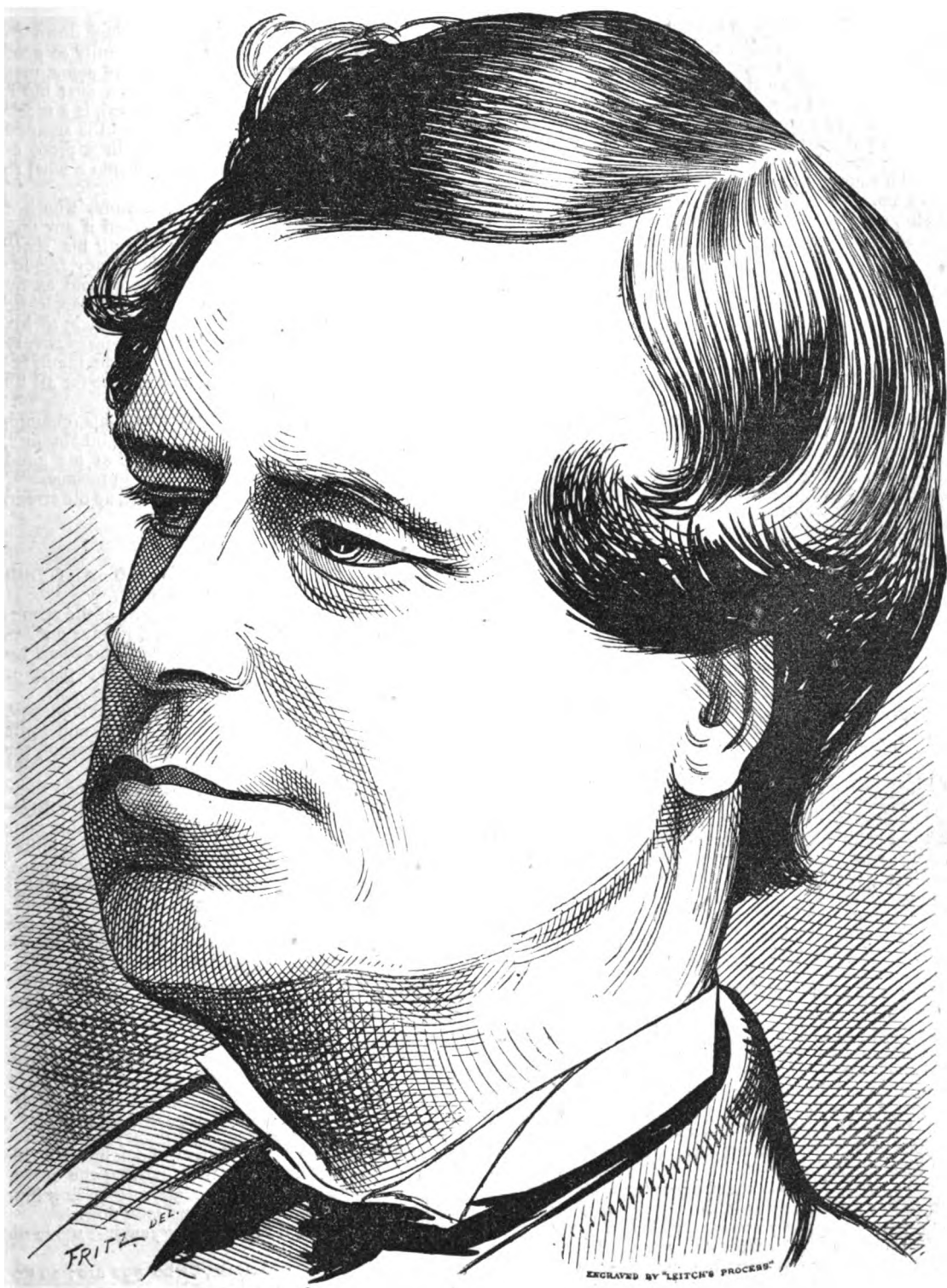
"I declar the gormed fool has got no iron about him!" (meaning no weapon).

"Arkensaw," said Chawbait, coming close up in front of the tub, "just come and sit down by me a bit. I want to talk to you—leastwise, to tell you a secret about Susy. I'll help wash your duds afterwards; or if you'll wash, I'll wring and hang out."

"All right, Chaw, fire away, as the Englishmen say, though they be poor hands with shooting irons," said Arkensaw, washing away at a woollen shirt.

"Why, you see, Arkensaw, I know well you won't tell what I'm going to say all over camp. I don't see no use—it's natur', and naught else. Our Susy, says she, this morning, like a woman that I can respect, says she—'I've been and fallen in love with Arkensaw, an' I can't help it;' and it occurred to her that it would be better to have it all on the square, like an honest woman. I respect Susy, Arkensaw, I do, and would never stand in her way; and if you love her, Arkensaw—thar, just take that old iron of yours," pointing to the rifle, which stood against the tent, "and plug me, an' we'll say no more about it."

Here Arkensaw handed him the shirt to wring, and having taken off the ground a very dirty pair of woollen



CRESWICK.—AN OLD FAVOURITE.

stockings, and put them in the tub, replied, in a voice of much feeling—I do believe there was a tear running down his hairy face—

“Old man, you are the all-firedest, sensiblest old skunk that ever I see out walking. Why, it may be natur’, or it may be agin natur’; but it has occurred to me, though there was no harm, that I did love your Susy”—here he handed Chawbait a stocking to wring—“and if your Susy loves me, it’s your turn to plug, and there’s the rifle. She never missed fire; only shoot straight, old man—I hate being half killed.”

So saying, he handed him the rifle, and taking off his revolver and knife, he threw them away.

“I’m thankful to you, Arkensaw,” said Chawbait, taking the rifle with one hand, while he held the stocking in the other, and quietly replaced the former against the tent, as if afraid to trust himself with it—“I be very thankful to see that the man Susy loves has got grit of the right sort. What’s the good of a man if he can’t die for her he loves? If you won’t plug me, Arkensaw, why we’ll make it all right some other way,” said he, laying down the last stocking—“it’s natur’, and it can’t be done no other way.”

Here he began walking slowly away.

Arkensaw thought for a moment, letting his beard into his bosom, and then, calling after him—

“Neighbour, don’t you just take on so; you just come here to-morrow night, after you’ve had a spell of praying, and I’ll do it for you.”

“All right,” said the other, his face brightening up. “You’ll allus respect Susy, Arkensaw, won’t you?”

“Yes, ole man, we’ll think of you when we’re out walkin’. Now, you go hum, and do your bit o’ praying.”

On the morrow, Arkensaw had left behind him all that he had in the world, except what he could pack on his mule, and was gone into the wilds, where he would not be likely to meet with a preacher, and from whence no word came from him, though there were two who would have given much to have found him. For on the day appointed, Susy saw her husband steal out into the woods, and quietly followed him; as he neared Arkensaw’s habitation, expecting that the latter would shoot him from behind a tree, he kneeled down on the ground as Arkensaw had told him, and prayed; and Susy heard his prayer, which was simply a narration, word for word, of what he had said to Arkensaw, and what Arkensaw had replied.

Susy heard, and then sprang upon him like a wild cat, hugging and kissing him as she had never kissed him before.

“Joe,” she said—“dear Joe!” (she had called him nothing but “ole man” for years).

They went to seek Arkensaw, but he was gone; and in his house they found a preacher, who afterwards heard their story.

“Surely Providence gave me this house,” said Dale to himself, after Susy and her husband had departed; “and if He will, I will build him a house here; and until He will, this house and the open air under those beautiful trees shall suffice.”

He then went into the town, or rather to the nearest store, to buy some provisions, taking with him the irons from a pair of skates, from which he had broken the wood—remembering what Arkensaw had told him; though he did not know what crevassing was—nor perhaps will many of my readers, so I must explain.

When the earth is removed, and washed down to the hard rock, there remains a large quantity of gold lying in the chinks of the stone, which are sometimes so narrow that it requires a knife to get it out; but a skate blade, with its curved toe sharpened, is a much better tool to scrape with. When the gold is scraped out of the cracks, it is gathered up with a piece of a cow’s horn made into a scoop, and put into a bowl to wash.

Dale then walked boldly into the store, where a number of miners were sitting, and asked if any one wanted to buy a crevassing tool, showing his skate blades. To his great astonishment, everybody, including the storekeeper, wanted to buy them; and as he could not sell two crevassing tools to twenty people, he put them up to auction there and then, when, to his great delight, they sold for the enormous sum of twenty dollars each—the storekeeper, who bought them, remarking that he would give an ounce a-piece for all he would bring him.

Dale bought his provisions, received his change, made some inquiries about the town and its inhabitants, and then went home, wrapt in wonder at his good fortune that the skates had turned out so precious.

The day following, therefore, he walked up the street, as we have seen in the opening chapter.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IN our first chapter we left Dale in front of Josh Holden’s gambling saloon, in Sonora.

Taking his station on the opposite side of the street, he seized a goods box, and standing on it, gave out his text. His was a grand, sonorous voice; and when he thundered forth words never yet heard in that place of crime and debauchery—

“How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye, turn ye at my reproof, for why will ye die? saith the Lord.”

The effect was electric. Teamsters abandoned their teams, carters drew in their horses, the gamblers threw down their cards and swept up their money, rushing out upon this new thing. Women from the fandango house rushed wildly into the street; miners, storekeepers, cooks, barkeepers, and waiters heard a voice which brought to their memories thoughts of their homes, their childhood, or their mothers; and as, like the solemn tolling of a bell, that voice continued, though some—and there were many there who had never before heard the Word—laughed and derided, yet many a bearded miner’s eye grew moist as he thought, and, still listening, fancied he never before had heard the gospel sound so sweetly.

Josh Holden heard in his saloon just across the way. He saw the gamblers with their dupes rush out in a body, and his heart was filled with rage; for he knew that if that voice continued his hope of gain was gone. Only waiting to put away the bank money, he seized a revolver, and striding into the street, shook himself—he was a huge, powerful fellow; then, parting the crowd right and left, he strode up to Dale, and seizing him roughly, compelled him to stop, and look down.

“Say, stranger,” said the ruffian, “you just move on with your box, will you.”

“I am not aware,” said Dale, “who you are; so excuse me if I continue preaching.”





Once a Week.]

**THE SALARATUS SPEC.**  
PART OF THE CONGREGATION. (See page 44.)

[October, 1875.





Holden's eyes blazed like fire; his hand clutched his weapon—it was the first time his authority had been questioned in that street for a long time, he was so much feared.

"Who am I!" he cried—"who am I! Why, I'm Josh Holden, that's who I am. Now, move on with your box."

"My good fellow," said Dale, "what have I done to you that you should be so angry?"

Here Seth Sturgess, who had come up the street with Dale, and who now stood behind him, grasped the handle of his weapon in a determined manner: he looked like a man about to face a legion.

"Done to me, you skunk? I'll tell you what you've done—you've emptied my saloon. Do you think that the boys will go in thar, an' you a pokin' fun for them out here? Go on with your box, I tell you!"

"My good sir," said Dale, in as firm a tone as he could assume—for he never stood nearer death than he did at that moment—"I came here to preach the word of God, and I shall preach it; not only, I hope, in this place, but in front of every house in the town—ah, and in your saloon also, if you will allow me. I want to build a church; and now I think of it, I will ask you for a subscription, as the first in Sonora."

Here Seth Sturgess took out his pistol, and laid his hand on the trigger, muttering—

"He's got grit—heaps of grit!"

"Young man," said Holden, "you don't know who I be, and I pity you; but if you don't just move on with that box in less than half a minute, I'll put a ball right through you."

Here Holden shook his weapon at Dale, and Seth Sturgess drew a bead on Holden. (Took aim at him.)

The preacher, instead of answering this rude speech, went on with his sermon—

"I was telling you, my brethren, that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God—"

Here Holden, interrupting, said—

"That aint far from here, I reckon—there's only a paper wall, they say, between us; but, stranger, though you be green, you've got more pluck than I'd have believed. I don't want to shoot a man who's got no irons on him. Thar, now" said he—holding out his hand, in which was an octagonal gold coin—"I'll just give you this fifty dollar plug if you'll move on, and never preach in front of my saloon again."

Dale reached out his hand, and took the coin.

"We'll call it your first subscription to the church, Mr. Holden," said he; and went on with his sermon.

Whether Holden did not like to shoot this brave fellow, or whether he saw that an attempt to fire would have been prevented by Seth Sturgess and others, I know not; but he turned on his heel, and walked across the street into his saloon without another word.

Dale finished his sermon, and then, taking off his hat, he said—

"Boys, I'm going to pass this around. I want money to build a church, that I may not interfere with your business by preaching in the street."

The hat went round, and there was great danger of the bottom falling out before it returned, so weighty were its contents.

"Now," said the missionary, "you have given liberally to the cause of Christ, but He will have more of

you. He will have you go forth, like the Jews of old, into the forest, and with saws and axes cut trees, saw timber, and build a house for the service of God with your own hands. At the price labour is here, I cannot afford to pay for the work, and I believe I should insult you by offering you pay."

Here there arose a shout of "We will! we will!" with many other expressions less becoming the occasion; one man proposing "three cheers for the preacher."

"Now, White-throat, what will you drink?" said Seth Sturgess. "You must be mighty dry after all that. It done me good, though it was worse nor Injin to me. Where on earth did you learn that palaver?"

Seth had been on the prairie among the Indians all his life.

"I'll take a little whisky in mine," said Dale, stepping across the street into Holden's saloon, with the hateful of money in his hand. Walking up to the counter, he said—

"Mr. Holden, I wish you would take care of this money for me until to-morrow, or until I find a bank to deposit it in. I hope you'll come and help build the church."

"I will," said Holden. "And now, boys, let's take a drink all round. We'll give this preacher fair play, boys. He aint like none of the preachers I ever see. And if he can convert us," said he, laughing, "let him; but some of us will be hard nuts to crack, I reckon."

### Grace's Lovers.

#### CHAPTER VII.—EXECUTION TIME.

"YAH-HOO! Yah-hoo!" Then a howl, a chorus of shrieks, and a low buzzing murmur heard above all the rest. It was the sound as of the sea upon the shore—a hissing, restless, subdued roar; for it was that strange, wild murmur heard when a London crowd has congregated, and is eagerly waiting for a sight.

And what a night it had been—cold, raw, damp, with a fog rising from the crushed-in mob, to meet a colder, denser fog, mingled with the previous night's smoke, which hung above the crowd some five-and-twenty feet.

From Ludgate-hill to Smithfield, along Giltspur-street, was one dense packed mass of people, whose pale faces showed at times in the lurid light cast from open windows, every one of which had its merry, noisy party, drinking, smoking, singing songs, or bandying ribald jokes with the obscene and filthy crowd which swayed and heaved to and fro, old men and women, young men and maidens, boys and girls, and infants in arms, waiting hour after hour, as a great part of them had waited through the night to see five fellow-creatures expire upon the scaffold.

It was to be a grand execution, and fully half the gathering was to see the end of Patter Lanyon, a celebrated highwayman of those times, who had robbed more coaches than Dick Turpin or Claude Duval, and the loudly expressed belief was that he would die game.

The whole space shone with a dull, lurid light, and the crowd heaved and strained to catch a sight of the workmen busy over that great, ugly, black edifice, their hammers echoing faintly above the noise of the

mob. Lights came and lights went in many houses; but directly opposite the spot where the scaffold was being erected, one house stood out black and gloomy, closed from top to bottom with shutter and blind, but with its gallows-like crane standing out with its dangling chains.

"Here y'are," shouted one foul-mouthed imitation of a man, as he held his hands to his mouth, and then pointed up to the papermaker's crane; "if there aint room enough, we can hang one here."

"And that one ought to be you," muttered a muffled figure who had been looking curiously at the closed house.

He was an unwilling spectator of the proceedings, for he had come so far, intending to retreat afterwards, and then found himself a prisoner jammed in the crowd.

The hours went on, and the workmen's toil seemed nearly at an end. Through the dim light, the grim structure could be seen rearing itself against the dingy stone prison, like a solid black curse waiting to be diffused as a blight upon the great city, and still the dense crowd surged and heaved—the girls and women shrieking, the men yelling, hooting and cursing, and the parties at the various windows bandying their coarse jokes with those below.

Here and there men were singing ballads relating to the prowess of Patter Lanyon, showing how he had single-handed set constables and coach-guards at defiance, on his famous roan mare. Others were selling the true account of the horrible murder for which one of the malefactors was to be executed that morning. Beer was being drunk, apples crunched, nuts cracked, and above all rose the dull murmur of the seething, human-face-paved hell, whose occupants had come to make a sport of death, and revel in the last throes of five of their fellow-creatures.

Day began to break at last, sickly and pale, as if nature bemoaned the scene at which she was bound to assist, and as the hour drew nigh she shed a few tears in the shape of a gentle rain, which rose again in a dense foul mist from the reeking shambles where the crowd were every moment more densely packed together.

The soldiers stationed round the scaffold had now a hard time of it, for the crowd, augmented by the arrivals on every side, pressed them sore.

And now that it was daylight the full horrors of the scene were plain—the hot, reeking faces and dishevelled hair of the women, the foul aspect of the half-drunken, blaspheming men, and the reckless clamouring of boys and their elders to reach every coign of vantage—often to fall heavily upon those beneath.

At one time a yell of disapprobation was raised against the papermaker's house; and mischief would perhaps have been done only that a loud buzz from beneath the scaffold announced that the hideous tragedy was about to begin, and the muffled man covered his face more closely after a last futile effort to escape, and dared not look.

The law had had its course, and there was no re-prieve for either of the five. The fickle, heartless mob had yelled at the craven murderers who were helped to their fate, and cheered and applauded the highwayman, and the calm, pale, sunny-browed young man

who had stood gazing with so long and wild a look at the shadowed house across the way. Then the last shout had been given, and all was over.

No—not all. There was a wild excitement—a swaying of the crowd—a fierce struggle: men were storming the scaffold, and the soldiers, being beaten back, were firing wildly and at random as they were crushed down and overcome by a superior force. Something terrible was about to happen, and the shudder of a few minutes since was now a wild uproar—women shrieking horribly, and men fighting in the awful crush for dear life.

"Bang!—bang!—bang!" went the muskets of the soldiers; but the bullets flew harmlessly over the houses, and officers and men were soon jammed up tightly, unable to move, or do more than gaze at that which was going on.

Far down Giltspur-street, towards Holborn and Ludgate-hill, people were trying to escape; but their efforts only added to the confusion, and at last it was one wild fight for life for escape from the awful crowd, a fight for that which too many lost.

"If we could only get room to move," cried one of the officers, hoarsely. "Good God! that we should be sent on such a cursed duty as this."

But it was in vain that he murmured. Disarmed, his uniform torn from his back, he was pushed panting against the scaffold; and, like his men, he had to look on till the tragedy was at an end.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

GRACE LAWRENCE looked very pale and haggard the night before the execution. She knew well enough that one was to take place; and in her younger days she had been at home before to sit in the back of the darkened house, wondering at the dull, heavy roar of voices. As a rule, though, her father had contrived upon such occasions to engage her in some game, or that she should read to him till very far on in the night, with the result that the child would sleep later in the morning, perhaps till the tragedy outside was over.

Later on, too, she had known of the executions taking place, but never could she recall so strange a feeling of horror creeping over her and surrounding her, as it were, with a mysterious feeling of dread. She tried to shake it off; but no, it would not go, and it seemed to her at last as if something were about to happen.

Upon saying "Good night" to her, James West, who was himself strange and abstracted, noticed her wild looks; and he shivered as he went after old Lawrence to the counting-house, where he had gone that West might have the field to himself, as he said—

"Do you—do you think she knows it?" West said, when joining the old man; and he spoke in a strange, hesitating way.

"Hasn't any idea of it?" was the answer. "She knows, of course, there is to be an execution."

"But not that he—"

"No, of course not. Poor lad! It seems a sad end," said the old man.

"You don't think any more of opening your windows?"

"If you say another word about that, James West," said the old man, fiercely, "you never enter my door again."

"I beg pardon—I beg your pardon!" said West, humbly. "I was only thinking; and—and— Good night, Mr. Lawrence."

"If I didn't know him to be as sober a man as ever stepped," said the old man, as he closed the door after his son-in-law elect, "I should say that he had been at the strong waters. In fact, I feel almost sure he has. There's something wrong with him to night. Perhaps the jade has been worrying him with her holding-off tricks, or he is fretting about poor Warren. Hallo! Grace! Why, what's the matter, girl?"

"Nothing, father," was the reply.

But the poor girl shivered as she spoke, and looked as if a strange glamour had been cast over her.

They were not together many minutes before parting for the night; but during that short space Grace had started at every sound, shivering as if in a fit, and looking anxiously at the door as if she expected some strange shade to come in.

"There, get to bed," said the old man at last; "and be late, my gal: don't wake too soon. We won't have breakfast till half-past nine."

Then, without further reference to the reason why the house was so closely barricaded, and the blinds drawn down, old Lawrence bade her good night more affectionately than usual, and went off to bed, expecting that Grace would follow directly, as was her custom.

Grace did not move, but stood in the middle of the little parlour, candle in hand, listening to her father's footsteps, till she heard his bed-room door close; and directly after the clock struck one.

They were late, but there was a reason for it, which Grace knew well; and she stood there shivering with awe, as she heard for the first time the low hum of voices, and a strange noise of blows falling, and heavy timbers being moved.

She stepped lightly across the room, each moment growing paler and more restless. She added coals to the fire, snuffed her candle, and listened again, with the noise growing louder; and, pressing her hands to her heart, she began to pace up and down the room in an agitated manner—why, she could not tell, only that there was a horrible nervous feeling oppressing her, which might be caused by the knowledge of that which was to take place in a few hours' time outside that house.

Now she sat down, and leaned her face upon her hands, for she felt that she could not go to bed, to be there tossing sleeplessly to and fro in the dark—that would be too horrible. She must stay down there, and work, or read, or something, till that horror was over, and then she would try to get some rest.

*Two o'clock* found her still restless and pacing up and down the room, still urged by the same feeling of dread; for she knew not that it was a feeling of sympathy with the brave, true-hearted young fellow who was pacing his cell, and passing the last hours of his life in thinking of her. It was as though one soul animated them both; so that unwittingly Grace suffered as he suffered, perhaps as poignant pangs, but in all ignorance of why it was or what it was that troubled her.

*Three o'clock*, with the noise still going on, and the loud cries of the crowd increasing each minute. In imagination, as she paced up and down, Grace saw the grim scaffold rising, and the soldiers collecting

round, while the mob gathered denser and denser each moment.

"Oh! why am I here?" sobbed the poor girl as, half wild with the nervous terror, she once more began to pace up and down the room, ever trying to free herself from the mysterious, oppressive horror which troubled her.

*Four o'clock.* She had tried to sleep, but in vain. Each hour, she grew more restless and feverish. She had been up to her room to throw herself upon her bed, but the dull roar of the mob frightened her; and she fell upon her knees, to remain praying for a time, but only to start up and softly creep downstairs, to sit for a while, and then rise and begin pacing up and down once more.

It seemed as if that night would never pass; but pass it did, though with leaden seconds. Grace heard every change outside, and, in spite of shudderingly closed eyelids, seemed to see the horrible preparations going on, till the terrors of the night appeared to culminate as she heard the deep tolling of the neighbouring bell.

It was then close upon eight o'clock, and she had passed through that dreadful night like one in a dream—a wild, feverish dream; and now, as she stood listening with every nerve strained, wondering, even herself, at the awful interest she took in the proceedings outside, something seemed to pass between her and the candle still burning in the darkened room.

She uttered a faint scream, and turned, with horror-distended eyes, to find that it was her father who had risen and come down.

"Why, you've not been to bed, child," he said, chidingly, as, seeing her fear, he took her in his arms.

"No, father; it was too horrible to try and sleep with this noise in my ears. Could you not sleep?"

"No, my dear, not a wink," he said, wiping his damp face and shuddering too, as a murmur outside rose to a dull roar. "Grace, bustle about, my darling, and let's get some—"

There was another dull roar as he spoke, and, instead of moving, Grace clung to him the closer.

"You don't seem well, my darling," he said aloud; then to himself, "They're bringing them out!"

Grace shuddered as if she had heard his voice, and then she clung the tighter, for there was another loud roar from the crowd; and again and again yells and hootings, with prolonged cheering, followed by an ominous silence.

For a few moments now, Grace Lawrence stood gazing wild-eyed, and with one hand stretched out, as if she saw the horrible tragedy being acted across the road. Her father tried to draw her back, and take off her attention; but she thrust him away, still gazing wildly at the faintly-seen wall—for the candle had grown dim, and guttered down, and the fire was low, not a gleam of the murky morning light piercing the closed shutters and drawn curtains.

To the old man it seemed as if his child were holding her breath in a strange, unnatural way; till, with a low cry as of pain, she turned to him, crying—

"Oh, father, let us pray to God for those who are now passing from this earth!"

And she flung herself upon her knees by a chair to bend low, wailing in the agony of her spirit.

"What's that?" she cried, springing up as the awful silence without changed to a loud outcry—yells, shrieks,

oaths, a storm of strange voices rising still more and more, till even old Lawrence turned pale. The shutters cracked and trembled with the pressure of those thrust against them, and the door seemed ready to be driven from its hinges.

"Good God!—this is awful!" exclaimed the old man, wiping his forehead. "Are they mad, or is the world at an end? Grace, my child—there, give me your hand."

She looked at him with mute, inquiring eyes.

"I don't know—can't tell what it is," he said, in reply, "without they are trying to rescue somebody. Yes, hark! the soldiers are firing. This is awful indeed!"

The noise increased every moment, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, old Lawrence forced Grace back into a chair, kissed her, telling her he would be back directly; and then, unfastening the bolts, he crept out to the back of the house and down the passage towards the door opening on the side court.

He could not see what was going on—only hear the tumult growing wilder and wilder, with the shrieks of the women becoming heartrending; but could he have seen, he would have looked upon a daring escalade of the scaffold by a handful of reckless men; have seen two of the bodies cut down, and, a few moments after, being passed rapidly over the heads of the crowd in different directions.

As he reached his door, he listened. There seemed to be no one in the court, and he cautiously unfastened the door, and opened it a few inches. He was right: there was no one in, and he looked out upon the heaving, seething crowd; but only for a few seconds. The next were hardly on the wing before there was a rush of the crowd, and four or five men seemed to be forced with a jerk down the court, to come staggering down to the end, apparently bearing one of their companions who had fainted.

Old Lawrence flung open the door.

"Bring him in here," he said.

And two of the party bore in the insensible man, while a third stayed behind to fasten the door. But no sooner had they carried their burden into the little room, than one exclaimed—

"There, give him brandy—quick, get a doctor—we must go."

Before old Lawrence had recovered from his surprise, he was left alone with Grace and his strange guest.

"Stop a moment," he cried.

And he ran out into the little passage, and secured the door; coming back to find his daughter bathing the miserable man's face with brandy, chafing his hands, and then trying to force some of the spirit between his teeth.

As he came into the room, he threw back the curtains and shutters, and admitted the light, before stooping down to assist Grace in her efforts. Then, as he kneeled, it was to place his knees upon a piece of rope, which he caught up and cast aside—the piece which Grace's busy fingers had not many moments before torn from the prone man's throat.

And now, trembling in every limb, the old man started back, gazing wildly at the figure before him—till, in answer to Grace's wild, appealing eyes, he too began to chafe the cold hands, and to bathe lips and temples

with brandy; till, when about to give up in sheer despair, a faint sigh told that their guest was returning to consciousness, and an hour after he was breathing slowly and regularly, but perfectly unconscious of what was going on.

Then father and daughter stood and gazed in each other's eyes, and Grace said, in a strange, harsh voice—

"You did not tell me, father; but my heart whispered of danger to him I loved the long night through, and I could not understand. Oh, father—father, I love him with all my heart!"

Old Lawrence broke down, and took her to his breast, for this was too much—more than he could bear. He could say nothing, only soothe the sobbing girl, till she broke from him and ran to Fred Warren's side—saved, almost miraculously, from death by the mob, who cut him down, and then the highwayman; but, in his case, too late.

An hour after, Knott was opening the shutters, and restoring light to the old house; for the mob had passed away, the scaffold was gone, and labourers were clearing off barricade and post. He had been busy for some time before old Lawrence, looking pale and troubled, came into the warehouse.

"Have you heard the news, master?"

"Yes," said old Lawrence, trembling. "No. What news?"

"About Master James West, sir."

"No—what about him?"

"Trampled to death by the mob, sir, this very morning, and picked up just there—in front of our door."

#### CHAPTER IX.—AT LAST.

SAVED to receive his Majesty's most gracious pardon for committing no crime; for, after James West's death, the inspection of his papers brought out certain facts which pointed as to who was the imitator of Hanson and Company's signature. And Fred Warren lay for quite two months weak, shaken and helpless, but tended by her he loved.

It was an awful shock, but youth prevailed; and as for old Lawrence, no night passed that he did not kneel down first by the young man's bed, and thank his Maker that this life had been saved, while he prayed for restored strength for his and his daughter's sake.

And here the chronicle of the old house ends; but in the church near at hand, there is a tablet to the memory of one Ezra Lawrence, of this parish, and underneath it are recorded the names of Frederick Warren, and Grace his beloved wife; so that it seems that the course of their life did at last tend to flow in an even current, though they did not live to witness the sweeping away of what was in their day a blot upon our boasted civilization.

#### THE END.

TO BE TAKEN TWO WAYS.—"How are you getting on at your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation. "Very well, thank you," answered the girl. "I'm glad to hear it," said the lady; "your employer is a very nice person, and you cannot do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XXXV.—I GET HARD HIT.

AS Deedes spoke, a dull boom, far on our right, told that an attack was threatened on that side also. Then came a sharp bang! bang! bang! from our immediate rear, and we saw the three balls ploughing up the ground about the column debouching before us.

The threatening mass grew and grew, till there were full two thousand men in our front; and more were pouring on. I felt like a child on the sea-shore, who has made a sand dyke to keep the tide out, and watches the advancing wave which will dissolve his engineering efforts with the first lap. I knew my duty if I got no particular orders—to hold my post till it was forced or outflanked, and then to retire, making as good a running fight of it as I could; and that I felt extremely nervous I do not seek for one moment to deny. What could my force of eighty men, however advantageously posted, do against an army?

It was with inexpressible relief that I saw Mortimer, with his company behind him, coming up at the double. Not that additional numbers made much difference where the odds were so enormous, but because he was my senior, and took away my responsibility.

"I have come to reinforce you, old fellow," he said, cheerily, and loud. "We are to amuse that little lot till the whole brigade comes up to support us. What sort of defences have we got here!"

Directly we were quite alone he altered his manner, which was more serious than I had ever seen in him.

"We are in a nice mess!" he said. "Jauregui's division has been sent off to outflank the Carlist left, and we have got a gap of some miles in our centre, which the enemy are making for. Jauregui is working to our rear as hard as he can, to protect the retreat; and that is the only chance the Legion has of escaping annihilation. You and I have not any chance at all; we are to hold this post to the last extremity. Unless we can keep those devils at bay a full hour, the line will be penetrated here too. So we just have to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Should we be able to tide over the sixty minutes, indeed, the chief said he would make one dash to extricate us, so that we might all fall back together; but what probability there is of that you can judge for yourself. I would not give twopence in the pound for the chance my poor creditors have of ever getting their money. Well—*satis edisti*—what is it? I have had a pretty good innings, and ought to be ready to carry my bat out."

"No one will be the worse for my death—not even a tradesman," said I. "Of course, we keep the real state of affairs to ourselves?"

"Oh, yes. We must not take the men's hearts out of them."

We parted, to post our fellows in the best positions, and awaited the approach of the storm.

I do not believe that I was quite without hope during that lull, and I doubt whether Mortimer was either. Colonel Macbean was a cool, brave man, and a trustworthy chief; we knew that he would avoid sacrificing us if he possibly could. But that the chance of escape was but slight was evident enough. Even in civilized warfare the defenders of an obviously untenable posi-

tion are, after due notice is disregarded, put to the sword; and in addition to this pleasant custom, we had the Durango decree against us, and were placed by it in the same category as wasps and rats, whom no man spares.

I heard Rose reminding some of the men near him of this arrangement in our behoof, when I went my final round.

"Now, look here," he was saying—"what you've got to do is to die game and not dunghill. Remember Jim Wiggins, who cried a go, and gave up his musket on Thursday—because why? his leg was broke, and he was down alone among a lot of 'em, and they promised him his life if he wouldn't shoot. But when one of their officers come up, he has him shot at once—by the cursed lingo decree he'd a been shot hisself else. I was just encouraging of them a bit, sir," he explained when he saw me.

"All right. Don't burn a cartridge, men, till you could throw a stone to reach them; and never fire without an aim."

That was the golden rule we had been dinning into the company all along.

All who were stationed at the loopholes on the upper floor were picked marksmen, who could be trusted not to hit their own fellows lining the wall by mistake. The ground floor had no one in it: that was not to be occupied until we had been driven from the first defences.

The final touches had hardly been put five minutes before a column drew out from the mass, and came straight at us. A few shot tore through their ranks; a few shell burst high over them, without checking their course for a moment.

If I were asked to define my sensations during those minutes of silent expectancy on oath, I could not do it. I really think that it would have been unjust to say I was frightened, but fear certainly had some part in the mingled feelings which possessed me. I shrank from pain—I shrank from the awful Unknown; but there was another sentiment stronger still: a desire to tear, to kill, to drag as many enemies down with me to the depths as possible—a feeling I had never experienced in other fights, where the chances of coming off unscathed were in any individual's favour. A rat in a corner, a fox with the pack round him, perhaps has similar instincts. There was a nobler thought, too amongst the many which actuated me, and that was of how our deaths would save our friends; that they would say, "We should never have got clear off if it had not been for those fellows." And again, I was savage and provoked that I could not be a real hero, seeing that no interests of home or country depended upon me. I was sacrificing myself for a cause which was no cause; for the profit of some stock-jobbing rascal of a minister or general, who managed victories and defeats to make securities fluctuate. A gladiator on the floor of the arena when he saw the thumbs back had well-nigh as many consolatory reflections as we had.

I think I had all my wits about me, but cannot say that I was cool. My temples throbbed, and my heart, or some other organ inside the ribs, kept thumping at a rate which made me short-breathed. I distinctly remember that, in those supreme moments, an old Eton fight came vividly before my eyes, and I saw myself

again in Sixpenny Corner one "after two," waiting for the arrival of my adversary, with feelings very much akin to the present.

Deedes and Vivian looked pale and wicked; their lips were compressed, their brows knit. Though they had not a feature in common, there was a strange likeness between them just now.

The men did not, as a rule, know the full meaning of their position; but they saw that they were desperately outnumbered. Yet I did not notice a sign of flinching. Each grasped his weapon firmly, and peered over the barricade before him at the advancing host.

Only two seemed thoroughly to enjoy the situation for its own sake—Mortimer and Rose. The former, who had been serious enough less than ten minutes previously, when he explained the situation to me, seemed to be intoxicated by the closer approach of death. His eyes sparkled, his whole face beamed with delight; his ordinary languid movements were exchanged for a light, elastic step, as he passed from point to point, humming a merry air. As for the corporal, he leaned his piece against the wall, and, rubbing his hands, fairly laughed for joy.

When the column was about a couple of hundred yards from us, the leading company spread out right and left, and came on at a run.

The Chestnuts behaved splendidly. Not a shot was fired till their foes were within forty paces, and then a volley, directed low, was poured in, which strewed the ground with their bodies, and staggered the advance. But only for a moment: on they poured like ants, firing as they came.

Our wall was breast high, and the men knelt behind it. When one had delivered his fire, he dropped back and reloaded, while another stepped up into his place; and all the while those on the upper floor of the house kept up a murderous fusillade.

After the first few volleys, all was hidden in a dense cloud of smoke; any particular aim was impossible, and the men fired at random, or were guided merely by the flash of their adversaries' pieces.

Again and again the Carlists dashed up to the very wall, and some were even bayoneted upon it; but they were as often repulsed; and after a time, how long I have not the very remotest conception, they drew back as for a breathing space, and a rattling cheer rose from our men.

The clouds of smoke rolled up, and we saw the ground before us. There was not a stone, a tree, a mound on the level surface to afford the enemy cover, and the thickly strewn bodies testified to the deadly nature of our fire. Nor had we escaped scatheless: a dozen men at least lay shot through the head, and many more were wounded. Deedes was breathing his last, Mortimer had a handkerchief bound round his left arm.

"Round the first, captain," said Corporal Rose, wiping his forehead with the cuff of his sleeve.

I thought that a few more such rounds would exterminate us, but said something cheery and confident. After all, as delay was what we were fighting for, this temporary repulse was a real success.

We soon learned what the enemy had drawn back for. A snow-white, compact flock of smoke rose from the ground on our left front, about half a mile off, and a shot came singing over our heads—a second and a

third sang louder—the fourth went crashing through the house. They had got the range, and depressing a little more, managed to hit our wall, which was good practice for those days. Had our parapet been of earth it would not have mattered so much, for the guns were of small calibre; but the stones and planks flew, and splintered, and rolled down in a disheartening manner, wounding many, and dismaying all; for if this went on long we should lie open to the host before us, and then one volley would sweep us off.

But a friendly battery on the Oriamendi was replying with heavier metal, and presently it likewise got the range, and silenced the mischievous guns which were demolishing us, until only a howitzer was left, which pitched a shell into our precincts at intervals. There was a nasty gap, however, in the corner where the front wall and that on our left flank joined, which we had not time to repair properly.

During this breathing space, we could tell by the heavy firing on the right that the defence was being obstinately maintained; but we could also hear that the enemy was gaining ground, slowly indeed, but surely.

"Time" was soon called, as Rose would have expressed it, and the Whitecaps came at us again; some holding us in front, while a compact mass dashed at the gap, and the struggle recommenced. After a while the Carlists at the corner thrust their way through, and Whitecaps were mingled with our own men. Then I saw Mortimer, with his sword held high over his head, hurl himself against the intruders. He cut one down, thrust another through the neck, and, breaking or losing his weapon, grappled with a third, but fell, pierced and shot through and through. Close behind came Rose, swinging his clubbed musket with irresistible strength, which crushed all the skulls and jawbones it lit on; and the men, rallying to these efforts, pitchforked their enemies back through the breach, which was literally choked with corpses.

But during this struggle some of the Carlists had forced their way along the left wall to the undefended rear.

"Back to the house!" I shouted, trying to make myself heard above the din.

Vivian and the officer now commanding Mortimer's company had also observed the movement, and were exerting themselves to a similar end. Though our voices could not be heard, the order got passed somehow by signs, and all who were able to move rushed into our last defence, protected somewhat the while by the fire from the upper storey; the obstacles which had been prepared for the purpose were thrust into the doorway, and all the rats were in the trap.

The walls behind which we had lately lain now formed a shelter for our foes, who kept up a heavy fire on the upper loopholes. Those on the ground floor they could not send their bullets into without exposing themselves, and it was my unceasing endeavour to get the men not to fire, except at those they could distinguish over the wall and in the enclosure. For we could not spare a cartridge, the ammunition was getting low.

This task of mine was performed with difficulty, for I had been hit in the left thigh, and my leg was almost useless. Small credit to me if I did not try to run away! I believe that I should have bled to death if

Buffles had not come to me, and improvised a tourniquet with a handkerchief and ramrod.

A field battery—either that which had been temporarily silenced or another—humanely helped to put us out of our misery, and fresh loopholes were made by its round shot, while the *débris* came tumbling on our heads.

Some of the Carlists got close to the walls, where our bullets could not reach them, and endeavoured to tear down the barricades which closed the doors and windows. Others made a bonfire against one corner of the house, with the amiable design of roasting us.

Our interior would have made a fine study for Doré. Here a man firing doggedly through a loophole; there another dragging the body of his comrade rudely aside that he might take his place. Here a man, just struck, looking with self-pity on his wound, or clasping his head, if hurt there, with hands between the fingers of which the blood oozed. Less recent sufferers encumbered the floor, in every attitude of suffering or prostration, praying for the water which no one had leisure to give them. And the dead: there was nothing of awe, nothing of pity for them. They were the lucky ones, who had escaped from the hands of man, and were in those of God.

Part of the barricade of a front window was driven in; a storm of bullets poured through it, and the last moment seemed to have arrived, when I heard a cheer behind me, and Corporal Rose shouted in my ear—

"They are coming, sir—Redcoats—relief!"

I heard those words, and felt a crash through my head; saw sparks and flames, and knew no more.

I awoke with a sense of extreme pain, and a feeling of suffocation indescribably distressing. I knew that I was being carried, and over rough ground, for every jolt was a pang. I strove to speak, but the effort caused me such agony in the mouth and jaw that I could only moan.

"The captain's still alive, mate," I heard a familiar voice say. "I heard him."

"Alive! Of course he be."

Except that, I remember nothing but a dull sense of pain; till after a time, which seemed to me years, I opened my eyes, and saw the regimental surgeon bending over me.

"You will be all right," he said. "You have only got a broken jaw and a flesh wound in the leg."

All the time I was delicious a refrain in "Marmion" kept ringing in my head—

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying,  
There shall he be lying."

**FRESH FRUITS.**—It is a pity that a little more enterprise is not directed towards the importation of fruit. Success has evidently attended the introduction of the West India pine-apple, barrowfuls of which are now to be found in every thoroughfare, emitting their faint odour, and eagerly bought up by the slice or wedge for the distension of the jaws of that sweet youth—the London boy. But there must be quite a score of other delicious growths, that a little scheming and management would bring within our reach—especially now that steam is, so to speak, daily shortening our distance from the tropics.

## The Casual Observer.

RIVER LONDON.

THE tide is flowing rapidly, and all our way is made against stream; but we have this advantage—that the homeward-bound are busily seeking snug berths in docks or off wharf, where, moored head and stern, they may rest for awhile, and forget the angry buffeting of the ocean waves. For we are on the Thames, with our boat's head set for Woolwich, and the panorama on either side should be the first displayed to a foreigner whom we wish to impress with the idea of our commercial greatness.

Right and left, up and down, there they lie—the argosies freighted with the riches of the great globe, from the humble smack off Billingsgate, laden with fish, to the great iron-built clipper ship, graceful of proportion and tapering of spar. The eye grows weary with what it rests upon in the ever-changing scene; but, all the same, a few of the salient objects must be catalogued as they pass in rapid succession. In spite of heat, tiny screw-tugs—each a busy water ant—pant along at a rapid rate, bearing with them, perhaps, half a dozen heavily laden coal barges, which plough through the water, and send it up in a wave on either side.

Coming round the bend of the river is a huge barque from the Baltic, laden so that danger might be apprehended, till it is seen that much of the freight which cumbers the deck is timber, which buoyant cargo also fills her hold. On the right is a long, black, smoky screw-collier, whose load has just been discharged into lighters, and now her grimy crew are busy pumping out her bilge in a blackened cataract. But another torrent, and another and another is here pouring in a stream from these busy iron screw-steamers which lie here moored in the stream for speed of discharging cargo, and to escape dock charges.

From the tall black side of this projects a wooden spout; and the torrent which pours down into the lighter is of golden grain—wheat or barley, grown upon the shores of the Black Sea. The stream rushing from the next is silvery—rice from the East; and the next again sends forth a dark and heavy seed—cotton, clinging still to which are the glistening fibres of the down. Colliers again, such as are rapidly taking the place of the old coal brigs, slow and tubby as they were; iron screw-boats these, ready to make rapid passages from Newcastle and its neighbouring black ports.

Towering warehouse and bonded store, with floor piled upon floor, each charged with the richness of some distant land: tea here, sugar there, then cotton, hemp, and jute. Now we have a narrow entrance, with sluice-gates guarded by more mighty goods sheds; the door of this leads to some dock filled to crowding with shipping, whose rigging is a lace against the sky, with here and there the doll-like figures of the sailors unbending sails or busy with paint pot and brush.

Murky smoke again in clouds, and the hoarse panting of a high-pressure engine bringing in a fresh leviathan, upon whose deck the foreign sailors group lazily, staring at the shore they pass. Light schooners, laden with those elastic boxes of oranges; mighty paddle-steamers, with a couple of funnels; screw-



steamers again, long, and low down astern from the weight of their machinery, now that cargo is discharged.

Docks once more, each a forest of masts. Grid-irons, with vessels drawn up for repair—many dismantled; yards, with new vessels in progress, and the shipwrights swarming on their sides, while the rap-rap of the caulking hammers falls loudly on the ear. The mellow "Ahoy!" of the sailors hoisting sail, the cheer of the stout dock labourers, busy unloading, and the rapid beat, too, of paddles, is constantly heard.

Here lies a police station, formed from some old war hulk; and here, again, with its copper branches and machinery glistening in the sun, a steam floating-engine, fitted with screw propeller, and a power, in case of fire, to discharge water by the ton. Battered coasters, shabby and patched of sail, looking as if they were "ill-found," and as though those rusty cables and anchors would be but poor stays in some howling nor-easter, amidst the shoals off Yarmouth Roads. Tiny, yacht-like schooners, heavy brigs, compound brigantines, barques, and full-rigged ships—all are here, repeated again and again, rough and weather-beaten, or in all the shining glory of new paint.

The wealth sunk in vessels alone must be enormous, without taking into calculation the valuable treasure that they bear. Colours are flying for those who can read them, from peak and truck—many, too, with a foreign name or device; but here and there we encounter an ominous silence. We do not listen for the stroke of woodman by Auser's Rill; but where great iron ship-building yard after yard is passed, one listens in vain for the clanging hammers, and sees not the workmen clustering ant-like upon their work. The ship-building going on seems little indeed, while the quiet that reigns by factories for gun and shot, and the number of warlike, grim-mouthed weapons that lie rusting upon the wharves, tell that these are, indeed, the piping times of peace.

Still onward, with the rushing tide foaming beneath the bows of our vessel, and still on either side the rapidly-passing panorama. Steamers laden with holiday folk in their best attire—the men in clothes that do not seem to fit, and the women open of mouth and eye; lighters floating leisurely by—this one a mighty hay or straw stack, thatched with tarpaulins—that one low down, with the water washing over its side, although it looks half empty, for its load is paving stones. Billy-boys from the Humber float up, side by side with China clippers and timber rafts, each "stick" the denuded representative of some mighty Norwegian pine.

Then come the corn stores and corn docks; the Trinity steamer, slight, swift, and handsome, whose duty it is to take soundings, and see to the buoying of rock, shoal, and dangerous points, and the keeping up of light-ships—the huge iron drums and sinkers being hard by, ready for usage, on the wharf.

On either side fresh scenes, fresh objects of a never-tiring nature, are passing, clothed as each is with a history of its own, and many bringing, in torn side or shattered spar, some romance of the deep; but even to name all would fill this page, and we have arrived opposite Blackwall, where it is said that there are places fitted for supplying silvery food to those who rest.

### Wanted, a Passport.

SOME thirty years ago, a young German girl from Memel lived with a Mr. G—, a Russian gentleman, and in 1852 had by him a son, who was baptized into the Russian Church, and was given the name of Nicholas. He received good instruction until Mr. G—, on marrying, gave the mother of the boy a note for 8,000 roubles, to ensure his education. Soon after that she married in her turn, and took her son from his school, and put him out as an apprentice to a shoemaker. Here he was so badly treated that he ran away. His mother then obtained for him a passport from the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, took him to Riga, and got him employment in an office. Subsequently his new employer put him on board a merchant vessel, on which the young Nicholas sailed until 1868, when he was shipwrecked, lost his passport, and returned to St. Petersburg to try to get placed in the naval school. His mother told him that she had no more money for him, as the note of Mr. G— had never been paid, and apprenticed him anew to the same shoemaker, from whom he ran away the second time. Being without a passport, he was arrested by the police for seven weeks; and as his mother was a German, he was informed that he also was a German subject, was conducted to the frontier, and directed to go to Memel, his legal domicile. The burgomaster of this town insisted that he was not a Prussian subject, and that he could go anywhere he pleased. After vainly trying for some time to obtain occupation at Memel, Nicholas returned to the Russian frontier, and was of course arrested again. He declared that he was a son of Mr. G—, and was born in St. Petersburg, whereupon he was sent back, and imprisoned at the police-station for four weeks. This was in 1869. He was then again sent to Memel, where the burgomaster again informed him that he was not a Prussian subject, and commanded him to quit the place as soon as possible. Nicholas succeeded in crossing the Russian frontier, but was arrested at Libau; and, after being locked up there for seven months, was again brought to St. Petersburg, and again imprisoned in the police-station. He managed to find some persons who interested themselves in his behalf, and obtained his release; but he was immediately accused of having taken a false name, and was fined five roubles. His patrons tried in vain to get him a passport, for the police had already arrested him again, and had sent him back to Memel under escort. For the third time he was told that he was not a Prussian subject, and that he could not remain there, as the city had enough to do with its own poor. Leaving this place once more, he was arrested at the Russian frontier, and again, in 1871, sent to St. Petersburg to be imprisoned for three months. At last he was released, and given a passport.

Nicholas then obtained a situation as railway conductor; but, having caught a fever, was obliged to pass some months in a hospital. There he had a new misfortune. Having been beaten by one of the attendants, he complained to a justice of the peace; but his complaint, instead of going to the justice, was given to the director of the hospital, and he was severely reprimanded for having dared to complain to any one else. A letter which he had written about this incident

having become public, the hospital, to get rid of this importunate critic, turned him over to the police, who kept him in prison for seven months. A fourth time he was sent to Memel, a fourth time he was sent away, and a fourth time he was arrested at the frontier. The police officer, however, happening to know his father personally, wrote to him, and obtained a promise that money sufficient to secure his support should be sent to the lad; but a month having passed without this promise being fulfilled, the police officer was obliged to send him to St. Petersburg, where he was again imprisoned.

Three weeks after, Nicholas was sent under guard to the provincial office, and on his way broke a shop window, declaring that he had done so with the intention of committing a theft, in the hope of getting condemned to Siberia. The Court, however, was merciful, declared him innocent, and sent him for the fifth time to Memel. A fifth time he was sent back to Russia, where he arrived at the beginning of 1874.

Without continuing the details of his further history, suffice it to say that he made yet two more involuntary journeys to Memel, and is now imprisoned in St. Petersburg, having committed no crime, and having led for the last seven years a harder life than most criminals, for the simple reason that he had lost his passport in a shipwreck, and that none of the officials have sufficiently studied the case to understand what an easy remedy might be applied.

### Life Saving.

IN the month of March the following excellent services were rendered by the Caister small lifeboat, the *Boys* :—

While on a voyage from Newcastle to Dublin, the schooner *Punch*, of Carnarvon, was wrecked on the Barber Sands, off Caister, about midnight of the 11th March. It was then blowing hard at E. These sands, partially uncovered at low water, are quicksands as the tide flows, and a ship once fairly entangled on them has little more to hope for, except that the crew may be saved by a lifeboat, though it were but by the "skin of their teeth." The crew of the steamer soon lit up a great flare light on the deck of their doomed vessel, and by plentiful supplies of tar and oil contrived to keep it going, notwithstanding the avalanches of water that from time to time broke on board. The glare of the light on the troubled sea served to show the crew of the lifeboat, who had eagerly launched from Caister on seeing the signal, that, while the vessel was quickly disappearing in the sand, there was not water enough to float the lifeboat within reach of her; and three several attempts from different directions to get close to the wreck having failed, it seemed that the lifeboatmen would have to look on while ship and crew were gradually engulfed. Brave men in earnest are not easily put off their quest. The lifeboat was secured by her anchor to a part of the sandbank that still remained above water, a part of the crew were ordered to remain by the boat, and then Philip George, the coxswain, leaped overboard, heaving-line in hand, and, followed by the rest of his men, went staggering and stumbling across the treacherous sands, at one

moment with the water only ankle-deep, at the next up to the shoulders, with the life-belts alone to trust to; and in this way these men waded for a hundred yards, in that cold night and storm! They had arrived as close to the vessel as was possible without being certainly washed away by the deepening water, when a line thrown from the wreck by one of the crew was fortunately clutched by one of the rescuers, and, a communication thus established, the schooner's crew were one by one hauled through the broken water and quicksand, and eventually got into the lifeboat. The most difficult task was the saving of the master of the wreck, who had been struck by the tiller and had three of his ribs fractured. The whole number, six in all, were saved, however, and landed by eight a.m., by which time the wreck itself had wholly disappeared. A more gallant and devoted service than this has seldom been performed.

While the crew of the lifeboat were thus employed, they had observed the lights of another vessel in dangerous proximity to the sands, and every effort was made to warn her off—as was supposed with success, her lights having disappeared; but the light of morning showed the floating fragments of a wreck, that of the *Elisabeth*, of Yarmouth, which having, alas! no lifeboat at hand, had been sucked under the quicksands, together with all her crew. The crew of the lifeboat had barely got to their houses when the discovery of this second wreck was made; but they promptly leaped from their beds, again launched through the storm of the winter's morning, and eagerly scanned each floating fragment of wreck, to see if perchance some poor fellow might still be floating on it. But no more than the name and port painted on the headboards, drifting about among the breakers, with planking and broken spars, was ever found, even to show what the name of the vessel had been.—*The Lifeboat.*

### Foreign Railways.

THERE is nothing so serious in life as travelling by railway, one would think, to see the gravity and importance of railway guards and porters in this part of the country. What with their grandeur on the one hand, and the strictness of the regulations on the other, one is apt to become quite unnerved. Fancy sitting in a railway carriage with cautionary announcements staring one in the face to the effect that you are on no account to lean sideways out of window, nor to press against the door; nor are you to touch the handle of the door, nor enter or descend from a carriage without permission of the officials. And the stern martinets at whose tender mercy you are placed are not to be trifled with. When we mention that the station-master and telegraph and booking-clerks have, all of them, the right to wear swords and epaulettes, along with their smart blue uniforms slashed with silver, and that every train, besides the ordinary guards, is accompanied by an *Oberschaffner*—we should call him head guard in England—with an inch or two of silver embroidery about his collar, and whose rank might be that of a colonel or brigadier-general, so imposing is his deportment, the reader will readily understand the state of mind of modest passengers.—*Beauty Spots of the Continent.*

## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### CHAPTER VII.

DALE had hit upon the very best plan to make a way into the hearts of these men. He saw at once that they were utterly wild and lawless; that they had no fears of death, and that the only thing they could respect was animal courage; therefore he must be bold. The miracles of the salaratus and the skates were to his mind conclusive evidence that God had a great work for him to do; and unless he had evidence to the contrary, he was going to do it, trusting implicitly to the guidance of Providence, and not in accordance with rules and customs suited to a different people in a different land.

A good judge of men, Dale had seen that the only way to get on well in Sonora was to gain the respect of the ruler of the place, Josh Holden; and, in order to do this, he used true judgment when he gave the money he had collected into that ruffian's hands without counting it. Such men have a code of honour of their own. They are generally capable of great generosity; and although they will cheat at cards, yet there is none of the hypocrite about them.

Had their lot been cast in the settlements instead of on the frontier, they might have been gamblers; but they would never have condescended to have adulterated their sugar on Saturday night, go to church on Sunday, and sell the spurious article on Monday; do some more adulteration on Tuesday, and repent again during Wednesday evening service—cutting, screwing, cheating, and lying, yet all the while thinking they were better than their neighbours.

Had Parson Dale been a mean-spirited man, these

people would have despised him. Even had he been an ordinary man, he could not have long existed in such a community. But when they saw a man so firmly impressed with the idea that God was with him as to be void of fear, and to give up his own interests for the good of others, they saw one endowed with the higher instincts, which they felt existed in their own natures, but which, overruled by their vices, had never been able to expand.

Parson Dale, I have no doubt you are still alive, still doing some good work; would that you were now by my side to describe the building of the first house of God at Sonora—how the boys worked, how they tumbled down the trees, how these were sawn into planks green; how Holden supplied an ox-team, and drove it himself in the hot sun all day long; how the store-keeper supplied nails and hammer, and carpenters brought other tools; with what terrible blasphemies and oaths every joint and beam was put together, grieving your heart, good man; though still you never doubted that it was the work of God—for if there were no wickedness, what need of a missionary? It seemed miraculous to you that such fearfully wicked men should help to build a church; and yet there they were, working like slaves, laughing like children, and swearing like demons. Nor was it, when completed, at all a rude structure; it was a well-built little wooden church, made of boards and roofed with shingles, where for many days—aye, for years—Parson Dale called on people to repent, and brought many to know the true God who had never heard of Him before, except after a fashion it were better they had never known.

Before long this missionary learned to understand and to love many of the rudest characters in the community. Somebody must be pioneer, and lead a wild life on the frontier; and it seemed to him, notwith-



SLOCUM.

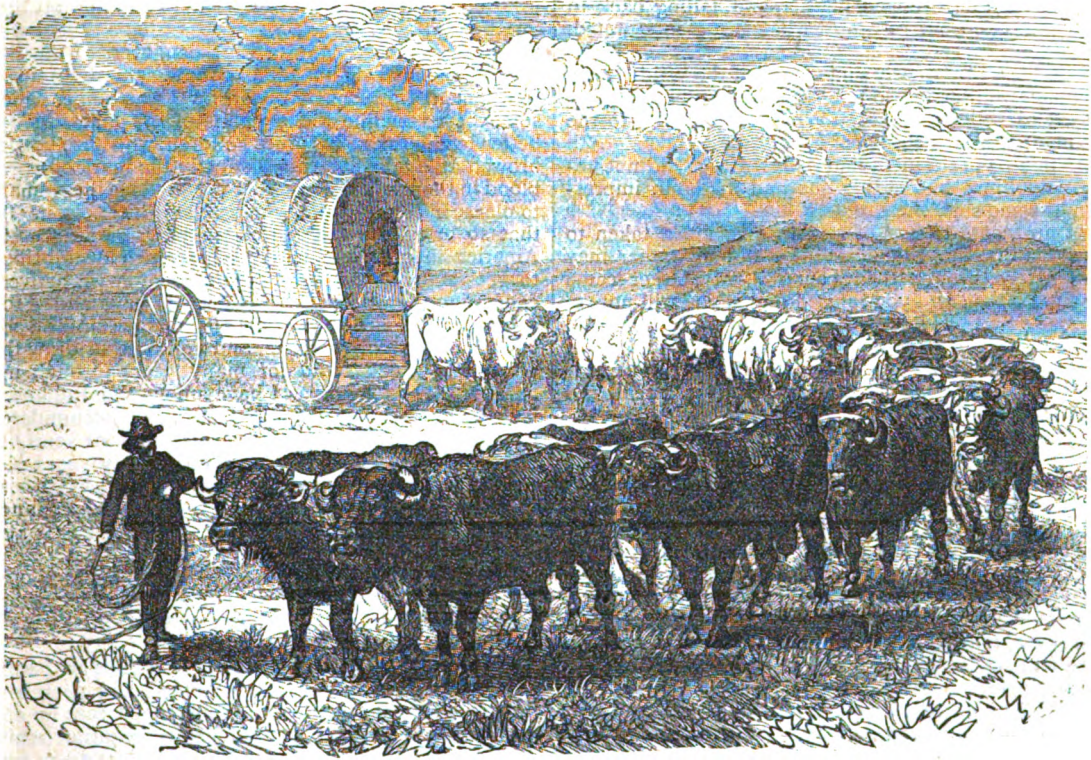


standing their barbarities, strange how many of them had a childlike love of doing what good they knew of.

To exemplify this, there was a case occurred some years after this, where a man was buried in a tunnel—or rather blocked up in it—by some earth that had fallen. The tunnel seemed in such a dangerous state that no one dare enter it, and quite a crowd were collected about the entrance, when there happened to pass by a rude pioneer, with his rifle on his shoulder and his blanket on his back, evidently on the march. Inquiring what was the matter, they told him that a man was buried, and that he had a wife and family; adding that it was certain death to enter the tunnel for the purpose of rescuing him.

accompany her; and, as both of them had a great dread of the sea and its troubles, they made up their minds to go by land, over the great western plains to California. As I have stated before, they did not want for worldly wealth, therefore they determined to spare no expense to make their journey as safe and comfortable as possible.

The first step was to obtain letters of credit on two or three mercantile houses in San Francisco, as also in Salt Lake City, through which they must pass; then to let their house, and take the cars as far as they would carry them, which, at that time, was no farther than St. Joseph, in Missouri. Here they determined to remain awhile, organizing their forces, and learning



ON THE WAGGON TRACK.

"Wal," said he, "if you want anybody killed, I'm the man for that work. Why, boys, I'll be derved if I wouldn't as soon die as eat."

And into the hole he went, though he had never been in a tunnel before; and he did die, and there their bones are now, waiting for the judgment, unless the whole of the earth has since been removed in search of gold.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

LET us now return, and see how Emus fulfilled his promise.

When Mr. Emus saw that his daughter was determined to follow and find out Dale, he determined to

as much as they could about the route, both from the emigrants and any old hunters who knew the way.

Now, there lived there a notable old man, named Bastro—or, as the Indians named him, Minimax-sum-nim, which means, "Where dare he not go"—who had lived among the Sioux Indians all his life, and liked them so much that he would scarcely ever give information to the whites about the country, knowing that they would soon exterminate his red friends, whom he looked upon as the rightful owners of the soil. Even when Mr. Emus asked him, adding that he was not going to trade or in search of gold, but only to seek and bring back a friend, he would not impart anything more about the route than was generally known.

Mr. Emus had heard that this man could, if he liked, give them a pass, or such knowledge as would render them comparatively safe in their long and perilous journey of two thousand miles. He therefore persuaded his daughter to go to the old man, and tell him her story, adding—

"He is a very hard-hearted old man if he can resist you."

The very next day, Grace, nothing loth, in a blue silk, which, contrasting with her deep golden hair, which she let hang loose over her shoulders, made her look strikingly beautiful in that wild region, where women were few—in this attire she came suddenly in upon the old man, who was sitting in his arm-chair, mending a fishing-net. No sooner, however, did he see her than he dropped his net, and, falling back in his chair, cried out in Sioux, what, being interpreted, would be—

"Goddess of the early sun, Queen of the Wild Horse, why have you tarried so long that your children have ceased to believe in you? Why do you come to the old man, and he a stranger?"

As this was said in Indian *patois*, Grace did not understand him; but, seeing she had made an impression of some sort, she said—

"I am come to beg of you to give me a token to your friends, the Indians, that I and my father may pass safely through their country. My father came here yesterday, and you refused him. You will not refuse me when you have heard my story."

After she had ended her tale—and a piteous tale it was as coming from her lips—the old man stroked his hand over her hair, as if to make sure it was real, and thus answered her—

"Daughter, when you entered, I thought you the Queen of the Wild Horses, whom the old Indians say will come some day, on two horses, to help the Sioux against their enemies. I have never seen any one with hair like that. Is it as it was when you were born, or have you scorched it at the fire?"

The girl assured him that it was natural.

"Then," said he, "when the Indians attack you, if you are likely to be overcome, show yourself to them in that dress, holding or riding upon two horses, and you need fear nothing more; but tell no one this—no, not even your father. But he may come to me to-morrow, and I will show him the route, and where to find water in the desert. For your sake, I will also find him a guide if I can; for such beauty as yours will be in danger from the lawless whites, whom you will meet after you cross the Rocky Mountains. Come up, my child, to this hut to-morrow with your father, and I will give you paints which will hide your beauty, and which you can remove at a moment's notice. I never heard of one like you seeking her lover—I always thought the men ran after the girls; but I suppose it's all right when your father is with you."

"My father came with me here," she said. "He is outside waiting for me; shall I call him in?"

The old man nodded, and she went out, soon returning with her father, to whom the hunter now gave a more cordial welcome than he did the day before.

Let me here remark, *en passant*, that up to this time, March, 1851, most people going to California had travelled by what was called the emigrant route—that is, a track across the prairie to Salt Lake City, and over

the sink of the Humboldt, from thence over the Truckee Pass to Sacramento. This track, for road it could not be called, was so cut up in places as to be almost impassable; and, furthermore, it was, as being the only road, so beset by Indians, with whom were white rascals who led them on to plunder and massacre the emigrants, that several new routes had been discovered, and it was with regard to these that Mr. Emus wished for information.

The hunter gave him much instruction, which he carefully marked down on a map. When looking at his host, Mr. Emus said—

"I cannot help but wonder that you, who have been so long in the wilderness, should be able to speak your native tongue so fluently."

"You would no longer wonder did you know my history," said the old man; "and as we have time I will tell it you, as it may amuse your daughter. I am the son of an English nobleman—some said the natural son, though I never believed it, for I was a fine, handsome boy, very like the portraits of my ancestors, far better looking than his other children, who were beetle-browed and ugly, showing distinctly the mark of negro blood in their veins. My father declared me illegitimate to please his second wife, who hated me like poison. Be that so or not, at the age of ten years I was sent to America in charge of an old servant, who was bribed to get rid of me, but who died soon after we arrived, confessing the whole plot. He was to have had £100 a year for life, as a reward for his villainy; and he advised me to take his name, and continue to draw the allowance, which I did for many years through my bankers. Now, living as I have among the Indians, I have had no need of money, so that a sum accumulated sufficient for my wants, and to send a present yearly to my friends the Indians. I am now eighty years old, too old to hunt the buffalo, yet I am almost always with my friends the redmen in spirit. When alone I fancy myself still on the prairie, as I did when your daughter entered just now."

He then lifted down a large bowl, which stood on a shelf, and from it he took some mineral powder, wrapped in skin—giving the packet to Grace, with these words:

"You must first tie up your hair in a knot at the top of your head, and then dust your head and neck with this powder; then you will be so changed that no one will know you. When you wish to be beautiful again, wash with the soap-root of the prairie, and let down your hair. Your guide will join you when you cross the Rocky Mountains. Trust to him—it is an old man says so. Now good-bye, and the Great Spirit succour you."

#### CHAPTER IX.

MR. EMUS, having been advised, bought two new waggons, each drawn by many oxen, one of which he loaded with every necessary, and the other he set apart and furnished for himself and his daughter. With them they took six strong men used to border life, who not only received no pay, but were expected to pay for the provisions they ate on the road, so anxious were men to get to California.

All went well until they arrived at the pass over the Rocky Mountains, where their guide met them. He was a young half-breed, named Slocum, a man of middle stature, with a hook nose, and very powerful frame;

with too much of the Indian about him to make him very prepossessing. Perhaps his strange dress of buckskin, with his powder-horn, pouch, tomahawk, &c., made him look wilder than they could wish. He brought with him four beautiful mustangs, saying that they would be necessary on the route, and that he should want them on his return.

This man spoke English pretty well, and being asked which route he intended to take, said—

"No old way, because in front are many white men and bad Indians. I think they have seen you, and one of them said he knew you in Boston, and that you had much gold in your waggon; and that he would give them the gold—he wanted the squaw himself. I have been with them two days waiting for you, and they have no notion that I belong to your party."

From his description of the man, it could be, they thought, none other than Tekel Bourbon. Here was an enemy they had not counted on—one who might, by linking himself with the Indians, and by exaggerating the amount of wealth contained in their waggons, subject them to constant attacks. In vain Mr. Emus tried to persuade his daughter to turn back; she argued that now they were so far on their way, there would be as much danger in turning back as in going forward. They therefore consulted with their guide, who advised them to wait where they were, a little way off, and concealed from the road, until some other emigrant trains came up, when they could join them, and if possible persuade them also to trust to his guidance, depending upon each other for protection.

Having secreted themselves behind one of the numerous hills near, they had not long to wait before their guide announced a train of emigrants, consisting of twelve waggons, and at least two hundred men, women, and children; but these people, on being asked, obstinately refused to leave the old emigrant route, and went on their way, strongly suspecting that the Emus party, with their strange-looking guide, were robbers who wanted to lure them from the right path.

As they departed, Slocum, the guide, pointing after them, shook his head, and said—

"It is good for us that they go on in front—they will meet with what we should have met with. Your enemies will attack them, thinking you are with them."

His prophecy came true, as they afterwards heard. Tekel Bourbon was afraid to show himself, for fear of being recognized; therefore he told the base white who led on the Indians that the treasure-train was the first that would come over the pass, and that it was only a small train of two waggons; for Bourbon, having recognized Mr. Emus in St. Joseph, had seen them preparing their waggons before he set out on horseback to intercept them. The truth was that he was one of those desperate characters who are only restrained by the customs and usages of society; and therefore when he found himself, some six months prior to the time we speak of, cast off from the church and society, and among the lawless spirits of the frontiers, he at once entered upon a career of rapine, for which his mean nature seemed peculiarly adapted. Mrs. Blaze had accompanied him thus far, but could not be induced to trust herself to such a life; she therefore joined a company of emigrants, and arrived safely in California. Tekel Bourbon made himself very useful to his comrades in crime—no one would suspect a

man of his respectable appearance; therefore he was employed to wait about in Missouri, at such places as emigrants made their departure from, to note the value and quality of the trains, and to see what number of men and what arms they carried. This information he carried to his companions, and they were the perpetrators of those fearful massacres which occurred about this time, between Evans Pass and Salt Lake City, and for which the Mormons and Indians were blamed; so much so as to afterwards call for an expedition to the City of the Saints.

Of the train which passed the Emus party *en route*, they left not one alive. Two hundred bodies were found at Mountain Meadows, but not one of them retained a scalp. But this is history, and no part of our story—only to mention that the ruffians supposed that Mr. and Miss Emus, with their waggons, composed part of this train; and that is why they followed them so far, fearing to attack them, on account of their numbers, until they could be had at a disadvantage. Slocum foresaw this; and therefore, when they had found a train, or sufficient emigrants to make a force of fifty armed men, he struck boldly to the south, along the east side of the mountains, crossing at the south pass, and taking a line in as direct a course as possible for Carson City, instead of touching at the city of the Mormons as other emigrants had done. In doing this, however, they avoided one danger, knowing they would meet with a lesser one: they would pass through tribes of Indians of whom little was known, but that they were warlike. So long as the Indians knew Slocum, they only came into camp begging for sugar, and such articles as they had not; but when they arrived at the sink of the Humboldt, just before crossing the desert, the redskins, without any warning, attacked them. It was midnight when the sentry suddenly fired his rifle, which was answered by a yell, first from the Indian he had evidently wounded, then from hundreds of warriors. This was followed by the trampling of horses' feet, a sure sign that they had stampeded their horses, and were driving them away over the prairie.

When camping for the night, the teamsters draw up their waggons where there is plenty of grass, in a hollow square, of as large dimensions as possible, so that the oxen and horses can be turned loose inside to feed during the darkest part of the night, for protection not only from the Indians and wolves, but also from the wild horses who might entice them away; the loss of a horse or mule being a very serious matter, often causing the abandonment of a waggon, besides much time lost in search for the animals. I have often heard the cry of fire during the night; but I can assure my readers it is nothing to the cry of Indians on the lonely prairie. The deadly knife may be through your heart while you are attempting to rise, or the tomahawk crush in your skull. Those who are accustomed to the alarm never rise till they have cautiously looked around; but seize their knife, which they always have by their side, before they reach for their rifles.

In this case, the alarm was given in time to allow the teamsters to collect—which is a point gained, as they are not then liable to shoot one another by mistake. Having collected, three men were detailed to guard each waggon by lying down near the wheels, from whence they could shoot under the waggon at any one who approached. No sooner were they at their posts

than there arose a yell as if the fiends had broken loose; then there was a rush between the waggons from all sides, followed by a volley, not only from the men but from the women in the waggons, which laid so many redmen low that with a howl the others retreated, excepting a few braves who had ventured too far into the enclosure, and were soon despatched, the tomahawk of Slocum being very busy among them; he also in the coolest manner despatched all the wounded ones with his knife. He declared them to be Indians, with no white men among them.

"And now," said he, "they will fire the grass: then look out for a volley. Now, boys," he said, "six of you look out for the windward side, ready to pick off the men who fire the grass, if they do it within reach; if not, fire the grass, all of you, in as many places within the camp as you can. Many little fires will not hurt. Indians, as in this case, generally attack with the tomahawk if it be dark; then, if repulsed, they set fire to the grass of the prairie, which is dry, and burns rapidly at this season, in hopes of igniting the waggons; and when their enemies are trying to save themselves, they pour in their fire, being themselves invisible through the dense smoke."

Indians, fortunately, from self-interest, never, except on important occasions, allow the prairie to be fired, because on its grass their horses depend for fodder, unless there are numbers enough at hand to put the fire out again. If left to itself, it might burn up hundreds of square miles of country in a few days, as it sometimes does.

### The House I Took.

I WAS weak, I suppose; but liking the aspect of the place, and seeing that there was the park close at hand, where the children could obtain fresh air unlimited, I listened to the voice of the charmer, and was charmed. Like a cobra in far-off Ind, I had taken refuge in a hole that was deep, in my natural reserve; but the charmer sat herself down before me, and piped until I danced—metaphorically, of course; and since then I have had to pay the piper.

My charmer was neither young, nor pretty, nor amiable, nor pleasant of voice; she was not even shapely. In short, she was a landlady, with a figure like a hop-pocket, and a face that whispered of either indigestion or drams. Enough; she wheedled me, and I took her house on a lease for fourteen years, at a moderate rent, upon condition that I would keep it in repair; and, before I had been in it one single week, I awoke to the fact that I had been cruelly done.

We got over the smoking of sundry chimneys by means of cowl and register-stoves; while in one case we conquered an obstinate vapour-vomiter by living in that room without a fire. The dampness of sundry walls, too, was removed by means of patent paper. But the intense difficulty of the case was this—that I daily awoke more and more to the fact that mine was to be a hydra-destroying task; and, so sure as I returned from the great street of Fleet, to partake of a quiet dinner, the fair dame on whom I had bestowed my affections in exchange for her hand had some new head for me to demolish.

"News for you, my dear," I say, quoting from the

latest telegram; "it's a long lane that has no turning; the tide begins to flow at last; every prospect of a battle, and the driving back of the Prussians."

"Yes, dear," is the reply; "but, do you know, there's such a smell in the house!"

"Can— No; tut, tut, tut! I thought we were all right at last. That chimney don't smoke now, does it?"

"Well, n—not quite so much; but the blacks are something frightful; and as for the children in the nursery, Mary says the more she washes them the blacker they get, and what she is to do she don't know."

"Leave 'em unwashed, of course."

"Edward, how can you!" exclaims my wife. "You little know how unpleasant it is—"

"What, being black?—or being washed so many times?"

"Absurd! I mean, the trouble I have with the servants."

"New fact in history," I say, helping myself to melted butter. "But, I say, this sauce is full of smuts."

"And likely to be, Edward," said my wife, with the air of a martyr; "but carbon, you told me the other day, was wholesome: a dreadful smell is likely to send us into a low fever. I'm sure it's the drains."

I drop my knife and fork—for, right or wrong, I always use a knife to soles—thrust my hands into my pockets, and lean back, whistling softly. For there is something awful in the sound, as well as the smell, of drains; and I'll tell you why.

Memory brings up a time when we were invaded by bricklayers, who mined and traced our drains from the road, right through the house, to the bottom of the back garden, driving us mad with the odour of sulphuretted hydrogen, and spending weeks in what seemed to me to be constantly using a great copper soup ladle, to lift out a horrible black mud, that seemed to verify the old adage respecting stirring.

I was aroused from my reverie by my wife's voice—

"Well, what is to be done?"

"If I had only known this a little sooner," I mutter.

But then, I did not know it; and, to make a long story short, we had to suffer the sulphuretted hydrogen, the black mud, the copper ladle, and, worse than all, the remarks of the bricklayer, who, regardless of the fact that we had only been in the house a couple of months, said—

"As he never did see drains in sech a state in his life, and he couldn't understand what we was a-thinkin' of."

The wretch evidently was of opinion that we were the dirtiest people on the face of the earth, and that the state of the drains was entirely due to our neglect; and the way he grumbled to the cook was something terrible.

We got rid of the man at last; but the smell of new mortar was almost as bad as the drain, though we consoled ourselves with the knowledge that it was more wholesome.

But now arose a fact in natural history that would have warmed the heart of Frank Buckland; but, not being a naturalist, I much regret to say that all I did was to swear—with good reason, you may say, when I tell you that the blackbeetles did not like the lime in



the mortar, and came out in droves such as would have startled the very Egyptians in the midst of their direst plagues.

We found it out in this wise. Taking a nocturnal anti-burglar ramble, to see that all locks and bolts were *en règle*, we descended to the darkened kitchen, when—pop! pop! pop! at every step—our progress was absolutely disgusting; and, in spite of my wife's faint screams, and gaspings of her garments to raise them above the reach of the noxious insects, I rushed forward, and, in a mad *pas seul*, leaped and bounded about, till the slaughter I made was something awful, to the accompaniment of a noise that must have exactly resembled the pattering rattle of the mitrail-leuse.

I left off hot and tired, and left my slaughter-boots on the stairs; but the next morning I was requested by the cook to step down, when I was asked, in the most cutting tones, whether she was expected to clean up *that*. I referred her to her mistress, and fled; but on returning at night, I was told that cook had given warning.

We got over that difficulty; but that was nothing to the trouble to come. Blackbeetles were bad; but there was something red to come—the greatest of all the nuisances yet endured. But of that anon.

I broadly hinted that our house was troubled with something worse than blackbeetles. So it was; but before announcing what that trouble was, I might as well put a name to a few of the other evils of the place. For instance, by some wonderful architectural arrangement, possibly for sanitary ventilating reasons, there was a draught in every room, whether you sat by the door, by the window, or in either of the four corners; not that the draught would have mattered if its effects had not been so unpleasant: for instance, stiff necks, swelled faces, toothache, and rheumatic pains in the shoulder or back, all of which were, justly or unjustly, put down to the draughts.

Bells were another trouble; and these I divide into two classes—those which would not ring, and those which would. The bells which would ring were those communicating with the bed-rooms, which were rarely wanted, and the front gate, which rang incessantly; what with tradesmen, regular and irregular beggars, respectable mechanics out of work, leavers of bills respecting the great sale of damaged shawls, silks, stuffs, &c., &c., saved from the wreck of the *Neversink*, samples of which would, for the convenience of purchasers, be brought round by an agent, licensed hawker No. 000,692; dealers in fish and fruit, and even a horrible wretch of an Italian, who ground an organ, and smiled in the most horribly imbecile fashion, ending by ringing that dreadful bell, and asking for coppers.

The bells which would not ring were those from dining and drawing rooms, and the handles would either pull right out in the most idiotic way, and there stay, or else act in the most springy of manners, but never sounding an alarm; the consequence being that—to use a strong word—you were thoroughly humbugged; and, after pulling, went and sat down, waiting for a response which never came.

Toadstools flourished in our back kitchen; flies, to an alarming extent, in the front, which seemed to be their prime breeding-ground, from whence they sent forth swarms or colonies to the other parts of the

house. There were gnats in the bed-rooms, some of which stinging and blood-sucking torments must have been near relatives of the West Indian mosquito. Spiders spun and webbed our walls, or run lines across the passages; while as to the bed-rooms, there were behind the paper and in the cracks—shall I tell you what? No, I dare not.

I had always looked upon B flats as peculiar to lodging-houses; but my experience here proved the contrary, and dissolved in airy nothingness, too, another fallacy, that where your B flat holds dominion, the F sharp cannot reign. They could in our house, and a doleful time it proved to the subjects who suffered from their torments excruciating, in spite of every art used to keep them at bay.

The doctor told us that the situation was decidedly unhealthy, and my wife turned upon me reproachful eyes, though she had much to do with my taking it. My mamma-in-law hoped that, if I valued my wife and children's lives, I should never think of staying; my father-in-law said that I must have been half mad to have taken it; and then, as if matters were not bad enough, there were the soldiers.

Do you live anywhere near barracks? If not, bless your stars that your stars have blessed you in keeping you away from such a terror. Soldiers infested the barracks close by us, and somehow, in spite of every care to the contrary, we took the contamination, and had this scarlet fever badly. Cook, housemaid, and nursemaid in turn fell victims to the passion which consumed "La Grande Duchesse," and quite adored the military. They would not believe, poor lasses, that the great, hungry-looking rascals were entirely cupboard-lovers; and the rate at which our provisions—bread, cheese, and cold meat—disappeared was something terrible. I have always felt since that, after the large share I took in keeping up the stamina of that portion of the army, I deserve to be let off income tax; but the collector cannot see it.

Matters grew to such a pitch that my wife dared not go downstairs, for fear of encountering some great stranger, uniformed and drilled; but we got rid of the pest at last upon homœopathic principles. It was a case of vaccination to produce one disease so as to ward off another, and this is how it was worked. The policemen upon the beat were encouraged to call occasionally, and at such times as the military were likely to be waiting to attend; and the consequence being that the fickle feminine heart soon grew to yearn for the law and order of the peaceful police, the soldiers were forgotten in the new attenders, and though the remedy might by some be looked upon as worse than the disease, yet it was not so, for P.C. number so-and-so is a different character to that free swell and lover, the soldier; and besides, one had only to report a case at head-quarters to get the offender appointed to another beat. Not that I have ever done so, mind, for fortune favoured me at last in the shape of a friend, who took a fancy to my house; and, after a sufficient amount of drawing back on my part, I let him have it for the remainder of the lease; and, freed from incubus, I have rejoiced ever since, though Nemesis sits at my elbow night and morn, in the shape of conscientious scruples, conscience smitings, lest he should some day revile me for a cheat, and an action at law for damages be the result of my connection with that house.

## Things New and Old.

### A Lottery Prize.

A young lady in Calcutta, Dona Pepa de Vergas by name, offers her heart and hand, and, what is more, her dowry, as the prize of a lottery, for the sum of a lac of rupees, on the following conditions:—"1. Twenty-two thousand tickets at five rupees each. 2. The takers of tickets are simply to send in their names, the amount of their subscription to be collected when the sum mentioned has been subscribed for. 3. The lottery to take place at a date to be hereafter announced at the Town Hall, Calcutta, and to be drawn and conducted by Miss de Vergas. 4. The owner of the winning number will have the option of the following choices: (a.) To marry Miss de Vergas, and share with her—on the principle of community of goods—her fortune of one lac of rupees. (b.) Or, in the case of refusing the marriage, the sum of 50,000 rupees will be paid to him, Miss de Vergas retaining for herself 50,000 rupees. 5. Miss de Vergas reserves to herself the right of refusing to marry the owner of the winning number, should he prove to be a person she would not care to espouse. In that case the winner will be paid the sum of 50,000 rupees. A young lady of birth, of noble family, well educated—she speaks Spanish, French, and a little English—clever, and a brilliant beauty; to all these qualifications add a fortune of 100,000 rupees."

### French Cigars.

Upstairs we reached long rooms, where hundreds of women were making cigars. Some were cutting the outside leaves into strips of about an inch wide, pointed at each end. Others were filling the strips with tobacco—and, oh, such tobacco! such shreds, and patches, and sticks, as made one cease to wonder why French cigars won't draw, and why they are so noxious when they do. When the woman had rounded one extremity into a point, she fastened it together with a black-looking mixture, said to consist of flour and tobacco juice, and then stuck the end into a sort of glass cup to harden while she was making the next cigar. After a few had been made, the blunt ends were cut off by a machine, and the cigar was ready for sale.

"You work very fast," said I to one woman.

"I do not think so," replied she; "I find that I work too slow, for I have to make two hundred and fifty cigars for forty sous."

Let me hasten to add, for the relief of those who have read awful stories of the way in which cigars are made in Havannah, that there was nothing whatever dirty or disgusting in the way in which the cigars were made. It was only the contents of the leaves that were so nasty. In another set of rooms cigarettes were being made, and it was very pretty to see the deftness with which the girls folded the small papers so as to give each the smallest possible edging of gum, then folded each paper round a pencil, and fastened up the end. These cases were filled with equal dexterity by other women, and then made up into bundles. Still more interesting was it to watch the extraordinary skill with which three women, who literally played into each others' hands, weighed out the tobacco, cut the paper receptacles, filled them by help of a machine worked by hydraulic pressure, and labelled the packets ready

for sale. As though it were not enough to weigh an ounce by machinery, each individual packet is afterwards separately tested by a forewoman, who puts on one side, to be made up afresh, every packet weighing a fraction below or above its due apportionment of tobacco; so every purchaser of a two-ounce packet of Government tobacco may be perfectly sure that he has his proper quantity. But surely the establishment must lose more in the salaries of these female overseers than it could in the dispensing of a few additional grains of tobacco. No less than 1,600 women are employed.

### Regrets.

He held the old shirt up by the neck before discarding it for ever, but he wasn't mourning for the garment. He only said thusly, "I wish I had all the drinks again that have gone through that old neckband!"

### Bathing at Ostend.

The ladies seem not to have invented anything peculiarly striking or *hasardé* this year for their aquatic exercises. Their "full suits" are mostly in stripes—red and white, violet and white, blue and buff—or plain black edged with scarlet, which is becoming to blondes, and a good deal more discreet than the lighter materials. Oilskin bonnets and great flapping straw hats are a good deal worn *à l'eau*. The "distribution de costumes" is a humorous sort of lottery, in which people of both sexes who are troubled with physical peculiarities draw the queerest sort of prizes for their tickets. A lean and willowy damsel receives a costume which would comfortably fit a Hottentot Venus, and the effect of which, when moist, is simply screaming. A gentleman, to appraise whose weight at eighteen stone would be to pay him a subtle and graceful compliment, is seen painfully tripping down his machine steps compressed in a dress that cramps his every movement, keeps him convulsively clutching at his throat in vain endeavours to make two ends meet, and forces huge mounds of rigid flesh to bulge out in the most distressing manner, wherever they find the least solution of continuity. A good man, under such circumstances, is a spectacle to inspire pity in gods and men. Stoutness in the water is always trying to the temper of its victim; but when accented to hideous exaggeration by a costume of agonizing tightness, it is calculated to overwhelm him with despair, and to suggest suicidal thoughts—thoughts destined to "lose the name of action," for such a man cannot drown himself; Nature has afflicted him with excessive buoyancy—he is an involuntary Boyton. Long ladies with short costumes; short dames with long costumes, that inflate in the queerest way at the most awkward of moments; native females of surpassing ugliness in grey shapeless robes of the abominable old British pattern, which attain the acme of hideousness, inconvenience, and indiscretion; beautiful beings with yards upon yards of hair streaming out behind them as they are dragged through the water by their masculine friends; strong-minded beings, who disdain the artifices of the toilet, and affront the waves with every variety of bald patch, and without a curve of any description about them—all these and dozens of other more or less quaint and laughter-provoking types of bathing humanity may be seen on the pleasant Plage of Ostend.

### Jack Hamilton's Luck.

#### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

##### CHAPTER XXXVI.—I AT LAST HEAR NEWS.

IT is hardly necessary to say that I got better of my wounds, or else I should not now be shuddering at the recollection of them. To tell the truth, I was not a heroic sufferer at all; I was very impatient with my pain, and felt my life to be a burden. Even a philosopher, if he has a healthy appetite, anticipates his dinner with some complacency; but the veriest gourmand would dread the next meal if he had to be fed through a quill, and the act of swallowing gave him torture. And when the hour approached at which my wounds were dressed, I used to break out into a cold sweat with apprehension; and I am bound to say that, in this instance, anticipation was not worse than the reality. A demoniac bit of cloth had gone with the bullet into my thigh, and when the former was extracted, the latter declined to come away too, and the surgeon was always probing and fishing for it. And then my face and neck—I had a lump there bigger than both Corporal Rose's fists, and my head was drawn on one side in the most absurd fashion. And as for the interior of my mouth: imagine the concentrated essence of five hundred tooth-aches, and you may form an idea of its condition for a week. When it once began to heal, however, the process went on rapidly, and my miseries diminished sensibly day by day.

I had not been taken to one of the convents or churches, which were generally used as hospitals, and were now overcrowded, but to a villa outside San Sebastian, which, being damaged by shot, had been deserted by its owner till the war should ebb, and was now sufficiently repaired, and converted by the medical staff into a supplementary infirmary, making up some twenty beds. So that I was very much better off than hundreds of mangled fellow-sufferers, and ought to have been grateful. But I wasn't.

Claridge, who had not a scratch, came to see me constantly.

"I owe you some nursing," he said. "Remember how you looked after me when I was hit in that duel at Paris. By Jove! if it had not been for that affair, you would have been a parson at this present time, I suppose, and never had a finger (or left a bit of one) in the Spanish pie. You are a capital patient to come and talk to, because you cannot answer, poor old boy! and one has not to say, every minute, 'Now, you must not speak, or you will tire yourself, and get fever,' as you used to me. I suppose you are wanting to know how you were brought off. It was a Lancer regiment that did it. The colonel came up to our chief, and said—

"It is a fine thing of your fellows down there to hold out so long; and they don't deserve to be left."

"I am going to have a try to save them," said Mac-bean; "but the odds are very great."

"I'll help you," replied the Lancer.

"And galloped off. It was a pretty sight, I can tell you. They trotted down that gully to within a hundred yards of your post; formed, lowered their lances, and were into the middle of the fellows swarming about you before they knew what was happening, spitting them like larks. We were close behind, but had nothing to

do but bring off the wounded. Your servant, Buffles, and Corporal Rose carried you a long way. Jauregui's division had got round to the old lines in our rear, that we started from a week ago, so as to secure our base; but we could not bring off the guns on the Oriamendi, which had to be spiked. Knowlden, who brought poor Mortimer's company out of action, is only slightly hurt; but Vivian, who lies in the bed next you, had to be carried off like yourself."

Claridge's visits and chat cheered me up a bit for the moment, and excited a certain interest in regimental affairs; but all who have had the mumps are aware how delicate the nerves about the neck are, and every one who has bitten his tongue knows how sensitive that is; and the fact is, that for some time I did not care for any human being but myself, and myself I wished dead.

When the wounds inside my mouth healed, however, and the inflammation subsided so that I could speak and swallow freely, and feed myself, I took the external hurts and the troublesome hole in my leg much more philosophically, and actually came to feel an interest in the condition of my neighbour, Vivian.

He was shot through the body, poor fellow! and was in a very bad way. He might live, the surgeon said, but he did not much expect it; and, at the best, he would never be strong again. So I talked and read to him, after a time, and strove to cheer him up. Some of the patients in the house were discharged by death, others by the doctor, and we had a room to ourselves.

He received my advances with something of that constraint which had always damped our intimacy; and at last, one day, he explained it.

It was a fine warm afternoon, at the end of April; he lay on a couch at the open window, which was shaded by an orange tree, the golden fruit of which gleamed brightly amongst the green leaves. In the distance spread the sea, glittering with sunlight, specked with swan-white sails, and from it came a light breeze, balmy yet refreshing. I sat by his side, facing him, with my lame limb on a leg rest; for though the cloth had worked out, the wound had not closed yet.

I had performed some trifling office for him, and his thanks were much more profuse than the occasion demanded.

"Why, it is only what any friend would do," said I.

"I have no right to your friendship," he replied. "If you knew the affair I have been mixed up in, you would refuse perhaps to speak to me. At any rate, I will tell it. The doctors may say what they like, I know I have got my death, so what does it matter?"

"I have often heard of you from an intimate friend of mine, Tempest. We were children together. When he went to Eton, I was sent to Harrow; and at the time he entered at Cambridge, I got my commission in the army. But we never lost sight of each other for long. I had some property to run through, and was too fond of London life to care for foreign service, which I shirked by exchanges which prevented my promotion by sending me to the bottom of the list each time; but I only thought of the moment's gratification, and never cared for that.

"The tastes and habits of Tempest and myself were exactly similar, and we led a wild life when we met, and were very thick, neither keeping anything from the other. I knew all about his marriage with the lady who was engaged to you, and was not sorry that he

should settle; for he had taken to nips of brandy in the morning of late, and that soon does for a fellow. But I had nothing to do with bringing that match about. I have not injured you there: it is another matter. Tempest and I did several shady things which we should not have liked to be talked about; but the worst was connected with the abduction of a girl he was mad about for a time.

"It was three years ago, and I was quartered at Carlisle, when I got a letter from him saying that he had been baffled for once—that he had compunctions for the first time in his life. The girl was so fond of him, and he of her; she was so innocent, and had no idea of anything but marriage, which her position in life rendered quite impossible. He had tried to give her up, but could not, her hold upon his affections was too strong; so that at last he had determined to compromise the difficulty by a Scotch marriage, which would quiet her scruples for the time being, and might yet be repudiated on a future occasion. He had given her plausible reasons why he should conceal his marriage for a time, and the day was fixed for their journey north, and he asked me to get lodgings, which I did.

"The deceit of a Scotch marriage of a nature not recognized in England would have been mean and cruel enough, but the trick played upon the poor girl was even worse. It was the stale old fraud of a mock wedding which was practised against her. The sham ceremony was acted on the English side of the border, and I disguised myself as a clergyman and performed the service.

"The girl believed herself to be Tempest's wife for ever so long, and swallowed all the stories he told her to prevent her communicating with her friends. For more than a year she was quite happy, and suspected nothing. At the end of that time, Tempest was tired of the *liaison*, or rather of the secluded life he had been leading, and absented himself for weeks at a time; and then he met Miss Glading, and determined to marry her. So what with one thing and another, he determined to break with the girl who thought herself his wife, and I undertook to tell her how the case really stood.

"I know that I am a dying man, and am anxious not to conceal or palliate anything. I should not have undertaken to do Tempest's dirty work if it had not been for a selfish motive. My opinion of women, especially of the lower class, was such as the life I had led generally gives men; and I fancied she must have got tired of Tempest in so long a time, and that the task of consoling her would be an easy one. She was living at Croydon, in lodgings over a haberdasher's shop, and I found her very anxious to know what had become of her husband.

"When I explained to her, as gently as I could, that she had no husband, she called me liar; but, recognizing me as the man who had acted the part of clergyman at her marriage, turned pale as death, and sank back in the chair, from which she had sprung in a fury. But still she did not believe me, till I gave her a letter from Tempest, and then—well, if I had known what the effect of my message would have been, I would not have had any hand in the matter, first or last, for a million. I had to call up the landlady—the poor girl was raving. She had a brain fever, and was near death, but recovered. No, no—I was not so bad as I

see you suspect me. I never insulted her with advances after she recovered, for my remorse was genuine. But I inquired about her, and learned that she continued to live with the woman of the shop, who pitied her, and employed her in millinery business."

"And she never communicated again with Tempest, or took legal proceedings against him?" I asked.

"Never," said Vivian. "I do not believe that she ever heard his real name, even. She only knew him as Bruce."

I was certain, from the first, that Vivian was telling me the story of Ellen; but yet the shock of hearing that name went through my heart like a sword. I buried my face in my hands, and remained silent for some time.

Vivian spoke first.

"Tempest saw my name gazetted to this regiment," he continued, "and wrote to warn me not to speak of this matter, because it would not do for you to hear of it; and then he told me the connection between you and the girl he had injured so deeply."

"Will you allow this testimony to be taken down before witnesses, and sign it?" I asked.

He hesitated for a moment, and then assented.

"Can you forgive me for my part in the matter?" he asked, as I took my crutch, and prepared to rise.

"Willingly—if I have anything to forgive," I replied.

"You were not my friend. You did not—without provocation, wilfully, out of mere wantonness—do me the greatest injury you could think of. Ellen Romney was but my half-sister, and illegitimate, it is true; but she was the only relative I had, and Tempest knew it: It is true that you helped him in his devil's work, but your crime was committed against God and humanity, not against me individually; and you have made all the atonement in your power by telling me where to seek the sister I had lost. Freely I forgive you."

And I gave him my hand, which he took, and then sank back exhausted, breathing hard. I went to my bed, and lay down, to think over what I had heard.

The story was a great relief to me. I had for years thought of Ellen as dead, or worse. Now, I knew her blameless and alive. Unwise and unkind, indeed, she had been not to confide in me. That she should have been persuaded to keep silence at first by her supposed husband's artful representations, I could understand; but that she should not have come to me when betrayed and deserted grieved me deeply. No doubt, a consciousness of having treated me with a certain ingratitude made her ashamed to turn to me again in her need; but she ought to have considered my anxiety, and conquered that pride.

However, Vivian's news removed a great weight from my life, at the same time that it gave me a bitter longing for revenge. My hatred of Tempest had been damped down, as the excitement of the war and the bustle of regimental duties had enabled me to conquer my love for Mary; but now it blazed up again to intense heat, and I hungered for revenge. Oh, if the blood I had shed and spilt in a quarrel which was none of mine could only have served to put him at my mercy!

When Claridge next came, I got him to take down a summary of the mock marriage and the subsequent desertion, which Vivian signed. I had no definite idea of what use it would be, but thought it might be turned to some account in punishing the traitor. About a fort-

night after this, stirring news came. Another attempt at combined action was to be made by the Christinist forces. Espartero had massed his troops about San Sebastian, till he had 50,000 men in the neighbourhood. The officers who came to see us were all in high spirits about it. The Legion had only another month of existence to run, and they had feared that it would be disbanded without a chance of retrieving the last repulse. But this was now afforded them, and Evans's brigade terminated its vilified existence in victory—not defeat; though that success was not personal, but shared by the whole of the forces.

The advance was made on May 14th, and the Carlists retired till they came to Hernani, where they made a short stand, but continued the retreat when out-flanked.

Next day Yrun was taken by assault, and a week or so afterwards Claridge came back, unscathed.

"I have hardly been under fire this time," he said, when I expressed my gratification—"except, indeed, from our own fellows; there *was* some risk of being shot for fun. Oh, my dear Jack, why were you tied by the leg? Your military experience is woefully incomplete without seeing a town taken by assault. I was at the tail of the attacking column, and did not do much fighting; so I saw the whole scene in comparatively cool blood. I have heard people demur to the doctrine of original sin; five minutes in Yrun would have made them orthodox on that point. I know now what men are when the restraints of law and public opinion are removed, and I am a pessimist for life. Never abuse hypocrisy again; it is the only bond that holds society together. Bah! We talk with horror of the amusements of the Romans in the days of Nero and Caligula; Asiatic cruelty, and lust is a byword with us; the doings of the mob during the French Revolution are supposed to be impossible for Britons. Rubbish! cant! All men are alike—big boys at school when they get little ones in their power; sea captains when their authority is uncontrolled; soldiers let loose on a defenceless town—all show the true human nature. It is my firm belief that you and I would be just as bad in two months, if we could be assured of perfect impunity—in a month, if the most brutal crimes earned the best applause of all our fellows. It is not the Russian only who would be found a savage if the thin varnish of civilization were scratched off him."

On the 10th of June, 1837, the Legion was disbanded, and the men were sent back to England, half starved, ragged, penniless, many of them crippled—to work if they had health and strength enough, to beg if they were utterly broken down.

I would have retained Buffles as my private servant, but he had a mother in Westminster, who had lately inherited a small baker's shop, and required his assistance; so he was bent upon turning his bayonet into a rolling-pin, and returned to the manufacture of muffins.

I remained at San Sebastian till my wounds had healed, and my head had returned to its natural upright position on my shoulders, and Claridge kept me company. That was the least he could do, he said, since I had come out to please him.

Before we left we buried Vivian, the last of the Chestnuts who died in the cause of Isabella Segunda. But, in truth, when the regiment ceased to exist we seemed to bury all our old comrades. It was a melancholy

time; and in spite of the kindness of certain Spanish families and the gaieties of the bull-fights, we were glad enough to stand on the deck of a steamer and watch the shores of Spain fading in the distance.

"That is over," said Claridge; "and I expect that I shall never see anything of soldiering again. I wonder whether we ought to be hung."

"Of course not—why should we? Our own Government incited us to go and help our allies. It was a perfectly lawful and justifiable service for us. We are not responsible."

I recalled this conversation very vividly years afterwards, on reading Mr. Lowell's poems when they first came out, and coming to the often-quoted lines—

"If you take a sword, and draw it,  
An' go an' stick a feller thro',  
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,  
God 'll send the bill to you."

I may have got the spelling wrong, quoting from memory, but I am sure of the sentiment; and I sincerely hope that Mr. Lowell is mistaken.

"Well," said Claridge, "at any rate, it is all over now, and I am going to live a country, humdrum life at Droitchester. You have promised, you know, to take my farm, the Rookery, and settle down there with your little girl, Cerise."

"I mean to do so," I replied, "after I have arranged other matters, in one of which I want your assistance."

"Aye."

"You will take a message to that fellow Tempest for me?"

"I cannot refuse," replied Claridge, with a sigh.

### The Casual Observer.

IN A CERTAIN NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ONE twist of the thread of Fate, and Whitechapel becomes famous. There is a horror there, a sensation, and eager London seeks it out—throngs there in troops, drives there, or patronizes cab and 'bus. The neighbourhood becomes almost a fair, and the two scenes of the late death-drama are visited the livelong day. Sunday was special: it is the day out of Cook and Mary—as a class. Their profound estimation of horror and its following goose-skin is well known, and they indulged to their hearts' content. But not in sombre garb: the occasion was made one for displaying the new bonnet and stylish dress. The nursemaids of the neighbourhood improved the minds of the little ones in their charge by bringing them. Gaunt Guardsmen, mechanics in creased coats, and dressy youths in Shoreditch thirteen-shilling trousers, all were there, to be looked down upon with an air of calm superiority by those heroes of the day, the police. There was something almost lofty in the benignity with which the men on duty condescended to those around, now with a gentle head-shake, now with a deeply expressive pat-together of their Berlin gloves. You do not often see a short policeman; but, high or low of stature, as becomes their position, they literally, as well as metaphorically, stoop to those who question. Even the appeal of a little girl in behalf of another, "Please will you let my little brother go in?" did not provoke a smile—nothing but a quiet negative motion

of the helmet; and then the constable gazed meditatively, as if with anthropological ideas, over the heads of the crowd who stared, for that is what the visitors to the place had come to do. They stared blankly and open-mouthed at the second, the first, and the ground floors, till the very paint might have been blistered; they stared at the three potted myrtles in one window with a power that should have shrivelled each leaf; but the concentration of those eyes directed down the court at the blank warehouse was startling in its intensity; but imagination was busy, and from the fascination of these thoughts the gratification must have been extreme. Indeed, so rapt were some of the spectators, that the idea suggests itself whether it might not be worth the while of some enterprising theatrical manager to prepare an audience by advertisement, lower the footlights, and then present, after the fashion of the Polytechnic, a dimly illumined street. The crowded houses could gaze to slow music of the "Corsican Brothers" type, and imagination would do the rest.

If there had only been a spot of blood staining the pavement it would have been something; but no, the place was blank—blank as the faces that gazed; and more than one stolid looker-on seemed to take it as an injury that the murder had not been perpetrated at No. —, close by. For there was something satisfactory in the appearance of that empty house; the windows were foul and cobwebbed, panes of glass here and there were shattered; and, lastly, the place looked altogether weird, desolate, and mysterious—for there was a chalk mark on the front door. And who can tell what hidden meaning was there attached? There was once a Morgiana, most faithful of damsels, who found a mark upon a door, and thereby hung a tale of murder—and boiled oil, but not for paint. Sages have before now pored long and anxiously over a hieroglyphic, and though this mark may—may have been made by a boy—who knows? At all events, that empty house had its share of starers; and some even went away in doubt as to whether, for the first time in their lives, the police had not made a mistake. The thirst for knowledge did not seem to beget another dryness—at least, not in one direction—for the proprietor of the gaily painted peripatetic sarsaparilla tub was seen coming away; while as to the number of barrels of "entire" drawn, information has not been received. One gentleman, though, whose garb bespoke hard battling with the seasons, was seen to be full of the fervid imagination of the Marchioness, whose beverage of orange peel and water was introduced to Swiveller the Great. Our friend here was also ready to make-believe a great deal, inasmuch as he walked to the nearest drinking fountain, took ladle in one hand, gave a couple of pulls at an imaginary beer engine with the other, winked one eye, and then drank his water-company limpid draught with gusto. Flowers were there for sale, and the inevitable "box o' lyats;" but trade did not flourish where popular desire was for "the creeps." As hours glided on, and the tired gave place to the fresh and eager, that was the only change; for there were the same faces, the same stolid stares up and down, and the same wish expressed in whispers that "We could ha' got inside."

Blind all: they would have robbed themselves of the romance. As soon as that warehouse door had been opened, the veil of mystery would have been torn

aside, and all would have seen the nakedness of the land of horrors they had so largely peopled. The morbidly sensual treat was theirs to feast upon in its entirety, though they knew it not. The outside was free; and satiated, they departed at their will. Would it be wise to dilate upon the psychology of the matter, to ask why the mind of the ignorant—the ignorant alone?—delights in, revels in contemplations that beget a shudder? Perhaps not. The facts remain the same. Let there be a tragedy enacted, and all London flocks to the theatre of the homicide, whether it be at Whitechapel in the east or Brompton in the west; while as to the examinations, the discoveries, and the latest particulars, are they not written in the columns of the daily papers?

### Bric-a-Brac.

WHAT *bric-à-brac* is it would be difficult to define.

Perhaps the most exact, as well as the most comprehensive definition of it that could be given would be elegant rubbish. For it is essential to the *bric-à-brac*ity of a thing that it should be utterly useless; so much so, that if once made for use, as it is quite likely to have been, any using of it now for the purpose for which it was made would be sacrilege; or worse, bad taste; or worst of all, quite out of the fashion. The mania for collecting *bric-à-brac* is now at its height. The amount of money that may be got by gathering together a promiscuous assemblage of old pots and pans, decayed door-knockers, battered spoons, cracked crockery, worm-eaten carving, and noseless statuettes, and then selling them as the collection of a well-known amateur, is quite incalculable. If a few people, with their pockets pretty full of money, wishing to be in the fashion, take a notion to most of the things, your fortune is almost made. For, to get a big price in the auction-room, it is only necessary that two persons pretty well provided with money should want the same thing—the intrinsic value of it is not of the least consequence.

The outbreak of this *bric-à-brac* mania is altogether without visible cause. It appears, however, to be only a new form of that mental disease which has been always more or less prevalent, in modern times at least—the mania for collecting. Book-lovers are most likely to be affected by this disease, so that their ailment has come to have a name—*bibliomania*. In this, as in the *bric-à-brac* mania, the uselessness of the article so eagerly desired is an essential element of the ailment. For your true bibliomaniac never reads his books. Some books he may read (in the time left to him for the consultation of catalogues), but not his own. True, Mr. Heber, the greatest of bibliomaniacs, who had houses full of books all over London, did read; and said that a man couldn't get on without at least three copies of every book he wanted—his copy to read, his copy to lend, and his show copy. He also gave us the true diagnosis of the disease from which he suffered. He said that his collecting mania began when he bought his first duplicate. He was right; he then stepped over the bounds of use in the object of his desire. There is nothing that may not be made the occasion of this mania for collecting, which is a passion by itself. Have we not seen the assembling together

of old, smutched postage stamps made a pursuit, and actually dignified by a name, "philately"? than which form of collecting it would seem that, except for children, there could not be a more trivial occupation even of leisure time. But even in this, one of the great spurs to collecting is not lacking. We have heard of a boy asking his father for a dollar to pay for a much-desired object of "philately," who, on being remonstrated with for paying so much for a dirty little scrap of paper, answered—"But, papa, no other boy will have the stamp." The possession of something rare, something that no other boy will have, is one of the great stimulants to this collecting, and greatly so in the collection of *bric-à-bric*. Mr. Du Maurier touched the motive-feeling in a cartoon in *Punch's Almanac*, in which he represents a woman in the despair of dishevelled hair over the fragments of a piece of crockery. Life, she says, has now no charms for her. A little girl, who has broken away from a knot of others, exclaims, "Why, mamma, have you not me?" "But you are not unique," is the reply; "there are six of you—half a dozen."

But although *bric-à-brac* collecting, like all collecting, has its ridiculous side, and is carried to excess, chiefly by those who cannot appreciate what they buy, and gather merely for the reputation of being the possessors of a collection, it has also its genuinely pleasing, and perhaps not altogether useless, side. For there is collecting and collecting; and taste and knowledge, or the lack of them, may be shown in the collection of *bric-à-brac*, as in that of books or of pictures, or of engraved gems. The devotee of high art may scoff at the *bric-à-brac* collector; but Sèvres porcelain, or even Delft ware, Wedgwoods, Japanese vases, and bronzes, and finely wrought jade and the like, have intrinsic beauty, and well disposed through a house do much to delight the eye, and give the place a human, habitable look. But the moment this disposition of *bric-à-brac* is abandoned for a formal arrangement of the articles by themselves, then beware; the collecting mania has begun, and the articles cease to be household goods, and become a sort of museum. The very highest style of the possession of such quaint, dainty, and elegant things as form the best part of *bric-à-brac* is to have them for use, although it may be only on grand occasions. To ring a bell or use a candlestick carved by Benvenuto Cellini, to pour chocolate from a Sèvres pitcher into Sèvres cups, to use a snuff-box painted by Petitot—this is the highest enjoyment of the beauty of such things; for this is putting them to the use for which they were designed. Between this use and the setting them up to be looked at, there is the same difference that there is between a woman's wearing handsome dresses, and keeping them in a wardrobe to be taken out and shown to her dearest friends, for the purpose of exciting their admiration and provoking their envy. Few, however, especially in this country of untrained servants, can afford to subject articles so expensive as those which go to make up *bric-à-brac* to the hazards of use, even upon high days and holidays. We must keep our most beautiful things for show, and use our common clay. All the more, then, should we be careful in their selection, and, unless we have some knowledge and art culture, get the advice of a friend who is so qualified, before we purchase; and we should buy only what we can arrange as part of the furniture

of our rooms. A room cumbered and clattered with *bric-à-brac* is an offence; one in which it appears as an element of domestic beauty—a sort of rich, quaint fringe of daily life—is very attractive, and has a variety not to be attained by conformity to any particular style of decoration.

### Delicious Wines.

AMONG the white wines of the Gironde two require to be especially mentioned. One, the renowned Château d'Yquem of the Marquis de Lur Saluces, the most luscious and delicately aromatic of wines, which for its resplendent colour, resembling liquid gold, its exquisite bouquet and delicious flavour, due, according to the chemists, to the presence of mannite, is regarded in France as unique. For a tonneau of this splendid wine, twelve years old, bought direct from the C. âteau, the Grand Duke Constantine paid some few years since 20,000 francs, or £800. The other wine calling for notice was La Tour Blanche, one of those magnificent liqueur-like Sauternes ranking immediately after Château d'Yquem. The characteristic qualities of Château d'Yquem, which certain *soi-disant* connoisseurs pretend to pooh-pooh as a mere ordinary *vin de liqueur*, are due in no degree to simple accident. On the contrary, the vintaging of this wine is an extremely complicated and delicate affair. In order to insure the excessive softness and rich liqueur character which are its distinguishing qualities, the grapes, naturally excessively sweet and juicy, are allowed to dry on their stalks, preserved, as it were, by the rays of the sun, until they become covered with a kind of down, which gives to them an almost mouldy appearance. During this period the fruit, under the influence of the sun, ferments within its skin, thereby attaining the requisite degree of ripeness, akin to rotteness. On the occasion of the vintage, as it is absolutely essential that the grapes should be gathered, not only when perfectly dry, but also warm, the cutters never commence work until the sun has attained a certain height, and invariably suspend their labours when rain threatens or mists begin to rise. At the first gathering they detach simply the *graines rôties*, or such grapes as have dried after arriving at proper maturity, rejecting those which have shrivelled without thoroughly ripening; and from the former a wine of extreme softness and density, termed *crème de tête*, is produced. By the time the first gathering has terminated, other grapes will have sufficiently ripened and rotted, or dried, and both sorts are now detached, yielding the wine called *vin de tête*, distinguished by equal softness with the *crème de tête*, but combined with a larger amount of alcohol, and greater delicacy of flavour. At this point a delay generally ensues, which is long or short, according to the state of the weather; it being requisite towards the end of October to wait while the rays of the sun, combined with the night dews, bring the remaining grapes to maturity, when the third gathering takes place, from which the wine termed *centre*, frequently very fine and spirituous, is produced. Another delay now ensues, and then commences the final gathering, when all the grapes remaining on the stalks are picked, which, when the vintage has been properly conducted, is usually only a very small quantity, yielding what is termed the *vin de queue*.—*The Wines of the World*.



## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### CHAPTER X.

**B**UT to return to our emigrants.

Soon a little thin, bright flame was seen rising among the grass about three hundred yards from the waggons, on the windward side, and the bodies of several Indians were seen around it.

Slocum raised his rifle, but lowered it again.

"It won't do any good at that distance," said he.

"Take mine," said Mr. Emus, who stood near him; "it will carry double that distance."

Slocum took it, and feeling how light it was, laughed within himself as he raised it to his shoulder. It was one of the Minié rifles which have since become so famous. Such a yell, however, arose from the enemy when he fired, that he altered his opinion of the weapon, which he afterwards used with great effect, because the Indians did not trouble to conceal themselves when beyond what they considered range.

Soon the fire began to approach them in a bright wall of flame, six feet high, behind which were the Indians, pouring in shot and arrows among the emigrants, who were firing the grass in many places about their camp. This they did so effectually, under cover of the smoke which enveloped them, that when the roaring, crackling flames reached the camp, there was nothing left to feed them, and they could not reach the waggons, but circled round the camp, illuminating everything within it, and rendering it fearfully dangerous for any man to show himself. From their ambush behind the waggons the fifty men armed with rifles, though many of them were wounded, continued to deal such execution among the Indians, that the latter feared to make another attack at close quarters, but contented themselves, as it was now daybreak, with drawing off to a distance, and extinguishing the fire, knowing that the emigrants could not move without their cattle; and when daylight appeared, at least five hundred warriors could be counted within half a mile of the camp, most of them on horseback, or with their mustangs grazing near them.

Suddenly there was a shout, and a stir among them. Each man mounted, and rode away to the east, evidently with the intention of intercepting four loose horses that were coming full speed towards the camp. They were Slocum's mustangs, who had been trained to come back to their master at daybreak every morning, as most of the Indian horses are, and who were now making their way home, now doubling to avoid their pursuers, now making a straight line for the camp. As they approached, it became evident that four of the Indians, mounted on fresh and more powerful horses, with spears in their hands, were gaining on them; and Slocum, unable to restrain himself, ran out, rifle in hand, to the relief of his favourites. And well for them he did, for just as the leading Indian was about to transfix the last of them, a ball from Slocum's rifle tumbled him off his horse, to the terror of the others, who now dashed away as fast as they had come.

You can conceive how glad they were to get these horses, as without them there could be no chance of communicating with Laramie, the nearest fort, two

hundred miles distant, even if they could hold out until then against their fast-increasing enemies. Slocum still persisted in saying there were no whites among the enemy. And soon were seen approaching two aged Indians on horseback, each bearing an unstrung bow and a broken arrow, as a sign that they wished to parley. Mr. Emus and the guide, also mounted on two of the mustangs, went out to meet them; but after a long interview, which was mostly conducted by signs, they could come to no conclusion, as the Indians required them to surrender their waggons, and to retrace their way across the prairie; though even this alternative would have been better than their present position, hemmed in as they were by a fast-increasing enemy, on a road where there was no chance of succour, only that Slocum knew that, as soon as the Indians had them in their power, they would massacre them to a man.

As no agreement could be come to, they were about to separate, when there suddenly came towards them a figure, with long golden hair, glittering in the sun, contrasting with her pale face and bright blue skirt, and mounted on what appeared to be two horses tied together.

Mr. Emus recognized his daughter, wondering only at her foolhardiness in showing herself thus, and at her having two horses.

The effect on the others, however, was electric. Slocum threw himself from his horse, and fell on his face; while the two Indians, with a yell, turned their horses, and galloped away as fast as they could.

A few words to Slocum and her father explained the trick she had played; and the former, raising himself with wondering eyes, looking upon her beauty, which was indeed rare, declared that the Indians would not molest them any more, now that they saw that the Queen of the Wild Horses was fighting for them; and so it proved, for no sooner had they arrived in camp than an Indian was again seen with the sign of truce; and Mr. Emus, with his guide, having gone out to meet him, the Indian sprang from his horse, and with signs and words declared that they would fight no more, but that their mules would be returned; and expressing a hope that the Queen would not be angry for what they had done, but that she would soon come to her children, to help them as she had promised.

On the morrow, soon after sunrise, the mules were returned in good condition; but nothing would induce the Indians who drove them in to enter the camp or come very close to it, so fearful were these simple people of the Queen of the Mustangs.

Had Grace only conquered the Indians, all would have been well; unfortunately, however, no sooner had Slocum seen her beauty, and known that she was but Mr. Emus's daughter, than he became deeply enamoured of her. Like Samson shorn of his locks, he seemed to have lost all his energy of character at the very time when they were in sore need of it—namely, when crossing the forty miles desert, where there is no water, and which has to be crossed as rapidly as possible on that account. He rode near her waggon all day, and often sat gazing at it most of the night, scarcely eating anything, but chanting Indian melodies to himself in a low tone of voice.

Grace made herself as plain as possible, but to no purpose; her father expostulated, telling Slocum she

was engaged to another; but it did not avail. Mr. Emus then endeavoured to make him return home, saying they could do without him now.

This roused the guide; and one morning he was

they went through the scorching waste, with the fine alkaline dust all around them finding its way into their eyes and nostrils. Their mouths, throats, and even their lungs seemed filled with it, while the hot sun



THE SIOUX.

gone, and his four horses were missing; but he had not taken his wages, or even the rifle which Mr. Emus had given him. There was, however, no time then for regret. They had just entered upon the desert, and it was necessary to cross it without stopping; so away

poured down its rays upon the arid soil, to the terrible discomfort of the mules, who drank up greedily their scanty allowance of water. The wheels of one waggon fell to pieces, and had to be left behind, its contents being loaded upon the other; and it was long into the



night when they reached the other side and found fresh water.

There they encamped, turning their mules loose, to feed upon the long green grass near the spring, such as they had not tasted for a month. Having no fear of danger, they all fell asleep round their fires, without even placing a sentry, so tired and weary were they. They could not have been asleep two hours, however, when Mr. Emus was aroused by a rough shake, and a hand laid upon his mouth to caution him against calling out, while a voice which he knew to be Slocum's bade him arise, for the enemy were upon them.

All the men having been warned in the same way, and prepared, they asked in a whisper if the enemy were Indians.

"Indians and whites," he said, "led on by your friend from Boston. There are not more than fifty or sixty of them; but they are well armed, and desperate fellows. We must make every shot tell."

No sooner had he spoken than there arose a scream from the waggon in which Miss Emus slept.

Slocum and Mr. Emus rushed to the rescue, while the general attack came from all sides, resulting in a perfect butchery of the assailants, who expected to find their victims asleep. But to return to Grace, who found herself seized, bound, and gagged before she could utter more than one scream. She was then dragged from the waggon, and carried off by two men.

Knowing her fate, but utterly unable to help herself, she prayed inwardly; and suddenly one of her assailants fell to the ground with a groan, and the other, letting her go, fired a pistol. Then there was a scuffle, and men's feet trampled upon her; when, to her joy, Slocum whispered in her ear that he was there, and that he would carry her back to her father. She felt him raise her in his arms, walk a short distance, and then totter and fall, as though struck by some missile. Then the idea struck her that it would be better to lie still in his arms, as the night was dark, and she might escape unseen by the Indians.

I said the assailants were repulsed—I might have said annihilated, but that Tekel Bourbon, with about ten others, escaped. Of the bodies, ten were whites and the rest Indians. So perished this band, who had long been the terror of the western plains, and by whom were committed those fearful atrocities which were laid at the door of the Mormons and Indians, and which led afterwards to an expedition against the former by the United States Government.

Poor Mr. Emus was in a state of fearful anxiety about his daughter. In his mind, he accused Slocum of the whole business, though why he should have taken the trouble to give the alarm he could not imagine; still he had not the slightest doubt that he had carried off his daughter.

At the first streak of morning light, he started in search of her, accompanied by ten of the emigrants, well armed. They took with them Grace's little white pet dog, with a faint hope that it might be able to track out its mistress. However, the marks of feet were so distinct, that they had no difficulty in finding the body of Slocum, with Grace apparently dead in his arms. They were both covered with blood. She was, however, only unconscious; having lain some time in her dreadful position, her senses had refused to bear the strain longer, and she became insensible.

"Oh, my poor child," cried Mr. Emus—"my poor daughter, to become the victim of such a villain!" Here the old man burst into tears, sitting down on the ground, and hiding his face in his hands, refusing to be comforted.

He was soon, however, roused by a shout of joy from the others, who cried—

"She is alive—she is alive!"

Springing to his feet, the glad father was in time to see his daughter rise from the embrace of the dead, and to take her first into his arms. Her dog had roused her by licking her face.

Half leading, half carrying her, Mr. Emus made his way to the waggons, without speaking, though inwardly the good man's heart went up in thanks; and not until Grace had eaten did he ask her how it all happened.

"How did you manage to kill that villain, Grace? Thank God, you had the nerve to do it!"

"Stop, father—do not attack the name of our best friend. Never had woman a truer lover—true even unto death."

So saying, she recounted in a few words all that had happened.

She had no sooner finished than Mr. Emus, remembering that he had heard his men threaten that if they ever caught Slocum they would tear him to pieces with his own wild horses, and fearful lest they should carry their threat into execution, made an excuse for leaving his daughter, by saying he must go and look after the body of so good a friend, and ran wildly to the place, where he could see the party busily engaged preparing to carry out their threat.

"Here comes the old man," one of them said. "He wants to have a hand in it. Let us wait for him."

Believing him to be a traitor towards her whom they all loved for her gentleness and kindness, the men had caught Slocum's mustangs, which came as usual to the spot where he had left them the previous evening, and, fastening one to each limb, they were just ready to send his four quarters separately across the desert, when Mr. Emus arrived, breathless. Unable to speak, he knelt down, and, to the astonishment of the teamsters, kissed the dead man's brow. Then, rising, he cut away with his own knife the raw-hide ropes that bound his hands and feet.

The teamsters required for the present no more explanation, but took off the ropes, and set the horses free; who, instead of dashing off, turned and smelt at their master's body, and snorted out their fear.

"Poor creatures!" said Mr. Emus—"you never doubted him, though we did. You shall never want a master if you will come with me."

He then explained to the men all that his daughter had told him, which when they had heard, they examined the body.

"I see how it was," said one of them; "the poor fellow was mortally wounded when he tried to carry her back to the camp. He deserved a better fate."

We will pass over the mourning, and how they buried poor Slocum, and each and every one helped to pile up a cairn of stones to his memory, and carry our travellers at once over the Sierra Nevada mountains, by what is now called the Bigtree route, to Sonora. It was quite a coincidence, their coming to the very place where Parson Dale had set up his tabernacle; but they heard of the good man long before they reached the

summit of the mountains. Even the Indians spoke of the good Padre of Sonora; and the heart of Grace was glad.

### Snakes and their Poison.

IT was long believed that snake poison only affected the system through the agency of the blood, when directly injected into the body; but Dr. Fayrer conclusively proved that the poison of the cobra and its allies rapidly produced all the symptoms of poisoning and of death when placed in contact with any mucous membrane. Dr. Richards is not exactly right in saying, in the recent report on Indian and Australian snake poisoning, that Fontana maintained the contrary opinion; for though he had previously arrived at the negative conclusion from experiments on dogs, who took very small doses, he subsequently held the affirmative, owing to a single experiment on a pigeon, down the throat of which he poured nearly thirty drops of venom, killing it thus in six minutes. In another case, within our own knowledge, a student of the subject had a quantity of dried venom lying on a glass plate on his table, when a friend thoughtlessly took up a piece and tasted it, mistaking it for gum arabic. He suffered severely from nervous exhaustion and faintness for three hours. Directly he put the poison in his mouth, he felt his tongue benumbed, as if the organ had received a strong galvanic shock. Dr. Mitchell, as early as 1860, found that rattlesnake poison placed in contact with the bronchial membranes poisoned pigeons in forty-nine minutes.

All remedies—excision, caustics, and carbolic acid—have alike proved ineffectual to save the life of an animal thoroughly bitten. Some notion of the awful rapidity with which the poison spreads through the system may be formed from experiment 3, series 16 ("Thanatophidizæ of India"), where a dog was bitten in the loose inguinal integument, which had previously been stretched and held by a couple of forceps for convenience's sake. The bitten part was immediately excised—not, however, in the ordinary sense of the word; a large circular piece, including both fang marks and a portion of the adjoining cuticle, having been cut away. The operation certainly did not occupy more than a few seconds, yet the brief space of time between the bite and the removal of the bitten portion had allowed the absorption of sufficient poison to cause the death of the animal in an hour. Ten drops of cobra poison injected into the jugular vein of a large dog killed it in seventy seconds. Mixed with ammonia in the proportion of two to one, and injected into the veins of a similar animal, it was found just as active, killing in two and a half minutes. Dr. Wier Mitchell found that a single drop mixed with three of strong nitric acid, and neutralized with liq. potassæ, retained all its virulence—thus showing that it is not affected by the strongest caustics. It is toxically unaltered by freezing or boiling. Regarding the injection of ammonia into the veins as a mode of treatment, there can be no doubt that it is powerless to neutralize the poison, and, as the experiments of a commission sufficiently prove, it seems positively injurious—"stimulating the action of the lymphatics and promoting the absorption of the poison." The distinguished naturalist and physiologist, Fontana,

who experimented in 1782, as quoted by the commission, was of this opinion. We also find, from a reference to his work, that Dr. Mitchell, in 1860, was convinced that, given internally, it had no powers which alcohol did not enjoy to a superior degree.

The question naturally arises, what risk do Europeans in India run of being bitten by poisonous reptiles? We remember reading an article in the *Field*, written by that distinguished Indian naturalist, the late Edward Blyth, in reply to a highly sensational letter which appeared in the same paper, where he challenged any one to bring forward evidence to show that more than half a dozen Europeans had lost their lives from snake bite since India had been occupied by the British. Of the six cases mentioned in Dr. Fayrer's work, two occurred in Burmah. The third in order is the celebrated case of the midshipman of H.M.S. *Algerine*, who died of the bite of a hydrophis, in the Madras Roads in 1837. We should be afraid to say how many times we have seen this unfortunate accident quoted, which occurred, like two others of Dr. Fayrer's cases, through the carelessness of the sufferers in taking up and handling snakes without any knowledge of their poisonous qualities.

The fang of a large krait now before us is barely over a tenth of an inch long, and the largest cobra we have ever seen had fangs under three-sixteenths of an inch. Dr. Fayrer found the cobra unable to poison through a single fold of broadcloth and silk, and few Indian sportsmen would have any hesitation in treading with a boot on the head of a poisonous snake. Indeed, the immunity from snake bite enjoyed by Europeans in India is largely attributed to their dress. A snake, in striking at the trousered leg of a European, mistakes the folds of the cloth for the offending substance, and strikes accordingly, while the man rarely gives the reptile an opportunity of repeating the experiment. Most sportsmen could relate stories which bear this out. For example, one (from whom we have the anecdote), returning home after a day's shooting on a spur of the Vindians, trod right on the middle of a large cobra, who banged its nose more than once against his leather leggings, with no other effect than that of liberally sprinkling them with venom. Had any of the bare-legged natives who followed him in Indian file been in advance of the party, there can be little doubt that a fatal accident would have occurred.

Natives, no doubt, run a very considerable risk of being bitten. In the year 1869, four hundred and eleven persons were reported to have died from snake bite in five districts of the Allahabad Division. It is remarkable that two hundred and thirty-eight of these were women or girls. As to the value of these figures, opinions are divided; and they may in many instances be overstated. The total deaths in Calcutta, however, caused by snake bite during the year are only given as six—a glaring instance of defective information, as it is notorious that deaths from this cause very frequently occur there. Regarding the necessity or utility of giving rewards for the destruction of snakes, we must differ in opinion from the commissioners; nor can we find any parallel between mole-catching at home and the extermination of snakes in India. In a single district of the Burdwan Division, over 4,000 rupees were paid away in rewards for snakes brought in between the months of May and December, there being very little doubt that

three-fourths of them were harmless. So long as the country within a radius of twenty miles of the capital of India affords a safe cover for rhinoceri and tigers, and the immediate suburbs of that city are overgrown with a rank and reeking vegetation for six months of the year, will it remain impossible to make any appreciable diminution in the numbers of its thanatophidiæ by any system of rewards we can devise; while the money given away might be better spent in many ways.

### An American Visitor.

WHAT has become of Dr. Newton? It is now some five years ago that we were present at a *séance* in Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, and the following is what we said and wrote, from notes taken at the time:—

A hale, hearty-looking, elderly man, grey of hair and beard, bright of eye, muscular, and with the veins standing out on his broad forehead as he hurries here and there amidst the seething crowd which press upon him. The head is excessive, and large beads of perspiration stand upon his bald head, stream down and drip from his beard, caused, he tells us, by the Divine influence passing from him, and that the effect would be the same were the thermometer at zero instead of at summer heat. But, all the same, Dr. Newton, our visitor from America, struggles on amidst the difficulties which assail him. For thronging in came, as it were, the incurables of every hospital in London—on crutches, with sticks, carried in, dragged in, were the poor creatures—blind, deaf, lame, paralyzed, rheumatic—believers in the doctor's power, from all parts, to pass in array before him for manipulation, at a rate which may be conceived by means of his announcement that had he room—a large building or a field—he could comfortably cure three or four thousand a day.

Were we able to drive from our minds the well-known scenes depicted by apostolic pens, they would be constantly brought back, for this new worker of so-called miracles largely adopts the Divine words, assuming to himself Divine influence, and announcing that again and again as the great means by which he acts for the good of those around. And that he does good is quite plain to all—imposture is, under the circumstances, impossible; but how far that good is transitory remains to be proved.

A child, sallow, large of head, and dwindled of limb, half-paralyzed, is pushed forward—her limbs are kneaded hastily and bent, the disease is adjured to depart from this little one for evermore, and then she is sternly ordered to stand up, to walk, to run; and after an effort these acts are performed, and the crowd in the gallery applaud loudly. Men advance on crutches, which are taken away; the doctor almost fiercely forces them down by his side upon their hams, compels them to rise, to walk about, and run; and again and again these acts are performed, though not at times without fearful contortions.

The deaf came in throngs to be touched—roughly, it seemed—the doctor pressing his fingers firmly upon the nerves or muscles surrounding the ears. Then he spoke to them gently, loudly ordered them to be cured; but the general result seemed to be *nil*, for there was a

melancholy shake of the head, a dull look took the place of that of abject faith, and the sufferers passed on through the thronging crowd. Then came the dumb, the deaf again; and then those were led forward who came with outstretched hands, and the piteous blank stare which proclaimed their unhappy fate—blindness. Old and young, their eyes were pressed, the nerves and muscles slightly manipulated, and they were told to see—that they were cured; and sometimes the pitiful look faded to give place to a smile. But in that surging crowd it was impossible to tell what was the benefit that had been imparted, how near sight had previously been paralyzed, and how, by the state of the nervous excitement into which the sufferer had been wrought, the sight was to some extent restored.

The faith in the doctor's power was at times almost pitiful, as exemplified by the struggles of those around to bring forward some helpless paralytic. In one corner of the hall of the *séance* there was quite a scene, as a poor, helpless creature was hauled and lifted about to get her past the barrier, till a chair was brought, and her painfully helpless body placed therein. A moment after, the doctor declared his inability to cure, and the words "Pass on" were uttered, as they had been in many another case—for the manipulator seemed to divine at a glance upon whom his influence could be brought to bear.

Then came a cessation for a short address, when, mounting a platform, the doctor spoke upon the love which was the spring and motive power of that which he was doing—frankly confessing his want of ability to restore limbs that had been lost, or deafness where the drum of the ear was gone. But the Divine influence by which he healed he was ready to impart to others. He spoke in strong terms of condemnation of the reports appearing in certain daily papers, calling them ignorant of purport and unfair.

And truly the acts of this exponent of a new doctrine are worthy of something more than ridicule. To call them miracles is as absurd as to announce that all is performed by Divine delegated authority; but all the same, the scene at Cambridge Hall is a strange psychological study. The power of mind upon mind and matter are strongly brought out; the doctor's influence over the young, and those suffering from nervous complaints, being astounding. However, some previous knowledge of each case, and also a further pursuit of that knowledge in the future of those who came looking upon him who commanded them to be cured as almost a prophet, is necessary before an opinion can be given.

Dr. Newton comes among us with no charlatanism of dress; but as, with sleeves turned up, loose blue jacket, and shirt open, he toils amongst those who ask his help, his aspect is anything but that of a man assuming the character of saint, or even professional teacher.

None but a spectator would have believed in the amount of simple, trusting faith amongst the lower classes exhibited here, as they cheered some presumably successful treatment. A few hisses were certainly at times heard, but full belief was the prevailing feeling; and ejaculations of wonder and delight, as some half-paralyzed cripple came tottering away, were plenteous.

Without disrespect to the doctor, one could not help recalling the sufferings of one Peter Simple from a

common malady at sea, and how one O'Brien cured him by means of a rope's-ending. Had we friends suffering from hypochondriasis, we should undoubtedly send them to Dr. Newton, and fully expect his strenuous will and energy of treatment to have the required effect. As it is, there is a chance for all—the doctor being announced to stay for a year, and his treatment is exclusively gratuitous.

And now comes the question—Is his power genuine? To a certain extent, decidedly yes. Divine quotations, and references to the healings of Christ, are, to say the least, out of place and in bad taste, though they may have great influence with the poor and ignorant. There is a certain Divine influence in every act performed for good; but these acts are not bettered by parade. What, then, may be asked, is this influence which Dr. Newton puts in operation? We are, as a people, rather too much given to thinking that we know everything, when, in scientific matters, we are but in our infancy. We have had Spiritualism, Mesmerism, and Electro-Biology. No thoughtful man will deny but that there is something in them; although what, he will hesitate to say. They have been so surrounded by charlatanism that it is hard to winnow the wheat from the chaff; but we assert freely, they are to some extent connected with the workings of this American healer—one and all the faint dawnings of some wondrous science, whose subtle working strongly affect the mind and nerves of the human being. At present we are groping in the dark.

Since then, the doctor seems to have vanished into obscurity, and not a word has been heard of his cases. It is fair, then, to repeat the question, What has become of Dr. Newton?

### Torn to Death.

THE Paris newspapers have been actively engaged lately in lionizing a certain Father Remy, who is said to have returned from Tibet, in which region he has made a number of conversions under certainly extraordinary circumstances. The story goes that he fell, as a missionary, under the suspicion of the local authorities, and that the *odium theologicum* reached the unpleasant climax of the luckless ecclesiastic being condemned to be *cartellé*, or quartered. An attempt was actually made to put the sentence into effect—*le Père Remy's* legs and arms being tied to four horses, which were straightway driven in different directions. But, it is added, the devoted missionary is a very powerful man, and the steeds, with all their strength, did not succeed in tearing him asunder. His persecutors, the story goes on to say, were so struck by his seemingly miraculous powers of endurance that they embraced the *quasi*-martyr, and were forthwith converted to Christianity. Of this tale it may be said—first, that it answers the Italian condition of being *ben trovato*; and next, that if it be an invention, it should have been written by a medical man, for only skilful anatomists know what a Herculean task it is to tear a living human body into quarters. Muscularity has nothing whatever to do with the resistance the human frame will offer to inordinate tension. It is a matter of thews and sinews—of gristle, in fact. It is very difficult to break a man's skull, unless, knowingly or unknowingly, the head be hit in precisely the proper place; but it is much more

difficult to rend him asunder bodily. In the days of torture prisoners might be racked day after day, and their limbs dislocated and rent time after time, but the frame of the tormented wretch still held good. As for quartering a sufferer by means of horses, there are two celebrated instances on historic record showing how hard it is to perform the diabolical operation. Ravail-lac, the assassin of Henri Quatre, was not a very powerful man. He had been so racked, thumb-screwed, booted, torn with red-hot pincers, and seethed with boiling oil and molten lead, that when he was tied to the quadrupeds he was a mere bag of bones, bruises, and gaping wounds. Yet his body resisted the tugging of the horses for forty-five minutes. A hundred and fifty years later, Damiens, the madman who just pricked Louis XV. with a penknife, was tortured in the same abominable manner as Ravail-lac had been. Then he was put to the horse ordeal; but nearly an hour elapsed, and the body of the miserable wretch yet held together. Then they lashed the horses savagely, to make them plunge the more fiercely; and the fine Court ladies in the gallery, specially erected for them to witness the show, cried, in their pretty *argot*, "O, les pauv' zevaux!" They pitied the scourged steeds; they did not pity the man whose body was slow to disintegrate. At length, a humane surgeon standing by persuaded the hangman to make deep cuts with a sharp knife at each of the culprit's joints, and then the horrible purpose was achieved easily enough. But, surely, they should be aware of the process of incision in Tibet!

### Waiters.

WE entertain a great respect for the Oberkellner of Continental hotels, or the "Herr Oberkellner," as he is not unfrequently styled by native guests. Of course there are incompetent men to be found among them—fussy and inexperienced; but, as a rule, the head waiter in a frequented hotel is an intelligent, well-educated man, and a strict disciplinarian. Some years ago, there was a head waiter at the famous Landsberg Hotel at Frankfurt—he may be there now, for aught we know—who, at a *table d'hôte* of sixty or eighty persons, placed everything upon the table himself. Half a dozen waiters brought in the dishes, and he ran along, arranging them upon the table with a skill and rapidity quite astonishing, taking them away again immediately after inspection to be handed round to the guests. Many Oberkellners, again, make a boast of allowing no other hands but their own to dress a salad, and deem it a point of honour to arrange every serviette on the table. He is certain to be a linguist, and often a very accomplished one, speaking three or four languages with the utmost ease and fluency. He anticipates wants whilst you are feebly endeavouring to express them, and helps you out of many a difficulty in grammar. "*Avey-voos*," asked an Englishman one day in our hearing at the Splügen Hotel, "*Avey-voos ce ving en bouteilles ploo petites?*" "Certainly, sir," replied the brisk Oberkellner, in perfect vernacular. "We keep it in pints and half-pints."—*Beauty Spots of the Continent*.

SOME husbands, though anything but sharp, are awfully shrewd.



## Things New and Old.

### A Clever Trick.

It is reported from Paris that two men have been going about with samples of untaxed brandy, which they mysteriously offered at a very low price to such persons as they thought likely to buy. If the sample and price were accepted—which they always were, say the police—they brought a fifty-litre cask, with all secrecy. The *cabaretier*, suspicious, of course, with such sellers, had full liberty to tap it where he pleased, and he did so. Each hole of the gimlet brought forth cognac equal to sample, the men received their price, and the *cabaretier*, in high delight, carried off the cask for bottling. All went well for the first few litres; then the run of brandy stopped. On shaking the cask a sound was heard of gurgling liquid, but nothing would come through the bung-hole. After much trial and tribulation, the secret was discovered. In the fifty-litre cask, a smaller one, holding forty-eight litres, was suspended, full of water. Only as much brandy had been provided as would fill the space between the barrels. These clever gentlemen took care not to make themselves too well known in one quarter, but the other day a victim spied them just delivering a cask, and they were taken red-handed.

### Le Sport.

A droll story comes from the city of Marseilles. The hero is a gentleman well known both there and in Paris. On his property near Marseilles he once had rabbits, which the innumerable poachers of the South have exterminated. There is now, as every one knows, a sincere, though uncultivated, admiration for field sports in France. This gentleman was quite ashamed to think that he could not offer even rabbit shooting to a friend on his estates. But the remedy was simple—the empty warrens could be restocked. Orders to this effect he sent from Paris, and a great quantity of coney were turned down. The season of the chase opened two or three days since, and a goodly show of guns M. — led out to harass his game. Girt with horns probably, and furnished with embroidered game-bags, the party approached the scene of action. To their mingled horror and delight, the rabbits sallied forth full gallop, greeting their executioners with joy, and came running up their gaitered legs. Never was there such a welcome; lops and half-lops, Dutch and Angora, bounded to meet the sportsmen, tumbling one across another in delight. The fact is that the *garde chasse* had bought tame rabbits, which he had been used to feed in that very spot.

### The Modern Amazons.

In all the Africans kingdoms, it is, perhaps, in Dahomey alone that a pure despotism may be said to exist. In Ashantee the army is the nation; but the King of Dahomey has a standing army, and women are his Prætorian guards.

Many African kings select from their numerous wives the most robust and ill-favoured as a female body-guard. Some King of Dahomey developed this institution, and organized regiments of amazons. These women are not merely ornamental household troops; Duncan (a Life-Guardsman) considered them better

soldiers than the men. Their drill is severe, their courage is undoubted, and their whole hearts and souls are devoted to their profession. They are called the king's wives, but may be defined as military nuns. It sometimes happens, however, that one of them is admitted to the harem; for a colonel recently became a mother.

The queens of the harem and the amazons are attended by eunuchs and dakolos, or handmaids. The machinery of the courts is complicated and complete. The chief executioner is the highest personage in the land. The present grand vizier was a common soldier, who was sent to prison for some offence, and raised to this office by the king—a fact which shows how great is the power of the monarch. All officials are appointed in pairs, each supervising and checking the other. No caboceer, or chief, is allowed to visit another in his house—they may only speak to one another in the street; and in their retinue are royal spies. The Governor of Whydah, the seaport, is forced to receive as wives ladies of the blood-royal, and they report on his proceedings to the king. Cowries, a kind of shell, form the circulating medium, and the king refuses to alter the currency.

"A man cannot hide cowries," he says; "and so I can tell what every one has."

It is very dangerous to become too rich in Dahomey. When a chief dies the king inherits his title and possessions; he sometimes confers the Umbrella and the Stool of the defunct on the lawful heir; but usually on a stranger, who is bound to support the family of the deceased. All marriageable girls are shown to the king, who sometimes takes them for his harem, sometimes for the Guards, sometimes appoints them a husband, sometimes gives them back to their parents. Taxes are levied in the market on goods exposed for sale. King Gezo used to keep a drunkard on rum, that his hideous aspect might deter the people from that vice; and the present king is a teetotaler.

In the old days of the slave trade the king used to live by the fruit of the spear. He still goes to war every April. Some of the prisoners are enslaved, or serve in the army; others are slain as a sacrifice. They are killed purely from the motives of virtue and filial affection, being sent to the Land of the Shades to wait upon the former king, or to bear him some message from his dutiful son.—*The African Sketch Book, by Winwood Reade.*

### The Newt.

The triton appears easily susceptible of excitement or alarm, sometimes manifested by the emission of a low, sharp cry, adding still more to its demerits in popular opinion. When keeping a good many of these newts in captivity, they appeared endowed with most remarkable powers of escaping from the large, deep pan especially arranged for their comfort, and I was often met by the announcement that one of the "things" had been found in some unwished-for locality; but the climax of disgust was reached when—having probably been roughly touched—one of the things "cried out," and, by its audible protests, quite secured its safety, nobody daring to meddle further with the uncanny creature, which was impounded under a basin for domestic safety, till less fearful fingers could be found to remove the inconvenience.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—MY WARD AND MY SISTER.

**I**T was in the beginning of September that I once more stood on the London pavement. The morning was bright—hot even—and Piccadilly looked its very best, as I went towards my old lodgings. The servant said that Mrs. Harwood was in, and I asked to see her. So I was ushered into the show parlour, and presently the motherly dame came in, and did not know me.

"I am sorry to say that the apartments are not vacant, sir," she said. "A gentleman from abroad is coming into them this very week."

"Uncle Jack!—Uncle Jack!" rang from the door.

And in two bounds Cerise was upon my breast, with her little arms tight round my neck, kissing me, and laughing. How she did laugh! The child's sudden action, and unrestrainable joy, beat me; and there came a lump into my throat, and water into my eyes, before I had time to swallow down my emotion.

"Bless the child!" cried Mrs. Harwood, "I do declare she is right, and Mr. Hamilton it is! Foreign parts and being thinner after your illness have altered you, sir; and my sight is not so young as it was, and my glasses in my pocket; and yet, I see now, it was stupid not to know, and me expecting you and all."

When Mrs. Harwood spoke of my illness, Cerise, who was sitting on my knee now, lifted her head, and looked in my face, which was thin and haggard enough, and all the more deplorable for the scar, still highly coloured, which would not be entirely hidden by my whiskers. She turned pale, put her hand to it, just said—

"Poor!"

And burst out crying.

The tear storm, like the laughter storm, soon passed away, and left a bright, natural, intelligent mind free to display itself.

"Of course I knew it was you. That was why I came into the room. Polly said a gentleman had come, and who else should it be?"

"Don't other gentlemen come to see Mrs. Harwood, and ask about the lodgings?"

"Yes; but I knew this one was you."

It seemed very wonderful to me then—it seems infinitely more wonderful to me now, when I have had so many years to think about it, and have seen so many other children, and been able to compare notes—that Cerise should have remembered me in this vivid fashion. Two years is a very long time to so young a child. She was eight when I left her, and now she was ten; and from eight to ten is a longer period than from twenty to thirty, let the laws of arithmetic say what they will. It is true that she had led a very retired life, hardly seeing any other children, and having Mrs. Harwood for her only intimate companion; also, that she first made my acquaintance under circumstances calculated to impress her imagination very strongly. But still, that she should have met me as if I had been away for a month only, was something quite abnormal, and struck me at the time with a sort of puzzled awe.

Mrs. Harwood was not at all surprised.

"She was always talking of you," she said. "I don't

believe there was an hour of the day but you were in her thoughts some part of it."

Of course Cerise was altered. She had changed from a baby into a fairy, and her mind had expanded yet more than her body. We went for a walk together in Hyde Park, and I thought I should never weary of her pretty talk. What a contrast to the conversations I had been taking part in for the last two years or more! It was like dragging oneself from a slough of blood and mire to plunge into a crystal rill. Ah, that afternoon and evening I got a glimpse of Heaven.

There was a mixture of pain and pleasure about my task of the next day, upon which I intended to go to Croydon and see Ellen. I had not written to her, fearing lest the feeling which had prevented her from applying to me in her distress should still actuate her, in which case she might move again to avoid me.

Cerise's face fell when she heard I was going away so soon.

"I want to take you down to Richmond, and show you my swan, you know," she said. "At least, it is not really my swan, because it's the Lord Mayor's; but he only comes down to see it once a year, and look at a mark on its beak to show it is his, and it comes to me to be fed. You mustn't treat me as the Lord Mayor does the swan, and only come to see me now and then; and you would know me without a scratch on my nose, wouldn't you?"

I assured her that no such sign was necessary, and that I would come back on the next day and be introduced to the bird in question; and would not go away at all without taking her with me, if I could possibly help it. And so she was pacified; for a more reasonable little creature never existed.

What an enjoyable, health-giving ride it was on the Croydon coach that bright, crisp, cheery autumn morning. What poetry of motion there was in the easy, elastic step of the horses, who seemed not to feel the weight they drew, and only required holding. How the dewdrops caught in the gossamer field cobwebs glittered in the sunlight. How happy and ruddy the village children were who, summoned by the lively horn, ran out to see us pass. How buxom the maidens who came shyly to the windows or the cottage doors on the same errand. And then the little episodes of the journey: the lively bustle and morning greetings when we stopped to change horses; the welcome of some passenger by the friends who had come to meet him in tax-cart or gig; the glimpse caught of sportsmen, gun on shoulder, advancing cautiously over stubble or through turnips, with Ponto and Rover careering before them. Suddenly the vibrating tail would grow rigid, a few cautious paces, and the dog turned to stone, head stretched forward, paw raised. Down came the gun into the left hand, and as the coach whirled on, one just saw the brown covey rise, and two puffs of smoke shoot towards it, and shortly afterwards a faint double report reached the ear. Before a quarter of the journey was over, I came to the conclusion that England was not only a better country to live in, but a prettier one to look at, than Spain.

When we got to Croydon, I left my bag at the inn where the coach stopped; and, having ordered my dinner and secured a bed, started off to Mrs. Neighbour's shop. It was not difficult to find, being the most conspicuous in the street, with a large glass frontage,

evidently quite new. One window was full of ladies' dresses, the other of bonnets. There was a carriage standing at the door, and I stayed till the ladies for whom it was waiting had come out and driven off, before I entered.

There were several shopwomen about, but Ellen was not amongst them; and my heart sank as I thought that perhaps she had left, and I had not found her after all. I asked for Mrs. Neighbour, and a kind-looking, elderly woman came forward, and owned the name.

"Is Mrs. Bruce still with you?" I asked.

She looked at me suspiciously, and hesitated before she replied in the affirmative.

"Can I see her?"

"She is upstairs, very busy; but if you particularly wish to speak with her, I will call her down."

"No," said I; "rather let me go up. I want to see her alone. I am a near relative, and have just returned from abroad, where I have been for a long time. We have not met since—since her troubles, and she might be overcome. Perhaps she may have mentioned my name to you—Hamilton?"

"No—never," said Mrs. Neighbour, in a more cordial tone. "Ellen is dreadfully shut up, and never will let out a word about her people. But I have always suspected that she was related to gentlefolks. I had better go and prepare her, had I not?"

I let her go first, but followed close behind, remaining on the landing while she entered a room, which I could see was littered with the mysterious materials of female dress. Presently I heard a sob, and went in. Ellen looked up at me, and then hid her face in her hands, crying bitterly. Mrs. Neighbour left us alone.

"Why, Ellen," said I, sitting down beside her, "what is the matter? You cannot think that I blame you for having been made the victim of a villainous trick. I hold you as pure as any woman on earth, and have come to ask you to live with me. Let me proclaim you as my sister, and look the world boldly in the face. I see nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh, I have been so unkind to you, so ungrateful!" she sobbed. "What must you have thought?"

"Thought?" said I. "Why, when I found that no man of the name you gave me in your letter had ever been employed in the house of business he said he belonged to, I concluded that you had fallen into the hands of a rascal, who would not let you communicate with me."

"Oh, that was the very truth," she cried. "And afterwards, when I found out what he was, I did not dare to come to you, or even to write. You had every reason to be angry with me. I wonder now, myself, how I could have believed all the tales I was told to prevent my letting you know where I was at first. I was infatuated, and I thought I owed him the duty of a wife. I fancied you would believe the worst of me. Besides, I did not want to make a quarrel."

"You wished to screen the scoundrel from punishment?"

"Yes, I suppose so—I don't know. I had loved him truly. But I certainly feared for you: had you come to harm, I should have felt like a murderess."

She cried, and talked herself calm, and then told me exactly how she was situated.

When the flattery and attention, which were at first

paid her, cooled into neglect, she felt very dull, having happily no child; and she had been glad to make friends with her landlady, and give her hints about the art of mantua-making. So that when the crash came, and Ellen recovered from her brain fever, through which the good soul nursed her like a mother, Mrs. Neighbour was glad to employ her, not only out of pity and indignation, but as a speculation. For, indeed, Ellen was very clever at her craft, and her apprenticeship at Madame Tourterelle's had put the final touches to her natural ability; so that the ladies round about wondered what Parisian spirit had alighted on the hitherto homely establishment. In the days before railways, Croydon was much farther from London than at present, and county dames and damsels were glad of a shop where they could get tricked out for a sudden *fête* without being made guys of; so that the business grew week by week. The county ball gave it such an impetus as alarmed poor Mrs. Neighbour, who found herself compelled to enlarge her premises and quadruple her staff, or else see fortune slip through her fingers. Ellen was of course the presiding genius of all this prosperity; she saw the customers, decided what would suit them, read up the fashion books, and kept the stitchers and cutters-out at work carrying out her ideas. Mrs. Neighbour was a widow, with an only son, a clerk in a brewery, hitherto supporting a wife and increasing family on a slender income; and she began to see her way to setting him up some day as a brewer himself, if she could only retain the services of this talented designer. But she feared lest she should be carried off. Tempting offers had already been made to Ellen by more than one London establishment that had missed the patronage of country customers, and inquired into the cause; and the anxious mother apprehended that one might come too good to refuse. Therefore, and being likewise a just woman, she executed the mistress-stroke of associating Ellen with her interests by taking her into partnership; and the latter, though her name did not appear in the business, was in reality part proprietor of all the glories above and below, and of a nice little balance at the local bank. She had long given up moping or fretting, visited with the tradesfolk and some of the farmers round about, and was happy and contented. Mrs. Neighbour, to her honour be it spoken, had never breathed a word of the painful circumstances of her case, and she passed for a widow, still retaining the name of Mrs. Bruce, by which she had become known. Indeed, Mrs. Neighbour at first really attributed Ellen's brain fever to the sudden news of her husband's death; and when she learned the truth, did not think fit to contradict her former statements—a piece of duplicity which I hope will be classified with Uncle Toby's impious ejaculation. Ellen always wore black, and the absence of weeds might well be considered a professional necessity.

When Ellen had told me all this, she wanted to know about myself; and I gave her an outline of what had passed in the five years since we had last met, and told her that I was intending to live in the country, and if she liked to come and keep house for me, I was ready to proclaim her as my sister. She had a relapse of self-reproach at this, and was very grateful; but gave good reasons for preferring to remain in her present position. It would be wrong to leave Mrs. Neighbour

in the lurch, after her kindness to her; she was happy as she was, and would feel uncomfortable with people above her proper sphere. If I really wanted her, she said, of course all such objections would be nothing; but if, as she supposed, it was only her own interests I was considering, she had rather stop at Croydon. I thought that she was right, and did not press the matter; and Mrs. Neighbour, whom we found in a rare state of nervous trepidation when our long interview was over, fearing that I was an emissary of ruin, come to bear away her gold-egg-laying hen, was much relieved on learning that the danger was past, and invited me to tea.

I returned to London next day, with a heart lighter than I could have believed possible a month before. There was only one shadow upon it now—Tempest still lived. If Ellen had escaped the precipice to the brink of which he had led her, it was no thanks to him. Claridge had gone to Worcestershire, but would be in London in less than a fortnight, and then he would arrange a meeting with the scoundrel; and I felt eager for the moment when I had him covered by my pistol.

Duelling was going fast out of fashion. Moralists had made the discovery that, though it was perfectly lawful for nations, which are bodies of men, to fight in a conglomerate quarrel, it was wicked for the individual units to settle their differences in a similar manner; as if the laws which regulate the ocean did not affect every drop of water. It also occurred to them, more logically, that it was an absurd thing to risk a physical injury, which is real, in defence of an imaginary quality such as honour; that the only possible reason why a man of sense should object to being considered a liar, a swindler, or a coward, was that such a reputation might prevent his earning, or receiving, or inheriting so much money; and therefore that a pecuniary compensation was what he ought to seek. That most ingenious of modern virtues, moral courage, had been invented; and indifference to the opinion and respect of our fellow-creatures was preached up as a noble sentiment.

But the old ideas of the existence of something superior to money and personal safety yet prevailed amongst gentlemen; and though petty exchanges of shots about absurd trifles had become obsolete, the honour of female relatives was still thought worth defending or avenging; and the seducer who had the "moral courage" to refuse a meeting would not have retained many friends or acquaintances of his own rank in life. I had no fear, therefore, that Tempest would show the feather. I felt certain of killing him. As for the contingency of being hit myself, it had never occurred to me—perhaps because I had lately become rather used to be fired at; but I rather think the real reason was that I retained something of the old superstition about single combat being an ordeal in which the champion of the right was under divine protection. Certainly, if ever a man deserved punishment, Tempest did.

It was rather late in the evening when I reached London, and Cerise was sitting up beyond her proper bed-time to greet me.

"I would not go to bed until I was sure you were safe, you know," she said; and going to the sideboard, poured me out a glass of sherry as a restorative before supper.

All anger, revenge, restlessness vanished as I took it from her deft little fingers.

## The Casual Observer.

### ON A CHEAP TRIP.

"AINT it hot?" "Ah, aint it?" In all sorts of tones—in all kinds of keys—repeated over and over again, when all the while the heat was self-evident, showing itself to such an extent that young and old wore the aspect of ice plants in the warm September sun. There is a beautiful arrangement in the glass roofs of our railway stations that prepares you well for a coming journey—treating you after the fashion of a choice exotic, and drawing you as it does the piping-voiced newsboys, who are prematurely old and forced.

Something of the heat, though, was due to the exertions of those who hurried in, ticket in hand, after a struggle with fellow-excursionists to reach the pigeon-hole of the ticket clerk, and then with the guard who nips the pieces out. "Where are yer a-shovin' to?" was asked frequently, but never answered in the great hurry; for every one arrived under the full impression that the train was just about to start, and costumes suffered accordingly. But those costumes! They needed to be seen to be appreciated; but it is only fair for the proper understanding of matters to say where we were going—so we will say it. For eight hours at the seaside, drawn thereto by the railway companies' advertisements and huge posters, in company with excursionists by the hundred.

Our friends here are going for the sake of the sea—we are going for the sake of our friends. Let's have a glance at them.

To begin with, there is your East-end swell. He makes a sensation here—a fluttering amongst the doves who are out for a holiday. His hat possesses a gloss that is perfectly wondrous. You could see yourself in it, would he condescend to stand still. His clothes are, for cut and style, perfectly lustrous, and an opinion is evidently afloat that he is either Moses or Son, till an opposition is started—a regular Sydenham fashion.

Muslins, bonnets, flowers, fichus, light boots, over which bulge thick and far from elegant ankles; gloves seen splitting over red, fat hands; while for parasols there is variety enough to charm the West-end. Great pains have evidently been taken with hair, to make it "sit" after the most approved fashion; but, really, it is not a success; for the internal fiction of padding will show through at a rate that is perfectly wholesale. Somehow, Mary Jane or Elizabeth's hair has been made too free of the pomatum pot, and will not fluff well; while whether the shininess of face proceeds from the said pomatum, from soap, or only from the heat, it is impossible to say. How "our young men," too, are got up. The preparation is great; but the whole of the eyes' attentions are concentrated upon the gorgeous ties and those Alpine hats, in which glisten the gay feathers of the pea-fowl.

But we have others here, beside maidens enjoying their holiday out; for in a profuse state, especially of excitement, there are mothers of families by the dozen, dressed and tightened in, and troubled terribly about the plethoric basket, which gets in everybody's way. "Our master" is there, too, with his coat full of creases, and his trousers displaying the repairs so largely made by "the missus."

The crowding to reach the carriages is tremendous;

but it is all good-tempered, and the only evils consequent are the lapse of a few gathers, the crumpling of a muslin or two, and the noisy fall of a glossy hat, which rolls from the platform beneath one of the carriages. But soon all are seated, old and young; baskets and umbrellas are disarmed—that is to say, they are placed beneath the seat or behind the sitters, and stayed from annoying fellow-passengers. There is the customary whistle, shriek, and gliding away of the train, and the passengers, packed thickly, send forth a lusty cheer, for it is holiday time with them.

There must have been imbibing going on before they reached the station, for there is something more than the redness of heat in some of these faces; heads seem to be aching, and there is a strong desire to lay them upon sympathising feminine shoulders—a desire liberally fulfilled; for it is quite the thing here for couples to publish their engagement to the whole carriage by arming a waist, and acting as mutual supports. But they seem very happy, and no one pays any heed; so the half-embrace goes on, and before long five or six swains are sleeping sweetly.

The brightness of the green fields, the glories of the hill and dale, or fine stretch after stretch of upland, where the reaping machine has been busy at work, seem to have but little effect here, save with such children as have been smuggled in—extras they, for they are beyond the complement. There is much to see on either side as the train emerges from some cutting, and rushes along the surface of an embankment; but people don't seem to care about seeing it, and the majority produce pipes and bottles enough to turn the place into a peripatetic public, at a time, too, when the carriage roof is hot and blistering beneath the sun.

As the time as well as the train speeds on, jokes are cut, and then passed from one to the other; the bottles grow lower, and longing eyes are cast at the baskets, but they are untouched. Swain number one wakes up, lifts his head from the shoulders of his fair, and, in response to queries, vows and declares that he was never better in his life; insists upon it to such an extent that, in spite of corroboration from swains two or three, also awakening from sleep—stolid, heavy of eye, and gaping of mouth—one can't help seeing that the noodle has saddled, or rather crowned, himself with a bilious headache that shall last him for the rest of the day.

Hotter and hotter, but this is true enjoyment: there is smoke enough to saturate every garment, so that no eight hours of sea breeze will force it out; and now that some of the sleep is banished, we begin to grow funny. One young gentleman—a wit, of course—draws out a pink tissue paper feather, which he pins in his hat, amidst a great deal of tittering from female friends, one of whom declares that she “Really never see anything like him.” Then the mounting of the paper brings forth declarations from different parts of the carriage that “I’ll have your feather!” “I’ll have your chignon,” &c., &c.—all of which produce roars of laughter, evidently from some concealed fun, not perceptible to an ignorant mind.

Hot still! but there is now and then a faint puff of air, that one could almost fancy tasted salt. The dense tobacco cloud, and the odour of the cheap Vesuvians, become less painful; there is a disposition to “shake oneself together,” and gentlemen brush their hats, in-

clusive of one who has worn a red handkerchief, tied at the corners, down from town. Young ladies declare that their muslins are “quite a sight”—which is a fact; and then exchange delicate attentions, sticking pins here, adjusting hooks there, and altering the sit of floral fuzzworks, which are evidently worn under the impression that they are bonnets.

A long train this, containing some hundreds bound for a pleasurable day; and plenty, no doubt, will thoroughly enjoy the breaking wave, the pleasant sand, and the far sea view; but by the score you may number those whose seaside trip will be to some public-house, from which they will return sodden and wretched, but of course declaring that they never felt better in their lives; for there are some strange constituents go to make up the freight of an excursion train.

### Putting Down the Windows.

THIS is a season of the year when a man may expect to be suddenly called at any moment in the night to get up and put down the windows. On the advent of a thunder shower, it is rarely that a man wakes first. If he should, he keeps quiet, so as not to disturb his wife, and avails himself of the first lull to go to sleep again. How differently a woman acts—oh, so differently! Just as soon as she wakes up and hears that it is raining, she seems to lose all judgment at once. She plants both of her feet into her husband's back, at the same time catching him by the hair and shaking his head, and hysterically screams—

“Get up! get up quick! It's pouring right down in torrents, and all the windows are up!”

He cannot wake up under such circumstances with an immediately clear conception of the case; in fact, it frequently happens that he is halfway out on the floor before his eyes are fairly open, having but one idea really at work, and that as to what he is doing out of bed. The first thing to do is to strike a light, and while he is moving around for the matches, and swearing that some one has broken into the house and moved them from where he laid them on going to bed (which is always plausible enough), she hurls after him the following tonics:—

“Do hurry! Mercy, how that rain is coming right into those windows! We won't have a carpet left if you don't move faster. What on earth are you doing all this time? Can't find the matches? Mercy sake, you aint going to stumble round here looking for matches, are you, when the water is drowning us out? Go without a light. What a man you are! I might have better got up in the first place. Well!” (despairingly) “let the things go to ruin if you are a mind to. I've said all I'm going to, an' I don't care if the whole house goes to smash. You always would have your own way, an' I suppose you always will, and now you can do as you please; but don't you dare to open your mouth to me when the ruin's done. I've talked an' talked till I'm tired to death, and I sha'n't talk any more. We never could keep anything decent, and we never can; an' so that's the end of it.” [A very brief pause.] “John Henry, are you or are you not going to shut down those windows?”

Just then he finds the matches, and breaks the discourse by striking a light. He was bound to have that

help before he moved out of the room. He has got the lamp lighted now. No sooner does its glare fill the room than he immediately blows it out again, for obvious reasons. He had forgotten the windows were open. It almost causes him to shiver when he thinks of his narrow escape. He moves out into the other room with celerity now. He knows pretty well the direction to go; and when a flash of lightning comes it shows him on the verge of climbing over a stool or across the centre table. If there is a rocking-chair in the house he will strike it. A rocking-chair is much surer in its aim than a streak of lightning. It never misses, and it never hits a man in but one spot, and that is just at the base of his shin. We have fallen against more than eight hundred rockers of all patterns and prices, and always received the first blow in the one place. We have been with dying people, and have heard them affirm, in the solemn hush of that last hour, that a rocking-chair always hits a man on the shin first. And when a man gets up in the dead of night to shut down windows, he never misses the rocking-chair. It is the rear end of one of the rockers which catches him. It is a dreadful agony. But he rarely cries out. He knows his audience too well. A woman never falls over a rocking-chair, and she never will understand why a man does. But she can tell whether he has, by the way he puts down the windows when he finally reaches them. A rocking-chair window (if we may be allowed the term) can be heard three times as far as any other.—*Danebury News*.

### Sham Wines.

IN the district of Nèuwied things have come to a sorry pass indeed. The evil has been imported by wine dealers from abroad, who come in numbers every autumn, and, whether the vintage promises well or ill, buy up the growing grapes, and make from them five or six times the quantity of wine which the press of an honest vintner would produce.

The reader will ask, How is that possible? Here is the explanation:—

During the vintage, at night, when the moon has gone down, boats glide over the Rhine freighted with a soapy substance, manufactured from potatoes, and called by its owners sugar. This stuff is thrown into the vats containing the *must*, water is introduced from pumps and wells, or, in case of need, from Father Rhine himself. When the brewage has fermented sufficiently, it is strained and laid away. The lees are similarly treated three, four, or five times over. When the dregs are so exhausted that further natural fermentation has become impossible, chemical ferments and artificial heat are applied. This cooking, or stewing, is continued often until midwinter, producing wines of every description, for the consumption of every class. The noble fluid is sent away by land and water to its places of destination; and the dealers are seen no more until the next vintage season. Their business lies in the most distant parts to which the beverage can be carried, where, of course, there is no end to their praises of its purity, its sources, and of the rustic simplicity of its producers.

The example thus set by strangers has been only

too closely followed at home. The nuisance is largely on the increase, and the honest vintner is the greatest sufferer. He rarely succeeds in selling his entire vintage at once, partly because the quantity of grapes required by these manufacturers is constantly diminishing, and partly because the practices described have driven away desirable purchasers from the localities. It benefits none but the professional adulterators and the poorest class of small growers, who are indebted to it for a sure market for their small and inferior crops. Some grapes are still required for the fabrication of wine, although an infinitely small quantity is sufficient.—*The Wines of the World*.

### An Army of Ants.

IN an open Caribi house I was sitting one afternoon reading, being quite alone, for we had found no inhabitants there, and I had sent my Arawák crew in various directions to search for them. A sharp bite caused me to look at the assailant. It was a "yakman" which had given my ankle a nip, just to see what it was made of. A score of his comrades were running up my legs, and I had to hasten out of the house—which was by that time alive with them—and brush them off. This was effected with little damage, and I had then a fine opportunity of observing the tactics of this predatory horde. One immense column came through the forest, marching along the ground, and winding its way round the roots of the trees. The captains, whose heads and forceps are twice as big as those of the rank and file, were marching at intervals alongside the column, and directing their operations. Just as the column approached the house, it divided into three; one came round on the right flank, another on the left, while the main attack—which had driven me out—was from the centre. No insect without wings could escape them. Even those able to fly, as the great South American cockroach, seemed paralyzed with fear, and, trying to hide themselves, were caught under the troolie thatch. Down they fell, covered with ants; and hundreds more on the ground threw themselves upon them, until they were completely hidden by a living mass. Resistance ceased, and the work of cutting up and dragging off commenced. In two hours the ants had cleared out the whole building. It was then about four o'clock, when, as if by some recognized signal, they gathered again into three columns, falling by the same routes into one main body, which continued its long winding march through the woods. When they rest for the night, they cling together in an immense cluster. I have seen them in the corner of a room where I had to sleep, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and from one to two feet thick. In the midst of these living masses are their eggs, or pupæ, which they most carefully guard from the cold and damp, and which are hatched there.—*Mission Life*.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

How is it the sexes have each an odd way—

A decidedly curious knack—

That the men won't look forward beyond the to-day,

And the women they will not look back?



## The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

### CHAPTER XI.

LONG before Grace and her father had crossed the mountains, Parson Dale had finished his church, and had instituted weekly services and a daily prayer meeting, which, though not well attended, were sometimes patronized even by the wildest spirits in camp.

Josh Holden said "it was as good as a play, but was of no sort of use except for women. Praying and groaning wasn't in his line, ne'er a time. Pity such a man should waste his time on them tricks, when he could make a fortune in no time with them white hands of his'n."

He even offered to return Dale to the State Assembly, saying, "there'd be one honest one there if he went."

Dale did not, however, confine himself to preaching in the church. He went about from house to house, helping the people with his hands or his advice; and if, after he had been helping to raise a house, some one said, "Preacher, give us a little prayer," his heart was glad, and he did not weary them.

They liked him because they saw that he worshipped something beyond the almighty dollar, and that he loved them, seeing deep into their simple natures, spite of their sins. Finding out good where others saw nought but evil, he nurtured that little good seed until it became a great tree, killing the rank weeds that otherwise would have strangled it.

I need not say that such a man visited the sick; and were they in want, he would beg for them through every gambling-house in the place—that is, if demanding money could be called begging.

It had been a very hot spring, and the ground was parched, so that there was little water in Sullivan's Creek, and the wooden houses in town were as dry as tinder, when one day there arose a cry of fire (who, that was there, does not remember it?). The houses burned like matches, and all hope of saving the place was soon at an end. The inhabitants had dragged out what they could into the street, which was filled with a furious, blaspheming crowd, driven back as they were by the fire. It had almost reached Holden's saloon, from which that worthy emerged—he was a terrible loser by the fire—with his hat in one hand and a loaded revolver in the other, waving the former, and firing the latter in the air, to attract the attention of the vast crowd.

He shouted—

"Boys, Sonora's gone. It's no use, we can't help it. Who'll volunteer to save that darn'd preacher's church?"

Then might have been heard a shout, as almost the whole population rushed wildly down the street, which by this time extended far beyond the church, and down which the fire was sweeping rapidly; and but for this timely interference, the church would have soon been consumed with the houses.

I think I see them now, as I saw them then, astride the roof, and almost covering the church—men busily wetting the church all over by the aid of buckets of water, handed up from below by willing hands; while

others tore down the neighbouring houses, to prevent the too near approach of the flames. Where, in any civilized land, would you find men abandon their goods to save the church? Or perchance some may think this Californian yarn incredible. Parson Dale, I ask you if it is not true. I saw you, as you looked up to us in thankfulness—though perhaps looking still higher than I imagined—and I don't believe you heard us swear, ne'er a time, though we did some tall work of that kind when the fire began to scorch us.

It was no joke, sitting on that roof when the forked flames came licking through the hot air. Many slid down—bucket, dipper, and all; but no sooner did one drop than another was up with a wet blanket—perhaps the only bed he had—or a bucket of water, in his turn to come tumbling down, to be replaced by some one else who had had a dip in the creek.

Oh, Seth Sturgess, how you did discourse when the flames took to your beard and hair!—and sadly would you have been burned, had I not wrapped your red poll in a blanket, as you fell from the roof. I guess you pretty nearly exhausted your vocabulary that time, before you got into the creek, and cooled yourself. You evidently had quite forgotten your resolve and promise to Parson Dale to say "Dog gon!" instead of the other thing; though I must say I do not think you were quite responsible for your actions, much less for your words, at that time, old man.

Next day, the church became a home for the women and children, and a depository for money and valuable goods, books, &c., until the town was built again, which was not more than a month. During that time, Parson Dale had his meetings in the open air, and very well they were attended—when the boys had nothing else to do.

Seth Sturgess, who originally looked like a Maypole with a bush on the top, now appeared like a bare pole—everybody laughed at him.

"Swinged in the cause of duty and religion," said Holden.

"A hinfant patriarch," said Sydney Smith, as they called him, though his right name was Smith, from the Australian colonies—to which Seth good-humouredly replied with a champagne bottle, which, striking the joker fairly between the eyes, prevented effectually any reply from his revolver, turning the laugh against the convict, who, for some time afterwards, could not see his way clearly to another pun on Seth.

### CHAPTER XII.

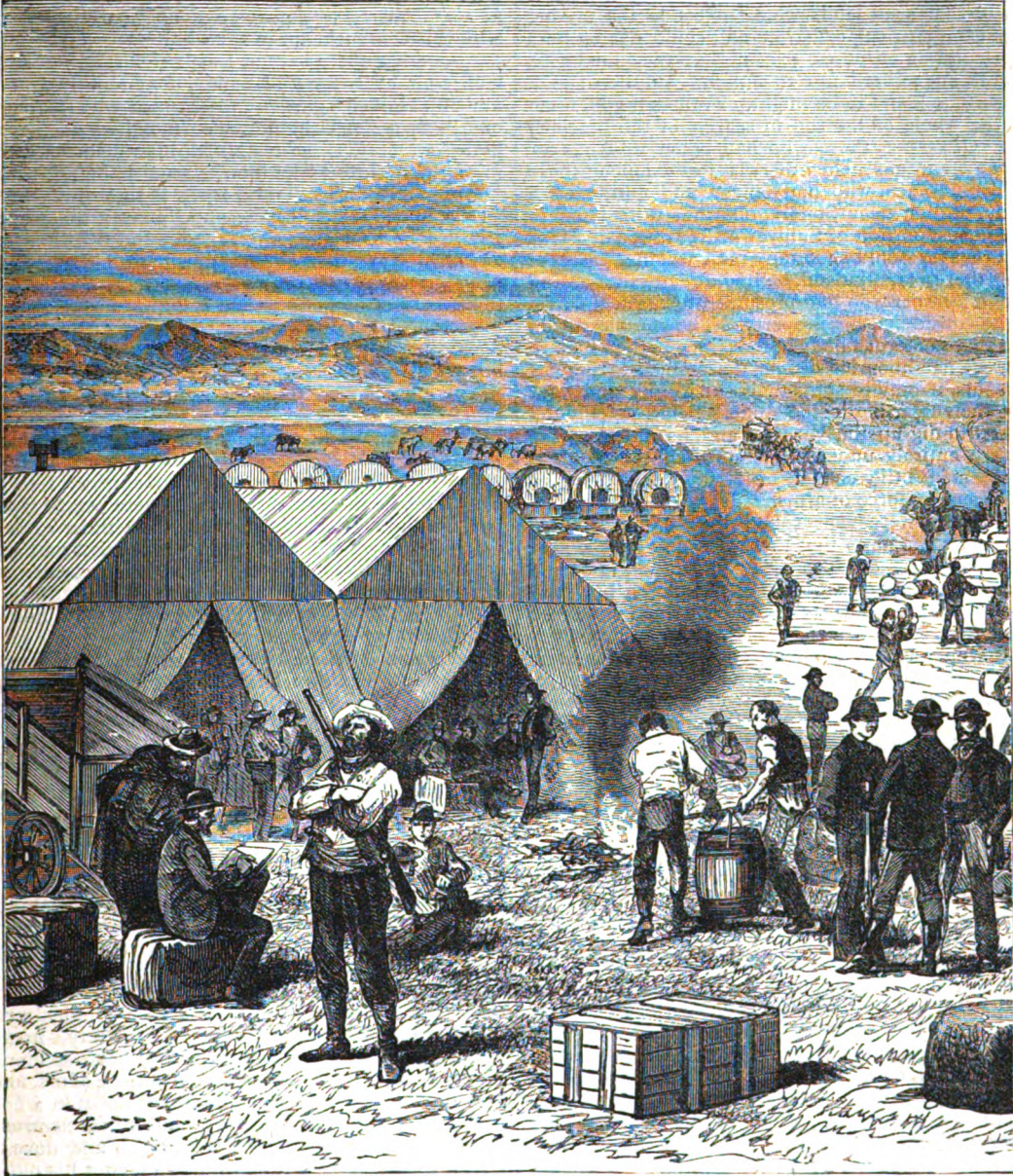
ABOUT this time, Parson Dale thought much of Grace, wondering why he had not heard in reply to his letters to Mr. Emus, and prognosticating no good from his silence.

"Can he, too, have lost faith in me?" he said, and at the thought his heart felt sad.

Could he have seen to the summit of the Sierras, he would have looked upon a very dirty, smeary face that would have reminded him very much of his lady-love, ignorant of the fact that she was coming to meet him. How often do we give way to despair when happiness is coming down the trail as fast as she can—rushing to meet us? So it was with Dale, though he bore up bravely, knowing that he was doing his duty; indeed, even had Grace advised him to go home, I question if he would have left until he had fulfilled his mission.

At this time a storm—I may say a hurricane—was brewing in the political horizon of Sonora, which caused him as much anxiety as the want of news from home. The gamblers had always ruled supreme in the coun-

any citizen of a free country. The gamblers had also declared that they were the only gentlemen, where all considered themselves of rank. Some were called major, some colonel and captain; though I never knew



THE WESTERN CITY.

try, carrying the elections with a high hand, and that hand armed with a knife. Several miners had been prevented from going to the poll who had intended to vote against their candidate—a thing which would rile

any one lower than that or higher than a general. It is obvious, then, that they were all gentlemen. These titles, I may say, were seldom used when the individual's name was known.

Disputes between miners and gamblers were of frequent occurrence, until at length they culminated into actual war, the pretext for which was as follows:—The rights of property never having been defined by the United States Government, so far as regarded the surface of the lands which contained precious metals, it was held that such lands were subject to the mining laws of each particular district, and could not be held for agricultural purposes, except that they might be kept until any miner chose to sink for gold there; and, supposing he found it, he might, or others might, wash away the whole of the soil in search of the precious metal. Of course, those who had taken up lands for farms and gardens held otherwise; and among these was Josh Holden, who had fenced and cultivated a beautiful garden near Sonora, on what turned out to be the richest portion of Sullivan's Creek. He declared openly that he would shoot any man whom he caught mining there; and, indeed, he had already shot at and wounded a miner who had presumed to dig a hole on what he considered his property. The gamblers, who were a very numerous body at that time, both in Sonora and in the neighbouring towns, determined to support him in this, if only to show their superiority and right to rule the vulgar herd—the miners being equally determined to dig up the garden; and, as the courts of law were entirely under the control of the rowdies, there seemed little chance of settling this disputed point except by force of arms.

Messengers were sent round the country by the miners, with the news that there was going to be held a miners' meeting on such a day in Sonora, to decide the question; and, as the mining population had long suffered from the insolence of the gentlemen who lived on their wits, scarcely a man was left for twenty miles around who was not on hand on the day appointed. If it were not for this faculty of uniting together to redress wrong, that seems inherent in the frontiersmen, there would be no possibility of living on the confines of civilization—the rowdies would exterminate every individual. It is wonderful how quietly the scattered population act, and how well they act in concert, when called upon to punish some crime which has been committed.

In this case, the very chance of a free fight would have brought together a strong force; and when was added to this the fact that, if this point of law were given them, any one might take up 160 acres of mineral land for farming purposes, and prevent mining, it became a question of almost life and death.

The meeting was held on a flat piece of land, close to the garden in question; and a more curious assembly never met. Here a number of western men, tall and lanky, with their large rifles over their shoulders and knives in their belts, are talking to Seth Sturgess of the prospects of a fight. Dressed as they were, in homespun shirts and trousers, you might imagine them just starting on the war-path, as they had been accustomed to do from childhood, bred as they had been among Indians. They rejoiced in a fight, the sight of blood having been always familiar to them; some of them could even boast that they had killed Indians before they were in their teens; even their mothers could handle a rifle in case of necessity. These, therefore, were terrible foes in a fight. Having no fear of death, or anxiety about the future, they would fight to the

last gasp quietly in the woods, as though the world was looking on at them. Of course, they formed the greater proportion of the miners' army; for with the exception of a few, the English, French, and Germans were not good shots, though the English and French were armed with a weapon which proved very effective at close quarters—namely, a double-barrel shot gun, with thirteen buckshot in each barrel.

Altogether, there were at least a thousand well-armed men who, by a show of hands, unanimously voted to mine up Holden's garden; after which vote there arose one Pike, a noted hunter, who mounted on the temporary structure of casks and boards which served as a platform, and thus "let himself out," as he termed it.

"Boys, we ain't derved fools, if they think we be. I've been in Mexico, I have, and I know a thing or two, I do. I know we be goin' to fight, and fight hard, this day for freedom from a parcel of white Injuns, who never play 'out they euchre us, you bet. Now, I know a thing or two; and one on 'em is that Josh Holden, with a couple of hundred of his gambling cusses, will be down here in less nor two hours, so that if any of you boys is afeard, let him go hum now."

Then he looked round, but as no one stirred, he said—

"Some on us has been used to fight Injuns, and knows the use of a stick of timber—one man on the inside of a log is as good as two outside, I reckon. Therefore, let us lay out a few logs here before Holden and the boys comes down. I know a thing or two, I do, and I say, boys, mind you 'get the pull on them—spot 'em just about the middle; an' when Holden, says he, 'Make ready,' put it to them sharp, then dodge an' load—don't break cover till they run. Seth Sturgess knows a thing or two about Injuns, though his grandfather was a down-easter, an' I purpose Seth does the palavering. Let him head us in the course of duty which is on the squar', an' open to us free an' independent' citizens."

Seth Sturgess took the lead without putting it to the vote, and so disposed his troops that he managed to hide about half of them, while the other half pretended to be digging in the garden.

"Now, boys," said he, "mind what Pike told you—fire at the middle; an' you as never drew a man before, fire at the legs. Don't wait to draw a bead, but fire quick when I raise my hand. Pike knows a thing or two; he knows Holden's been in Mexico. He's a soldier like me an' others, he is; but he warn't in the Rangers ne'er a time. And now, boys, if you catches any skunk a-going off to inform, plug him."

They had not long to wait, for Josh Holden's gamblers were well armed, and ready for the fray—many of them, including their leader, having been soldiers in the Mexican war. Knowing the advantage of discipline, they determined to march the forces down in a body; and, to this end, many of them had drilled themselves into some sort of step, by marching up and down the street, with a drum beating time. Placing his old soldiers in the first and second ranks, Holden managed to form something that looked very like a black-coated regiment of soldiers, and placing himself in front of them, he said—

"Boys, to-day we must conquer, or for ever hold our peace before them low varmints down there; so when I says 'Fire!' give it 'em hot—no flinching.



Show your blood. Them as aint up to shooting had better stay at hum, and play 'seven up,' or get the coffins ready. We've got right on our side, boys, if any of you is afeard; and we've got law on our side, though that matters less, we being the natural rulers of the country. If a man aint right to defend his own garden (rom a parcel of foreigners and sich like, I'd like to know what a free and independent citizen of the United States means. So them as elects to fight, follow me, and fire when I fire, and run when Josh Holden runs," he said, laughing pleasantly. "March!"

And away they went, in very good order, with smiling though determined faces, laughing and cracking their jokes as if they were going to a fair. There were not less than two hundred gamblers, armed with rifles, revolvers, or pistols and boc-knives, marching quickly down upon the miners, who were digging in the garden, or standing about leaning on their rifles; but no sooner did the latter see them coming than they too assembled, with Seth Sturgess at their head, with rifle ready cocked in his hand.

Some reader will perhaps say, Where were the authorities, why did not they interfere? I can only say that this was an assembly of kings. There was at that time no government and no governors in Sonora, except such officials as were elected by the gamblers, and were now in their army. Every one did pretty much as he liked, provided he did not mind being shot or hung; and even their minister, Mr. Dale, could do nothing with them when their blood was up.

Holden was surprised to see so few men opposed to him, and his lips became white with fury when he saw that there was much timber cut down, and a trench of earthwork dug almost through the centre of the garden.

Halting within twenty steps of Seth Sturgess, and fixing his eyes on that individual, he cried—

"Make ready!"

And of course was about to say "present and fire," hoping to get in the first volley; but at the word "Make ready," Seth Sturgess, who had retained near him all the miners who had shot-guns—having placed those who had rifles on the flanks in ambush—raised his hand, and before Holden could give the word, a volley was poured in amongst the Blackcoats from all sides; the shot-guns in front, loaded as they were with buck-shot, mowing down the front rank, together with their leader, at the first discharge. Holden, though mortally wounded, was quickly on his feet, shouting to his men, and with the first discharge of his revolver brought down the leader of the opposite party. The gamblers, terrified as they had been by the volley they had received, returned the fire of the miners so wildly as to be of little use in checking the second barrel from the shot-guns, which completely put to flight those who could run.

"Hang them! hang them all!" was the cry, as their assailants from all sides rushed upon them.

Terror-stricken and in utter confusion, their leader gone, and knowing that a just retribution without hope of mercy was behind, and not knowing where else to take refuge, the whole of the gamblers who had escaped broke wildly into the church, where they disturbed Parson Dale, who, with many tears, had been all the morning invoking Heaven's interference to stay the angry passions of his congregation.

And now a fierce fight raged about the door of the

very sanctuary itself, and bullets came pretty thickly through the wooden walls of the church, wounding some of the gamblers, who to the number of more than a hundred had taken refuge there.

Roused suddenly from his prayers, Parson Dale, in some bewilderment, let his eyes wander from one to another of the faces around him, until they rested on one hairy countenance which he thought he must have known elsewhere.

"He is very like Tekel Bourbon," he thought. "Yet that ruffian can't be the sleek, well-shaven man I knew in Massachusetts."

Just at this moment the man, who had hitherto been looking too much after his own safety, caught the eye of the preacher fixed upon him; and although he turned away quickly, Dale was still more convinced that the cause of all his trouble was before him. But he had no time then to act; for now, in addition to the cries of "Hang them" which resounded on all sides, came a shout of—

"Burn down the church! Roast them all!" from the miners outside, which roused the spirit of the preacher in defence of his place.

### Mr. Irving's Macbeth.

THE Lyceum has not often been the scene of so much excitement and interest as was evinced by the eager audience who crowded it on the Macbeth night, and rendered it, in their good-humoured, noisy demonstrations, the very counterpart of Drury Lane on a Boxing Night. Every seat was occupied, and even standing room could not be found. Literature and art were most largely represented, and, in the midst of a noise that had made Mr. Stoepel's overture to *Macbeth* perfectly inaudible—placed as the orchestra now is under the drop—the curtain rose upon the first scene of the great Shakspearean tragedy. The effect was almost magical; for, in obedience to a single cry of "Order," the house became perfectly hushed, and rapt attention, which was continued throughout the representation, gave evidence of the interest with which the revival was received. To give due effect to the great dramatist's work, it is evident that Mr. Irving, under whose personal superintendence *Macbeth* has been produced, has studied the drama, in connection with its mounting, most carefully; and for scenic effect, artistic arrangements, and historical accuracy of costume, Shakspeare has, probably, never been more worthily presented to the public.

To take first the scenery of Messrs. Hawes Craven and H. Cuthbert. It is all that could be desired, aided as it is by clever mechanical effects and manipulations of light and shade. The curtain rises upon a scene of gloom, through which, dimly seen in a group, are the weird forms of the three witches, which are further revealed from time to time by the admirably contrived lightning. The gloom and mist then pass away, to reveal the desert heath, hardly lit by the blood-red setting sun. And following these scenes there are representations of the Palace at Forres, Macbeth's Castle, and the banquetting hall—perfect throughout in their heavy, massive appearance, as well as in the semi-barbaric nature of the fittings. Next in prominence is the scene of the Witches' Cave—"the Pit of Acheron"

—where the painter's brush has again been most successful in the representation of the rugged cavern lit by a watery moon. The other scenes, without being too prominent, are also most effective; and the rapid changes of site in the last act are got over by the scenery taking the form of a panorama passing from right to left of the audience. In the way of costume, the revival may also be said to be perfect.

We are no longer called upon to see Macbeth display his infirmity of purpose in a brocade coat, vest with salt-box pockets, and a full-bottomed wig, *à la* Garrick; but we look upon people who might be figuring upon the stage of life at the time when the Norsemen ravaged the land. Macbeth and his followers appear before us in chain armour, cross-gartered legs, and conical helmets of the period, that of their leader being steel-winged. Their cross-pieced short spears are accurate, as shown in old collections, and the claymore, so well known in representations of this tragedy, properly gives place to the cross-hilted Saxon or Scandinavian sword. This attention to *minutiae* is admirably carried out through the drama, where, in his changes of dress, Mr. Irving appears in turn in the loose grey flowing garb of home; in a most artistic white tunic; in the scarlet robe as king, crowned with a circlet evidently taken from some ancient stained-glass window; and lastly, in chain mail, gilded like the target with which he confronts Macduff. There is probably warrant for the dresses of the female characters; but, saving those adopted by Lady Macbeth, they are open to question, and improvement is certainly possible. Lady Macbeth's dresses were admirable in their simplicity, but showed a marked absence of colour. Her night-dress, however, in the sleep-walking scene made her unnecessarily ghastly. Lastly, the arrangements in connection with the supernumeraries—the guests, soldiery, &c., should be mentioned. All this part is admirable, and the dress groupings are worthy of every praise, though one great improvement might be made at the time when the retributive army is on the march, and the branch-bearing soldiery make their appearance. At the Lyceum the men bear withered boughs that look like linden, when most probably Birnam Wood was of Scotch firs, whose branches, in their evergreen nature, would look far better on the stage. We commend it to Mr. Irving's notice.

The piece is well cast; but in a tragedy like this all the characters are subsidiary to those of the guilty usurper and his wife, who more than ever on the opening night were the points upon which critical notice was directed. There seemed, however, to be an evenness in the acting of the minor characters not always attainable under similar circumstances. If any one deserves especial praise amongst the lesser lights of the piece, it is Mr. Forrester, for his thorough appreciation of the part of the short-lived Banquo; though the violet-blue spectre that represents him at the banquet might be advantageously changed. Mr. Brooke, who made a very agreeable impression lately as Bassanio, at the Prince of Wales's, was youthful and natural as Malcolm; and Mr. T. Swinbourne was careful and dramatic in his part as Macduff—nothing more, for there was a want of fire and pathos in his principal scenes. The other subordinate characters may be dismissed at once, as being able, and thoroughly carrying out their respective parts.

There still remain, though, the Witches, as represented by Mr. Mead, Mr. Archer, and Mrs. Huntley. Here, too, the management must be highly complimented on their success. In former representations of the Witch scenes, the grotesque has predominated over the weird. It was not so here. There was a misty cloud of beings occupying the half-way land between the upper and the nether regions about the Lyceum three; and both in their meeting with Macbeth, and in the cauldron scene, they gave certainly, in words and action, due effect to the poet's ideas.

Considerable alterations have been made in the regular acting edition of *Macbeth*; and if Shakspeare is to be given as Shakspeare, of course these are for the better. For instance, in Act III., two scenes are omitted, with the incantations and witch music of Matthew Locke. The second scene in the first act, with the character of the bleeding soldier, is also left out; and while in various places there are omissions, these are more than made up for by effective interpolations. Of other changes, such as bringing back a scene from the fifth into the fourth act, evidently to aid mechanical arrangements, and to produce effect, it is hardly necessary to speak, when it is plainly evident that, from beginning to end, the intention has been to give a careful, scholarly, and, at the same time, thoroughly attractive representation of one of the most popular tragedies of our great dramatist. This has been done; and, in spite of the failings yet to be chronicled, there is every probability that Macbeth, when somewhat toned, will prove a great pecuniary success for the management of this popular house; for that there were failings in it must be owned.

We have purposely deferred noticing the two important parts of the tragedy, until the various features of the revival had been fairly introduced; and now we turn to the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth of Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman. *Place aux dames*. Those who have seen Miss Bateman (who appeared after a two years' absence from the stage) in the characters of Leah and Medea will thoroughly apprehend her style, which possesses but little variation. It is marked by a monotony of utterance, from which she rises at a step, as it were, to bursts of passion. The part had evidently been most carefully studied, and the lady was most perfect in her delivery of the lines; but her representation of the ambitious woman, ready to trample down all, and wade through blood, was wanting in power. There was more spiteful passion in the character than firmness; the best part by far being in the banquet scene, where, troubled and alarmed lest in his mad horror her lord shall utter some condemnatory words, she expostulates with him, and finally adjures the guests to depart. There was an absence of dignity, too, in the impersonation; while in the famous sleep-walking scene, which has been seized upon by our greatest actresses as the principal part of the tragedy, Miss Bateman was simply cold, rendering the remorse-stricken woman weird in manner as in dress.

We now come to Mr. Irving, whose appearance was greeted with deafening and prolonged applause, repeated again and again; while, in addition, he was called on at the end of every act, and called and recalled at the fall of the curtain—and deservedly so, for

he gave to the audience a thoroughly vivid picture of the ambitious usurper. In voice, gesture, and every movement, it was evident that the actor was living in his part—that there was no Mr. Irving present; but that, body and spirit, with all the force of his nervous nature, he had thrown himself into the character; and, for the time he was before the audience, he was the living embodiment of Macbeth. It was the returning chieftain who addressed the Witches; who, filled with ambition by their prophecy, was aiming at monarchy before fate dealt so unkindly with him as to make him listen to his wife's promptings, and to throw Duncan in his way. It was Macbeth who committed the murder; sat uneasily on his throne; planned more assassinations to ensure his safety; was horror-stricken at the spectre's appearance; consulted his Witches; and was finally driven to bay, faced, and slain by Macduff, in the finest piece of realistic combat, and most simple, forcible, and dramatic death, we remember to have seen.

It was a great performance; but it was Mr. Irving's Macbeth, not Shakspeare's. Mr. Irving seems to have entirely misconceived the character. In place of the bluff, jubilant captain, coming back victorious from the war, we are presented with a morbid, dreamy, philosophical being; and, later on, in the achievement of his designs a perfect craven, who is even despicable in the cowardice he displays; though, in Mr. Irving's greatest hit, the horror of the spectre of Banquo, when at last he covers his head with his regal mantle, and flings himself, terror-stricken, at the foot of his throne, the power displayed was really great, though to an extent misapplied. Again, we have in the character all Hamlet's dreaminess and hesitation, with the wild gesticulation of Matthias in *The Bells*—attitudes and aspects of the countenance familiar to all who have seen Mr. Irving in these parts. Not that it must be supposed that there was not variety in the acting; the feeling was that there was too much—too great a display of hesitation, nervous action, and unnecessary straining after effect where effect was not needed; and all wanting the leaven of the brave, soldierly bearing of such a man as Macbeth—the daring, wife-led usurper—must necessarily have been.

In conclusion, if it be asked, in the revival now in progress at the Lyceum Theatre has anything been done for the advancement of the drama? the answer is—Most certainly. As at the late production of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, the setting is perfect, and the failure is in the representatives of the principal parts. Mr. Irving, who has deservedly made a great reputation, must confine himself to the characters within his grasp. As Digby Grand he was perfection; as Richelieu, passably good; as Macbeth, he has produced upon the stage a morbid, nervous craven, apparently the very opposite of Shakspeare's hero. By lessening his gesticulation, and endeavouring to impart more of the bluff soldier into his bearing, much may be done. On this occasion, Macbeth was Matthias in *The Bells* in mediæval costume.

---

THOSE people who most work us ill  
Will have it understood,  
That all they've done and will do still  
Is only for our good.

## Things New and Old.

### Birmingham Japan Trays for Japan.

Among the curiosities of the export business now being done in England, we have to state that for some time past at least one of the Birmingham japan firms has been quite busy in making japan trays for Japan. They are iron japanned, and in sets of the usual sizes—namely, 14 in., 16 in., and 24 in. The patterns are designed to suit the market, being chiefly a mosaic of Japanese characters, inlaid with gold, and there are as many as sixteen colours used in every tray. So elaborate is the artistic work, that in decorators' wages alone it costs the makers 18s. per set. We know the price at which the sets are sold by the manufacturer, but it would be unfair to state it. It may, however, be said that, considering the heavy decorative cost, the figure should not lead to any complaint by the merchant. As far as is known, the trade with Japan in this branch is likely to increase, and there is a decided promise in favour of a growing profitable communication between this country and that. It cannot but come about that the makers of hardwares will be benefited by the active business which the sedulous Japanese manufacturers are themselves doing with our own country; but it is sad to see how Japanese art is suffering.—*The Engineer*.

### A Curious Case.

Late in the last century a man was indicted at the Old Bailey for uttering a document purporting to be a five-pound note of the Bank of England. Through a very strange coincidence, the tradesman who had cashed the note happened to have in his till another note bearing the same date and number, but neither the original nor the counterfeit bore any endorsement. When, however, the shopkeeper came to suspect the utterer, he tore off one corner of the note which had been presented to him. The two drafts were produced in court, and professional experts declared the forgery to be a wonderfully accurate similitude—as wonderful, indeed, as the imitations for engraving which the unfortunate Ryland was hanged. In the course of the trial the judge asked to look at the forged note. The document was handed up to his lordship, when, by a lucky inspiration of the moment, counsel for the defence inquired of the prosecution how they knew that particular kind of paper to be a forgery. The experts were ordered out of court, and were then called in one after another, and required to inspect the two notes, which by this time had been marked for identification. Three of them pronounced the note marked, we will say, A to be forged, and that marked B to be the original, while two others were strongly of opinion that A was genuine and B a forgery. But it chanced that there was present a member of an eminent firm of papermakers—the same, in fact, who had manufactured the fabric for the series of notes in question—and this gentleman deposed that the mould in which the paper had been made was defective, either as to one of the edges or the bows of the Crown in the water-mark; that these defects had not been discovered until after the notes had been printed and put in circulation; that the mould had been at once laid aside, but that it had not been destroyed, and was still in the store-rooms of the firm. The two notes were now



examined through a strong magnifier. That marked A was found to bear a defective water-mark. It was, of course, the true one. The water-mark in the note with the corner torn off was perfect. Thus did the thread of doubt on which hung the prisoner's life shrink from the dimensions of a chain cable to the circumference of a single hair. It very swiftly assumed the guise of a halter, for the man was hanged.

#### Arctic Birds.

The closest attendant upon the whaling vessels is the fulmar or malle-moke (*Procellaria glacialis*), a petrel nearly as large as a gull, and properly denominated "the bird of the storm," for it seems to flit about on the crested waves of a storm as easily as a duck upon a pond. It follows the whaler for the sake of such portions of blubber as it may get hold of, and this impregnates its body with oil to such an extent that it even uses it as a weapon of defence; and, when captured, squirts it out in a jet of pure oily liquid over the person who attempts to handle it. When shot, too, if it falls into the sea, a partial calm arises from the oil which pours from its mouth. The capture of a whale always attracts a vast multitude of fulmars, who afford an endless fund of amusement by their greedy fights over the largest pieces of blubber. The right to these is disputed with them by the gull, the kittiwake, and the snow-bird, of which the glaucous gull (*Larus glaucus*) is at once the most powerful and rapacious, on account of which qualities it obtained the name of the burgomaster from the Dutch, that being the name of their chief magistrate, whose authority no one dares to dispute. He does not take the trouble to search for food for himself, but hovers in the air until he sees some smaller bird in possession of some choice morsel which appears unusually inviting to him, when he at once descends and asserts his rights to the prize. When suffering from extreme hunger, however, he will not scruple to devour whole the sea-birds; and one shot by Sir Edward Parry immediately disgorged an auk or Greenland dove, and when opened another was found undigested in his stomach.—*Land and Water.*

#### The Plague of Flies.

A correspondent to the *Scientific American* says:—"I have not seen a bed-bug or a flea in my house for many years. If an army of them were to be brought in, mercury (*i.e.*, calomel) would speedily exterminate them; but I think cleanliness is the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animalcules which always arise from the putrefaction of decaying substances during warm weather. So also with the birds; instead of shooting them or setting up scarecrows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larval state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future crop of worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early enough to take the worm or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most

utility; the bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavoured with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere, and leave my garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will cleanse house plants from lice in a very short time. If mosquitoes or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the rooms is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash (prussiate of potash) thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runaways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store-room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar; no rat or mouse will touch that rag."

#### Gallant.

It is a remarkable circumstance that a Norwich girl can't ride five miles in a sleigh without becoming so tired that you are obliged to put an arm around her to support her. Though, on the whole, it's a pretty poor man who wouldn't be willing to sacrifice both arms to comfort a suffering female.—*Bulletin.*

#### A Pleasant Prescription.

The following is by the celebrated Dr. Brown, who practised many years ago:—"For breakfast, toast and rich soup, made over a slow fire; a walk before breakfast, and a good deal after it. A glass of wine in the forenoon, from time to time. Good broth or soup to dinner, with meat of any kind he likes, but always the most nourishing. Several glasses of port or punch to be taken after dinner—till some enlivening effect is produced from them—and a dram (of whiskey) after everything heavy. One hour and a half after dinner, another walk. Between tea-time and supper, a game, with cheerful company, at cards, or any other play, never too prolonged; a little light reading; jocose, humorous company, avoiding that of popular Presbyterian ministers and their admirers, and all hypocrites and thieves of every description; lastly, the company of amiable, handsome, and delightful young women, and an enlivening glass."

#### Beer in Olden Times.

Ale and beer were first made without hops, which were unknown in England till about 1524. An old writer says:—

"Hops, reformation, bays, and beer,  
Came into Eng and all in o-e year."

According to an ancient Saxon dialogue, wine was with the people the drink of the "elders and the wise," while the common people drank "ale if they had it, water if they had it not." The brewer of bad ale in the earliest Anglo-Saxon times was confined to the ducking-stool or mulcted for his neglect. In the thirteenth century the price of beer was regulated according to that of corn and wine. In the sixteenth century beer was very cheap. No less than 23,000 gallons were drunk at a single entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. The monasteries in early time brewed the best ale; even the halls of science were not less celebrated for their beer than their learning. Thus the brewery became a requisite with our ancestors.

### Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN WHICH I BECOME A GRAZIER.

CERISE insisted on presiding at breakfast, and poured my coffee out with a matronly air. Why do I say "insisted"? It was the very faintest opposition that Mrs. Harwood made; and she only demurred at abdication at all because she thought her pet might upset the boiling liquid, and scald herself. But the child was never awkward.

"I am afraid I cannot go and make friends with the swan to-day," said I; "for I have business in the City this morning, and the days are drawing in, so that we ought to go to Richmond early."

"Never mind; the swan's rather stupid, and can wait ever so long for anything. He never worries. But what is business?"

"Anything—dressing your doll, getting money, buying clothes."

"Why don't you make money as Gumpy does? She writes on a bit of paper, and sends it out by Polly, and she brings back a lot of money for it."

"Bless the child!—she notices everything," cried the delighted Mrs. Harwood. "It was Mr. Hamilton's lawyer, my dear, who put the money for us in the bank which Polly fetched it from."

"Oh, I see," said Cerise, a streak of finance dawning upon her hitherto benighted soul.

My principal object that morning was to call on Clive Waite, and discover from him where Tempest was, which he was pretty sure to know, through Mrs. Courtland, if the old lady still lived. So, directly after breakfast and newspaper, I walked off to the City.

Waite was in larger chambers, and had a more numerous staff of clerks than formerly; he was likewise more difficult of access, and I was amused by all the little formalities which were acted before I was ushered in to the august presence. He was stouter, and sleeker than I remembered him, and his manner had acquired more of that bland austerity which characterizes the prosperous merchant. He was cordial enough, however, when he saw who it was, and welcomed me back to England with pleasant fervour.

"What a lazy beggar you were not to write!" he cried, surprised into his "early style." "If a fellow *is* a hero, he might answer letters. Look at the Duke of Wellington, who never misses a post."

"I wrote oftener to you than to anybody else."

"Yes, because you were obliged to, on business. Well, have you done with throat cutting? Would you like to go into trade again? There is still a fine business to be done with the Cape."

"Thank you, I have finished with all that. My present fad is agricultural."

"Whew! you will be ruined."

"No, only a small grass farm; rent nominal—little more than I should pay for a house. You must come and see me."

"Certainly, especially if your ward is with you. I am in love with Cerise."

"And with no one else?"

"Ah, who told you? Well, yes, I am thinking of matrimony—only daughter of Sir William Baggamoney, the head of the Lombard-street firm. It is not only the

cash down and the possibilities, but the connection, you know. Besides, she really is a charming girl—not spoilt a bit."

I congratulated him duly, and asked if Mrs. Courtland was still alive.

"Oh, yes," he said, "and better than when you left. She is still fixed at Bath, and Mrs. Tempest is living with her."

"What! and her husband too? His habits must have altered."

Clive Waite looked at me in astonishment.

"Have you not heard?" he exclaimed. "Did you never see any English papers in Spain?"

"Not often. Besides, I was badly hit, and ill for some time."

"Poor old boy, you look it. But you will soon pick up in the country air. Well, the Tempests are separated. He ran away with the Countess of Piccolo, three months ago."

"Poor Mary!"

"Aye, she did not make a good choice. But this elopement was the kindest thing he could have done, so far as his wife was concerned. She had a miserable time before it came to that. He had D. T., and came into her room early one morning with his throat cut, frightening her so that she lost her baby. It was a pity that he missed the artery, for he is a thorough scoundrel."

"Aye, he and Bruce are the same man, and I mean to shoot him. Where is he?"

"That no one knows—out of England somewhere. And as for your duel, the Count Piccolo will claim first shot; he is a regular fire-eater, and furious. The Countess took her jewels, and all the available cash with her, and as the Count lives mostly on his wits, that was serious. But you have heard of your half-sister, then?"

"Yes."

And I told him all.

"Well, I am rejoiced to hear this. I feared she was dead. But fancy Tempest having been the man we were searching for all the time. How curiously things come about!"

"That he should have slipped through my fingers!" cried I, stamping my foot with vexation.

"Never mind," said Clive Waite; "he won't slip through the devil's—he drinks raw brandy."

I remembered at once that Claridge would inconvenience himself by coming to London on a wild goose chase, if not stopped; and wrote an account of what I had just heard to him, there and then.

"And now I will not take up any more of your valuable time," I said to Waite, when I had finished it; "for I want to see an old friend of mine—Langley."

"You will not find him—at least, if you mean the financier; for he has gone to Constantinople, about the new Turkish Loan."

So I went back to Cerise, who was dividing a few million shillings by twenty-one, to find the number of guineas.

"If Gumpy would only make it pounds, it would be so much easier," she said, with an early appreciation of the benefits of a decimal coinage.

I wish it would spread.

When the sum was accomplished, I put Cerise through some more of her educational paces, and

found that Mrs. Harwood's devotion to the child had by no means caused her to neglect her lessons. She read nicely, played "The Carnival of Venice" on the piano correctly, knew the Catechism—"Desire" and all—was on intimate terms with Hengist and Horsa, and did not need to be informed that Frenchmen and Russians supported themselves respectively on frogs and train oil. After that, we went for a walk; and visited a conjuror in the evening.

When Cerise was in bed, I unfolded my plan to Mrs. Harwood, and asked her if she was willing to let her house, quit London, and come and manage my modest establishment in Worcestershire. It was rather a staggering proposal for the old lady; but she could not bear the idea of parting with Cerise, and consented.

I sat up very late that night, thinking over all that I had heard, and contemplated my own placidity, amounting almost to satisfaction, on being balked of the revenge for which I had been so keenly desirous, with surprise, attributing it at last to the comfortable position in which I had found Ellen, combined with contempt for a mere sot, and a fresh interest in life arising from the way in which little Cerise took to me. But now the true reason is more apparent. My intense hate for the fellow, no doubt, had its origin in wounded vanity; and now that Mary had found out her mistake, and the marriage had ended miserably, my self-esteem was soothed and pacified.

Next day we went to Richmond, and fed the swan, and I rowed Cerise about in a boat, to her great delight.

"Would you like always to live in the country?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—that is, if I could, you know."

"And have a lot of pigs and cows, and ride on a pony, and go in and out when you liked, without asking any one to go with you, or having to make yourself smart?"

"Oh, that would be nice? To see the sun every day, and the grass, and the lambs, and *no* dreary streets or stupid shops!"

"I wonder whether you will think Regent-street stupid in six years' time?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because you will be a very wonderful young lady if you do."

"Why, of course, you know, I like shops, to be able to get things; but I had sooner let any one get them for me."

"Well, I am glad that we have the same tastes; because I am going to live in the country, hundreds of miles from the smoke and the streets, and you are coming too. Take care, or you will jump out of the boat."

"And is Gumpy coming too?"

"Of course."

"Oh, I am glad! Do you know, I don't like London at all, except for Punch and Judy, and organs with monkeys."

So every one was pleased except Mrs. Harwood, who was only reconciled. She let her house easily and well, indeed; but London was her country, not England—or, rather, London *was* England. Worcestershire, Kamschatka, Timbuctoo—they were all much the same to her imagination as residences. Out of London, you might live anywhere: all was a dead, dull level. The

world was a desert with one oasis on the Thames. But she was reconciled, and cheerful as usual.

Claridge was delighted at the duel being indefinitely postponed. He honestly told me that he would not act as second for any man in the world but myself.

"I believe that I am thought a desperate character, as it is, all over the county," he wrote; "and I want to convince everybody that I am the mildest country gentleman that ever rode a cob or convicted a poacher; as, indeed, I am by nature. To go out, either myself or for a friend, and perhaps have to live abroad for a time, would mar my plans woefully. Come down as soon as you can, and be my guest till the Rookery is made comfortable for you. Why not put the little girl in a post-chaise, and start to-morrow? There are lots of pheasants."

We almost took him at his word, and were established as his guests before the lawful time for slaying those beautiful and succulent birds arrived.

Droitchester was a handsome old place, which I am not going otherwise to describe than by saying that it was just the thing for a scene painter to work from, inside and out, who was preparing a romantic drama.

The Rookery was so called because there really was a colony of rooks in the tall trees which clustered round the cottage—rather too near, I thought sometimes in a gale of wind. Cottage, did I say? Well, it was of the cottage style of architecture, with one storey, lattice windows, and a thatch roof; but it was roomy enough for a larger party than ours, and there was capital stabling, and a farmyard.

Of how intensely I enjoyed the freshness, the calm, the complete repose both of body and mind, after all that I had gone through, I can convey no idea. The autumn and winter slipped away like the life in a dream. Not that I was inactive. I studied my little grass farm, and read books about the treatment of it, and consulted much with my managing man, whose brains I sucked disgracefully. I bought a few sheep, bullocks, cows, pigs, horses, and was not much cheated. I shot, I hunted, but only with the harriers that season, my seat being as yet unstable through want of practice. Claridge was my constant companion, and Cerise approved of him very much; but I was not jealous, for I remained first favourite. Mrs. Harwood kept my house, sat at the head of my table, and taught Cerise. She soon got weaned from London, and delighted in dairy mysteries. As for the child, ye pigs and poultry, how happy she was! Her great delight was to ride about with me on her little pony when I went my rounds. All the dogs and horses, most of the cows and bullocks, and some of the sheep, knew and loved her. So did the labouring folk and the neighbouring gentry. The latter were very civil when they found that I was not Claridge's "First Murderer," and that Mrs. Harwood was old enough to be my mother; and the romantic story of my little ward won all the ladies' hearts. But neighbours were few and scattered; a dinner party generally meant a long ride home at night; and if any one was ill, the doctor was eight miles off. But people there did not indulge in illness much, perhaps on that account.

The rector was not a rich man, so of course he had a large family; and Cerise got playmates of her own age, which I was very glad of. It is not good for a

child to live entirely with adults, it forces the mind too much.

And Mrs. Hassack, the rectoress, was very sociable with Mrs. Harwood on ordinary occasions, when she had not got her company manners on, and gave her many valuable hints.

As time went on, the rector helped me out of yet another difficulty, by having a good governess for his girls, and permitting me to make an arrangement with him by which Cerise was to share in her instructions. For the child soon outgrew Mrs. Harwood's educational capabilities—which, in truth, were very elementary, having been acquired forty years before at a not first-class seminary at Clapham. So that, without clerical aid, I should have been puzzled how to do justice to my ward without parting from her.

Mr. Hassack was not only a Cambridge but a Hiatus man, though long before my time; so we fraternized at once. His hobbies were old plays, backgammon, and fishing. The church, with its adjoining rectory, was but a quarter of a mile from the Rookery, and barely a mile from the Hall, so that the rector, Claridge, and I spent quite four evenings of the week together. The proverb "Two are company, three none," only applies when there is a lady in the case.

When spring came, Mr. Hassack initiated me in the mysteries of fishing, for there were two excellent trout streams in the neighbourhood. I had esteemed myself an angler before, but found out my mistake after I had carried his landing net, and watched him half a dozen times. When I was an adept, Cerise was my only companion, and she learned to make the most exquisite flies.

For the rest, I positively made the little farm pay; that is, I lived rent free, kept two riding horses and Cerise's pony for nothing, and found all other expenses so much within my private income, that, in four years' time, I replaced the capital sunk in stock, &c., at the commencement.

So far from being dull, it was fifteen months before I left Droitchester at all; and then I was obliged to go up to London on business, and I took Cerise and Mrs. Harwood with me, and we went to the pantomime, and rather enjoyed our outing, but were very glad to get home again, all three of us—for even "Gumpy" had become pastoral.

In this visit, I saw Langley, who had returned from Constantinople in improved health, but was still engrossed in schemes of money-making. He was drawing up his will, and asked me to be the executor. He had discovered a son of his benefactor, Monsieur Bereton, who had emigrated, on his father's death, to Pondicherry; and, having failed to make his fortune, had returned to France, where he held a Government appointment of small emolument, which Langley supplemented.

"When I die, he or his representatives will get the bulk of my money," said Langley. "His father was the only man who was kind to me when I was a boy, and I wish he had lived long enough for me to show my gratitude to himself."

**THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.**—Miss Thrifty is such an economist, that even her dog and her cat have become imbued with her careful sentiments, and may constantly be seen running round after their tails, trying to make both ends meet.

## The Casual Observer.

### STROKING CATS.

**W**AS it Mr. Wilson, the naturalist of the Crystal Palace, who invented cat shows, or was it Mrs. Cashel Hoey, or Lady Dorothy Neville, or Charles Darwin? It does not matter—there the cat shows are; and they have grown into an institution, since the one I have just visited is the seventh of its kind. I went—I don't know why, for I have an objection to cats. I hate them, and yet I love them. I detest their noise and their mouse-crunching cruelty; but I love their pleasant, purring ways, their soft paws, and their gentle ways of rubbing against you; in addition to which I think a family of frolicsome kittens one of the prettiest objects in creation.

But what a sight was there!—three hundred and fifty entries, numbering, I suppose, three hundred and fifty cats, all neatly ranged in wire cages in the north nave, decorated with exotics, ornamented with flags; and here prize winners, all made gay by their owners with coloured cushions and morocco leather collars, and with their necks tied up with many-coloured ribbons.

It was no matter of surprise to see Harrison Weir there, looking pleasant illustrations, and making furtive sketches with his eye and memory. Nor the other judges—Jenner Weir and Dr. Gordon Staples. Mr. Tegetmeier, too, on natural history bent, could be seen taking a quiet look round, possibly wondering how his favourites, the pigeons, would fare were they among these feline pets.

But the visitors who were most prominent were the ladies—especially ladies of a certain age, or above a certain age—stroking this cat, calling that one a dear, poking No. 204 in the catalogue up with a parasol handle, and a neighbour with its point. Some of these fair ones were evidently the owners of the exhibited pets, and they were evidently hanging about partly to see that no harm befel their darlings, and that they were duly fed.

This last necessary was well attended to; for every animal had its brown pan of milk, and sundry slices of the succulent meat known as cat's could be seen lying uneaten. There are tales, too, afloat of plates of fish with the bones religiously abstracted, of chicken legs and veal cutlets, of fricassee mice, and various other attractive tit-bits being brought to tempt the feline appetite, and make puss look brisk and glossy.

What could that exhibitor have been about who dyed his cat of a golden yellow? Perhaps he may experimentalize next time with blue or green—or stay, scarlet would be a novelty. But to set aside such unnecessary tricks, what perfect creatures some of the cats were. Perhaps the most beautiful was the large, spotted, lithe creature shown as a wild Indian cat; but we were informed by Mr. Wilson that this was an Ocelot. Of the cats regular, though, there were magnificent specimens—notably, a monstrous fellow weighing eighteen pounds, one that would be a perfect treasure for an old maid to nurse in cold weather.

The great feature of the show is this—that since the idea was started, and cats were loosely divided into classes, cat-fancying has started into fashion, and these classes have not only become fixed, but other classes have been added. Exhibitors now breed cats to points,

even as others do choice fowls, canaries, or dogs, and varieties keep cropping up from time to time. It is not so long since that, if asked about cats, we should have said there were only two kinds, the long-haired and the short; and certainly we should then have hit upon the two great divisions. But let us see how the classes were arranged this year.

We found that there were, first of all, the above two great divisions, and each of these was subdivided, principally according to colour; so that there were the tortoiseshells, brown tabbies, blue or silver tabbies, red tabbies, the above varieties marked with white; the black and white, the white, the black, the tortoiseshell and white, the spotted, and a class for cats of unusual colour. There were classes of these for cats of each sex, for kittens, for purity of marking; and prizes were given for quality, weight, general beauty, and half a score of other perfections.

Amongst the peculiarities, of course, there were the dun-coloured Manx cats, whom nature has deprived of tails—probably their original parent lost his after the fashion of the fox in the fable. Then we have the Siamese cats, which are in colour like the pug dog, which nearly died out forty years ago, and has now become fashionable once more. These Siamese cats are precious, and are nearly all ladies; for the King of Siam sets store by the breed, and will not allow the Toms to leave the country. Of course they are not called Toms there, but the proper native name is not given in the catalogue.

Then there is a very handsome breed of cats shown, coming from Archangel, the bristle port. They should be particularly furry, and give traces of their semi-polar origin, but they do not; but much resemble in coat the common grey wild rabbit. They leave the loose, long, furry habit to the Persian and Angora cats, which are some of them lionesslike in the manes they wear.

For beauty, the palm ought perhaps to be awarded to the pure whites—one lady, with a family of four milk-white kittens, being exceedingly striking, and gaining plenty of attention. A peculiarity of these white cats is that, like white rabbits, they have abnormally coloured eyes, not pink, but of a beautiful blue; and Mr. Tegetmeier tells us that these blue-eyed cats are almost invariably deaf. One specimen, though, was blessed with what should be next door to a feline squint—to wit, one blue eye and the other yellow. It is to be hoped he is deaf only on one side.

Wonderfully well behaved were all these cats, ready to stand up and be admired, purring, and enjoying the caresses given, and only straining their necks now and then when the call of a bird came from the aviary.

There are plenty of curious natural history facts to be learned about the cat. We all know how great a rarity is a tortoiseshell Tom; but perhaps it is not so generally known that the red tabby class are all Toms, almost without exception. These red tabby gentlemen, when married to black ladies, are the parents of the genuine tortoiseshell, which is a very beautiful cat. What we generally know as the tortoiseshell is really the tortoiseshell and white.

Of foreign cats here, we must not forget the Cyprus visitor, as it is from that island that the original British domestic cat is said to have come, being brought here by merchants in quest of tin. Here is a query—Did they bring the rats and mice at the same time?

We mentioned abnormal cats, and touched with great delicacy upon the absence of tails. There was one specimen at Sydenham without any fore-legs at all, not even possessing the blade-bones. This creature was lively and active on its hind legs, leading a kangaroo kind of life, happy in the fact that it never missed its anterior limbs.

There were humours at the cat show, as well as fine specimens of the lithe, graceful animals. Notably, there were the eccentricities of the cages of kittens, which seemed never tired of gambolling; but the principal peculiarities were those of the exhibitors. Ornamentation has already been noticed. One owner gives the pedigree of his cat through seven generations. Surely he must have kept that cat in a cage like all the progenitors. Visits to tiles, nocturnal rambles, and flirtations, keeping company with strangers, and colds caught by association with damp cats, can, in this case, never have been known. Then there was notified the fact that one gentle lady had been the mother of sixty-four little ones. How many of these went to the pail? Talking of pails and watery graves, but a short time ago any humane Philocat could save as many kittens as he liked, and have them for the asking. "Cats is rising" now, though. Pussy is firm in the market. They are worth current money of the merchant. At random, here are some of the prices placed on them—prohibitive enough: £120, £10,000, £105, £50, £1, and some even go as low as half a crown. But the prices run high, and shillings are the exception, save where they are tacked on to pounds to make them guineas.

Lastly, as to peculiarities of the Philocats. What names they have given their pets. There were holy twins named "Moody and Sankey," but they did not look equal to their titles, for they were frolicsome and vain. There was a long-haired fellow called "Coco;" another fast fellow was called "Galopin." "Rose Hersee" was there, and "Blanche Cole;" but we should distrust their voices, and would rather not hear them, for in both senses of the word we object to mews at the back of our house. Next comes "Pharaoh Pugstiles," and our next one "Chillingwallabadorie."

But these and a hundred more eccentricities do not take from the fact that the breeds of cats are vastly improved, and will doubtless go on improving. If we are to have domestic cats about our houses, we may just as well have them handsome—improved by artificial instead of natural selection. The only danger is that thousands will run to the foolish extreme, and as they have done with pigeons, canaries, and dogs, breed creatures that are hideous monstrosities, making failings into fixed points, as any one may see who looks at the attenuated Belgian canary with its hideous gait, the wart-disfigured dragon pigeon or Spanish fowl, and the disgusting nose of the bulldog. Let us have beauty or nothing. Better far, let us keep to the gentle, four-legged nightingale—tabby or black—that has so often disturbed our slumbers, and been made a target—ever missed—for old boots, hair brushes, and jugs of water.

ALL IN A QUIVER.—Miss Adey, the crack archeress, made a joke at the last grand meeting of the club this year, when the Cup was shot for, which really ought to be chronicled. "I am so nervous!" said another fair competitor; "how do you feel?" "Like my arrows," replied Miss Adey.

### The Boar-Fish at the Brighton Aquarium.

MR. HENRY LEE lately gave the following graphic description of the little stranger with a porcine name in one of the weekly papers:—The boar-fish (*capros aper*) is one of the rarest, and one of the most tropical-looking, of British fishes. It more closely resembles, in shape, appearance, and colour, some of the chaetodonts of Eastern seas than even the dory, with which it has been classed by some of the older ichthyologists, and with which, in fact, it is allied. Although it is somewhat similar in general outline to the latter fish, it may be easily distinguished from it, even in the dark. The dory has a smooth, flabby skin; the boar-fish is covered with sharply pectinated scales, which feel as rough as those of a sole if the hand be passed over them from tail to head, "the wrong way of the wool." Partly from the supposed likeness of the fringes of these scales to a hog's bristles, but chiefly from its protruding snout, it derives the names given to it in various languages, each signifying "the boar"—"capros," in Greek; "aper," in Latin; "sanglier," in French.

The mouth of this fish is a very curious piece of mechanism. The prominent muzzle is capable of rapid extension or retraction, by a forward or backward movement of the upper lip, the result of which action is the production of an apparatus which its owner can dart forward to seize small moving prey, and which I have often seen it use with a continuous pecking motion when feeding on minute crustacea on the surface, or in the crevices, of rocks. The snout, externally like that of a pig, is cylindrical, or tubular within, and has at its extremity an opening, apparently small, but capable of considerable expansion in case of need.

The colour of the boar-fish is a beautiful bright orange, deepening, on the back and shoulders, to a delicate carmine. At the junction of the tail with the body is a broad band of the same colour; and the margins of the fins, especially the pectorals and front dorsal, are edged with rich, deep crimson.

The eye is large and round; its iris bright yellow, and the pupil bluish black.

In July, 1844, the boar-fish was taken in considerable numbers off the west of Cornwall by a trawling vessel from Penzance on her first trip. Mr. Jonathan Couch tells us that the place where these examples were captured was off the Runnel Stone, near the Land's End. On the first day sixty were brought to land, while several more had been thrown overboard as worthless. Within a few days after this, two others were caught; and, in the course of the following week, a hundred more—the number finally taken and subjected to examination exceeding two hundred. Further observation has shown that the boar-fish may always be found within half a mile of this well-known rock. In July, 1845, others were caught in the same locality, and exposed for sale in the market of Penzance; and in December, 1873, Mr. Thomas Cornish announced in *Land and Water* that "shoals" of boar-fish had been cast on the shores of Scilly during a heavy gale. It thus became apparent that this fish is gregarious, and not solitary in its habits; and this was subsequently confirmed in a very interesting manner by Mr. Matthias Dunn, a master fisherman and fish-dealer, of Mevagissey, Cornwall, who is a most intelligent and careful

observer, and has for many years contributed much to our knowledge of the fishes taken in his neighbourhood. In July, 1874, his comrades, when "drifting" for pilchards about twelve miles from Deadman Headland, found, on several succeeding nights, hundreds of little boar-fish, all of about the same size, entangled in the meshes of their nets. They were moving in small companies of from ten to a hundred together, and not far from the surface of the sea; for the drift-nets for pilchards, like those for herrings, are suspended only a few feet down in the water. It was found that the sharp, hard spines of the anterior dorsal fin were poisonous, like those of the weevers and some other fishes; for several of the men, when taking them out of the nets, were stabbed by them in the hand, and the wounds ached for several hours, the pain extending to the elbows and shoulders. Two of these little fish were sent alive by Mr. Dunn to the Brighton Aquarium. One died soon after its arrival, having been injured in transit; the other is still living there.

An adult boar-fish is about 7 in. in length,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. or 4 in. deep, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick from side to side. The specimen at Brighton—which is, I believe, the only one ever exhibited alive—was about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long when first received, but has since grown considerably, about another inch having been added to its length, with proportionate increase of girth. It is a quaint, but lovely little creature, and is almost always "on view." It may generally be seen making the circuit of its tank, midway between the bottom and the surface of the water, always visiting the same recesses of the rock-work, peeping into the same crevices, and following its course as precisely and regularly as that funny little beast at the "Zoo," the Cape Ratel, which, during its tumbling existence, used constantly to turn a somersault on arriving at a particular place in its den, and then trot off on another tour, to repeat the performance at the same spot.

### My Convict Acquaintance.

HE was rather a slight-built man, of about five and thirty, tolerably well dressed, and having a foreign, tanned look about his face that told of residence abroad. He was my right-hand neighbour in the front row of the pit of the Olympic Theatre, during the performance of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, and he had drawn my attention to himself by the intense eagerness with which he had been listening to the dialogue, as his eyes seemed to devour every situation in the clever drama.

More than once I had heard him utter a faint sigh, evidently unconscious that he was heard; and at last, when the hero is hemmed in by difficulties, and persecuted by the black shadow of his own character, which follows him wherever he goes, my neighbour rested his hands upon the partition which separated us from the stalls, bowed down his head, and remained unmoved for quite half an hour.

And this during one of the most interesting phases of the drama.

I saw at a glance that this was no ordinary playgoer, but one who for some reason was evidently deeply moved by the fiction enacted before him; and I tried to respect his emotion, which showed itself every



now and then by a convulsive heaving of the shoulders.

At last he turned a sallow, haggard face towards me, and rose from his seat.

"Will you let me go by?" he said. "I must get out of this."

I let him pass me, and, after a moment's hesitation, followed him into the fresh air; and it was well I did so, for the poor fellow gave a lurch as soon as he was outside, and would have fallen if I had not caught his arm.

A few minutes afterwards, I had led him down into the Strand, where, in the retired box of a well-known coffee-room, he revived under the influence of a little cold spirit and water, and gave me a feeble smile.

"I am very thankful to you," he said, rising. "Good night. I am spoiling your evening's entertainment."

"If you will take my advice," I said, "you will sit quite still for another hour. You are not detaining me, for I have seen the piece before, and only dropped in to refresh my memory. It seemed to move you."

He looked at me sharply.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, and speaking with intense bitterness—"it is so true."

"I suppose it is," I said, vaguely. "I have heard so."

"Suppose—heard?" he said, excitedly. "Man, it is a fact dressed up in the form of fiction. I know it, to my sorrow."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," he said in an undertone, as he rose once more—for his excited manner had made a shabby-looking old pressman look up from his paper. "Yes, I know, and I could prove it all. Good night, sir, and thank you. Yours was the first act of kindness I have encountered for many a long day. Perhaps I should not have received it if you had known that I was a ticket-of-leave man myself."

I must confess to giving a start; and he saw it, and smiled.

"I don't see why the fact of your having been in trouble should have precluded my affording you help," I said.

"But it is the custom," he said, bitterly. "You can't touch pitch without being defiled."

"I object to being ruled by your old proverbs, on principle," I said. "Half of them are bosh, and a lot more are of the most contemptibly selfish tendency. If the pitch-touching theory held good, there would be no Christianity. I say you can touch pitch without being defiled. You may make yourself look black, but pitch is a good, honest, wholesome vegetable gum, and does not want blackguarding."

"You are a philosopher," he said, half sneeringly.

"Not I," I said. "We profess here in London to be a Christian people, and I was trying for once in a way to act like one."

"Christians!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"Well, yes—that's what we make great parade of being; but I'm afraid we are very hard on any one who has climbed over the palings—very hard indeed on a man; and as to a woman, poor wretch! it would have been better for her if she had not been born."

He stood staring at me, hesitated, then waved his hand, as in token of farewell, and was passing me to go; but I caught his coat in my hand.

"Sit down, man," I said; "you look faint. Come,

join me in a chop and a glass of stout. You see, I want to act like a Christian, but you won't let me."

He hesitated still; then he glanced down in my smiling face, and once more took his seat, to half cover his face with his hand, remaining silent; while I ordered some supper, took out a cigar—offered him one, which was refused—and then began to smoke.

"And so you're a ticket-of-leave man, are you?" I said, in a low tone; but he started, and glanced round, with a frightened, half hunted look.

There was no one heeding us, though; and his eyes sought mine once more.

"Yes," he said. "I was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and I served five, when they let me free, and I came back. I had better have stayed."

"I suppose it is hard to get on without recommendations?" I said.

"Hard? Man, it's next to impossible? Look here, sir, you have sought this out; you have led me on to speak, or God knows I would not have said a word. You see here a man driven almost to desperation—broken-hearted, despairing—without a friend to turn to; set free to get an honest living, but distrusted by everybody, and dogged by the police. Why, supposing I got a decent post, I am bound to go to the police offices to have my ticket signed at intervals, and if I did not I should be taken before a magistrate."

"I will not ask you to believe me—how can I expect you to, when I say I was innocent of the crime for which I suffered? It is the cry of every criminal, from the murderer down to the boy who pilfers from a till. You will tell me I was tried by a jury of my own countrymen, before a judge, and had impartial treatment. Yes, I grant all that; but I was innocent all the same. Do you wish to hear more? Shall I go?"

"More? Yes. Go? Why?"

"You are sitting face to face with a returned convict."

"I'm afraid that I've sat face to face with a good many respectable members of society who ought to be convicts unreturned. Go on, man. We shall have the chops here soon."

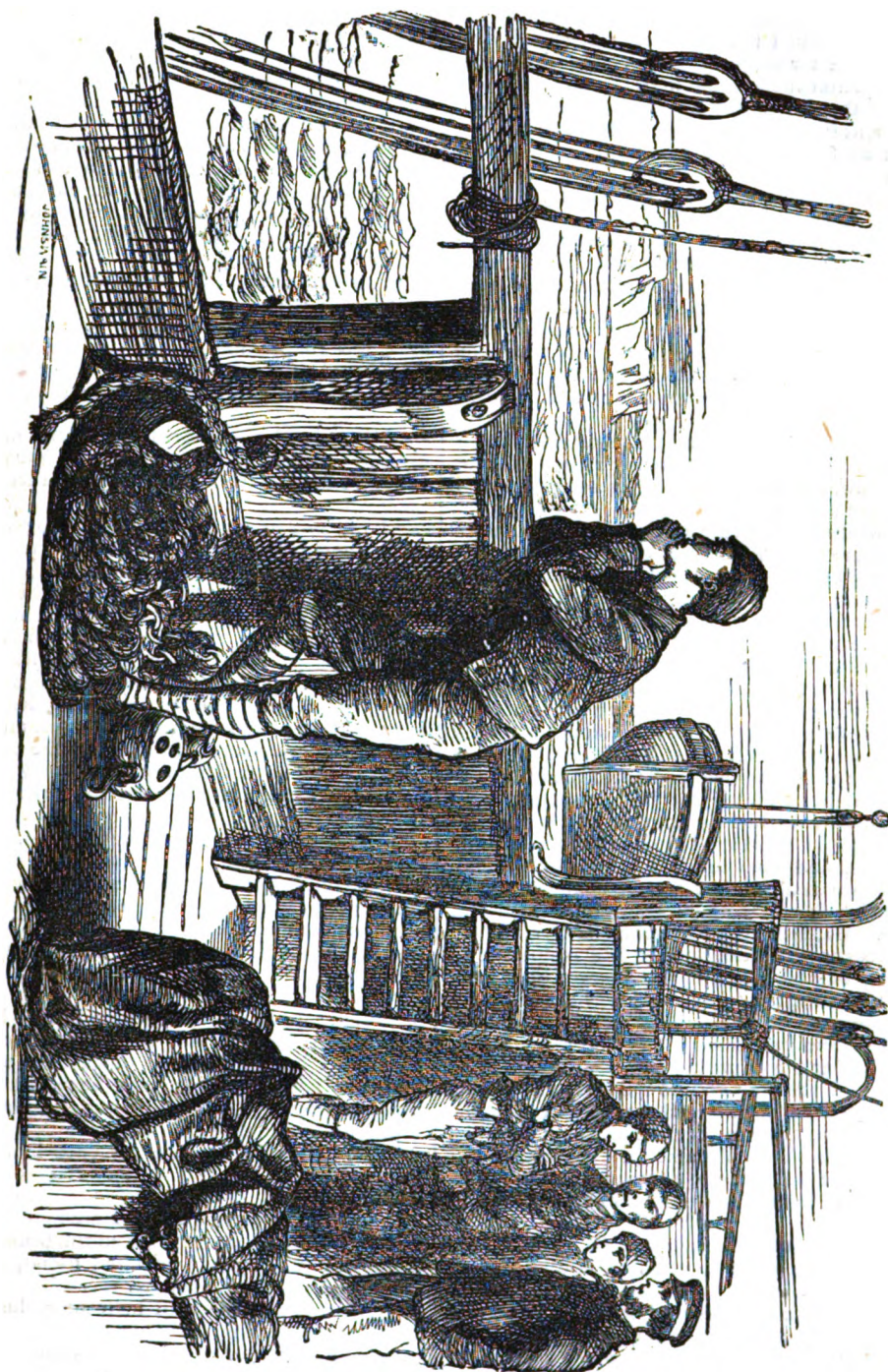
His face worked as he looked at me, and his voice had a good deal altered, as he went on—

"It was an embezzlement case for which I was tried," he said, at last. "I was one of the clerks in a large Lancashire cotton house, and there were defalcations discovered."

"Why they pitched upon me, I never knew; but one morning I was called into the private room of the firm, and questioned respecting certain amounts, and could give no explanation. There had been a certain amount of cooking in the books, and in a couple of years, by the professional accountant's showing, about three hundred pounds were missing."

"Fancy being suddenly called from your desk to go smiling into a room, expecting words of encouragement—the announcement that you are promoted, or your salary raised—and then to be suddenly charged with embezzlement."

"I was completely stunned. I know I felt cold and damp, and I suppose I flushed, and then looked pale—signs which those present interpreted to mean guilt. I faltered and grew confused, too, in answering questions—in short, I was completely overcome; and at



"LEARNING OVER THE BULWARK."—p. 92.

the end of an hour I was being taken to the police-station, stunned, overpowered by this sudden charge.

"Before we reached the police-station, though, the light had come; for on passing a newspaper office, there in large letters upon a bill were the three successful horses of the Doncaster St. Leger, and they were neither of them the runners that John had backed.

"I saw it all in a flash: he had been losing again. The race was three days before, but I took no notice of such matters, being a bookworm, while John was gay, and had sporting tastes. This was it.

"I shivered as I thought of it all, and seemed to see my mother's agony when she heard of it, as she must before many hours were over. She worshipped John, who was a fine, handsome young fellow, and idolized his young wife. John was two years older than I, but my junior in the counting-house; and I groaned in the bitterness of my heart as I thought of the agony it would bring upon those two women, when they heard of his disgrace.

"I say his disgrace, for I had not a doubt now. I knew him to be the culprit, and in my misery I forgot my own sorrow, longing the while for an opportunity to warn him of his danger.

"I shall weary you with my long story. Let it suffice that there was examination after examination, and to my horror my brother was placed in the witness-box to confront me; and he did so quietly, and without a shade of emotion, save at the last, when he broke down, and the magistrate told him that his display of feeling was most creditable to him.

"I was astounded to see how a net was closing in round me—innocent words and deeds now seemed to have suddenly taken a guilty colour; and at last, to my horror, I was committed for trial, bail being refused.

"John came to see me then, and faced me trembling in the prison; but I turned my back upon him, and would not speak unless he came to me as a suppliant.

"He came again, this time begging me to hear him.

"Ned, Ned, old fellow," he cried, sobbing like a child, 'I did it—I own I did it, but I can't acknowledge it. Ned, it will break our mother's heart, and Ellen will despise me. Oh, this cursed gambling!'

"And weakness," I said, bitterly, as I realized it all—everything that he had said, and knew it to be true. 'Go back to them, John,' I said—'I will never betray you. Tell Mary—'

"I could say no more, but sat down on my bench, blind, choking, and half mad.

"But, there, I need not go into the story of my love. I bore it all, and never unclosed my lips. I took the credit to myself, as I was accused, of being the thief who had robbed his employers; for I knew that if I opened my lips I should be in effect my mother's murderer, and the blight upon the happiness of John's young wife.

"It will be a lesson to him," I said. 'I'm of little consequence in the world; and as to Mary—she will forget me.'

"My trial came on, and I was sentenced, as I told you; the bitterest trial of all being to see John stand there, calm and unmoved, one of the witnesses by whose words I was condemned.

"I parted from my mother, leaving her undeceived. Why should I shatter the idol she worshipped? And in bitter mockery her words, urging repentance for my

crime, fell upon my ears. Mary, the woman I loved, I did not see; but she wrote and told me she did not believe me guilty, and would wait.

"It was her promise that enabled me to bear up during the time I was at one and another of the convict prisons, till the day I stood leaning over the bulwark of the transport ship which was bearing me down Channel, away to Van Diemen's Land—a convict.

"I thought my heart would break, as I leaned there in the tight, half-grotesque convict garb, my close cap drawn down to my eyes, my face cleanly shaven, and my hair cut short. It was so hard to believe that I was the same man, compelled to associate with a set who were nine-tenths ruffians, with scarcely a redeeming trait.

"And there was the soft, blue sea, and across it the grey and ruddy cliffs of the Cornish coast. Land's End would soon be in sight, for we were close to the Lizard, and soon we should be out upon the open sea.

"Good-bye," I muttered, with my hands firmly clasped—'good-bye, home—mother—Mary! Brother, you have been to me like Cain, for you have taken my life.'

"I did not move, but stood watching there till we were ordered below, and the next morning home was far astern.

"At the end of five years, after the hard toil of a convict in the colonies, I was back here in England, a broken man. The hope seemed crushed out of me, and I expected nothing now. Still, my heart beat high, as with a little money, my own earnings, I was, after the usual preliminaries, set free, with plenty of advice as to avoiding my former evil courses, all of which I heard patiently before setting off for the north.

"I arrived to find that my mother was dead; my brother had sailed with his wife for America two years before.

"I had one more hope—my greatest. Had Mary kept her word?

"God bless her! she had; and was toiling on, and waiting patiently for my return. Sir, can you wonder at my emotion as I sat and saw that realistic piece to-night? It was as if the writer had known my life. I could not bear it, and, as you know, I came away."

"Well?"

"Well? I am a ticket-of-leave man. I cannot get employment; and when I do I cannot keep it. God help me, I have a hundred times been nearly driven into crime; and but for the thought that she who waited five years through evil report is waiting still, I should—pish! why should I worry you?"

"There's such a thing as patience in the world," I said, quietly.

"Patience!"

"Yes; ah, yes—chops. You are faint."

The hot plates were thrust down before us at this moment, and my newly acquired friend, after a little forcing, partook of his supper.

We parted that night an hour later—he with a card in his pocket, I ruminating upon the truth of the words of certain people who gave me birth—that I had a natural tendency for getting into bad company.

I had an idea that night that my acquaintance would find that the tide had turned in the morning; and I believe he did find that to be the case, for he is now in

the employment of some one who knows his history, and is getting on.

"But, my dear sir," I said to his employer one day, "you surely are not such a flat as to believe that story of his about his innocence?"

"Friend Gray," he said, button-holing me, "I never trouble myself about it. All I know is that I never had my books so well kept before; that his sweet, pale-faced, subdued little wife is an angel; and that I kicked a warehouseman out of my office for telling me I had a ticket-of-leave man in my employ. If your acquaintance robs me after this, may God forgive him—for my part, I will."

"You feel comfortable in your own mind, then, about what you're doing?" I said.

"Perfectly, my dear boy, and so do you."

And, do you know, I think my old commercial friend is quite right.

### The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

FIRM in his belief that he was an agent of God, Dale became as iron. No fear or thought of the danger he incurred had place in that mind, which was full of trust. Walking boldly to the door, he removed the fastenings and obstructions placed by the gamblers, and throwing it wide open, bareheaded and unarmed, with his hands folded across his breast, he stood before a hundred weapons ready to fire, and these in the hands of men thoroughly roused to a ferocious state. Not a shot, however, was fired except the few that had been discharged at the opening door, burying themselves in its solid timber; for the miners recognized their preacher, and every weapon was lowered.

"Don't shoot, boys—let's hear him," they cried.

And when Dale lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, perfect stillness reigned around.

"Boys," he cried, "you know that I never interfere in your disputes, except it may be by good advice, or to protect the weak; and had you not carried war into the very sanctuary itself, I should now be on my knees praying to our Father who is in heaven to stay this sad war of brother against brother. But when you surround God's house, and talk of burning it—the house which your hands have builded in this wilderness—I will let you know that there is one of his servants who will protect it, though there were ten thousand of you. Boys, you have had a fair fight, and you have been victorious; will you now burn down God's house, and massacre the men who met you in the open field, now that they are not able to resist you? I'll tell you what, boys—if you still persist in murdering those men, I'll pack up my blankets and go back to the States, leaving you as being worse than Indians, far more brutal than savages. What shall I tell those at home? Shall I tell them you are a set of cowards, who don't know when a fight is over, but go on mauling your enemy when he cries enough? Or shall I tell them that in the very moment of your triumph you remembered that God was a merciful God, and that you were his servants?"

He looked round from face to face. He had evidently

touched the weak point in their natures, for they were now collecting in groups to discuss the matter; and at length Ben Irby, a huge western man, who stood six feet six in his stockings, with arms longer in proportion than his body—who had come from Peory Bar, a walk of ten miles, to the fight—a right good fellow, though he did keep a whiskey store, played poker, and was down on black men generally, stood forth and said—

"Boys, thet thar preacher has got a heap of grit and sense, and though I never seed him before, I'm proud to call him a white man. Dern'd if I wasn't just going to spot him with this ball" (here he shook his rifle) "right between the eyes when he came out of the meeting-house door, only his eyes looked kind o' kindly into mine, and I see he had no hat on; so I wiltered, and, as he's a friend of you Sonora boys, I aint sorry. What he says is true; and though I don't count them fellows inside thar so good as Injuns—no, not by a dern'd sight—yet we don't want to hurt a man when he is down; and if they will drop their irons and leave the camp, we won't roast them, if it were only to please a man like this, who has got religion of the right sort. All the preachers I ever see were a passel of coons who wanted to make their pile without working; but I can respect a man, even if he be a preacher; and if he'll come down to Peory Bar he may hold forth in my store, and I'll pay all his expenses, and drinks for the crowd if he converts any of us. Now, boys," said he, "three cheers for the minister."

If Californians are quick in getting angry, they soon become good-humoured again; so that the three cheers were given heartily by lips which but a short time before had been foaming with rage; and many discharged their guns into the air in the exuberance of their joy at having terminated successfully a conflict which had been pending for some time.

At this moment, when peace seemed again to smile through the good offices of Parson Dale, he himself gave a cry, and fell forward on his face. Many rushed towards him, as Ben Irby raised him with his long arms into a sitting position.

"Where be you hit, stranger?" said he, with his great kindly voice.

"Shot in the back," said poor Dale; "but don't tell the boys, or they will murder the whole of them. I know who did it—I saw him in the church. Don't let the innocent suffer for the guilty."

The boys, however, had been too much used to fighting not to know when a man was hit, and from what direction the bullet came. A cry arose more like the howling of a pack of wolves than a human cry, and a volley was poured in upon the gamblers who had ventured outside the door of the church which mowed them down like corn before the sickle. And just as about fifty men, with nothing but a pistol or bowie-knife in their hands, were charging past where Parson Dale sat to storm the church, and put every man to death, a girl, mounted on a white mustang, rode along their front, waving them back.

All stood aghast. Many of them had not seen a woman for years; and from her sudden appearance, as if to save the church from bloodshed, most of them thought it was a vision.

"Men!" she cried, "would you defile the church with blood? Where is Mr. Dale?"



## CHAPTER XIV.

I NEED not say it was Grace, whom we left with her father about to cross the Sierra Nevada by what is called the Big-tree route, though those enormous Wellingtonias were not known, the road passing to the south of them direct to Sonora. They had met with no further adventures, except those which emigrants passing through a country but little known usually encounter; still, it was a very arduous journey, and for a week they rested among the gigantic pines of that primæval forest, enjoying the cool shade of the woods, and letting their cattle rest while refreshing themselves with the luxuriant grass of the glade where they were encamped.

When thoroughly recruited, they made their way to Sonora without much difficulty, and encamped within a mile of the town. Grace, whose health and spirits had been very good during the long journey, now began to have misgivings. She had come thousands of miles to find her lover; but had she not gone beyond the bounds of maiden reserve and modesty? What would he think of her? Perhaps he had found a new love. He might be married. Strange that she had never thought of these things before. Now that she was within reach of him, she dreaded a meeting. Her father, seeing her so sad, took her in his arms, and, guessing what was in her mind, soothed her by telling her she must not put off her war-paint until he had been into the town and made inquiries.

With this intent he bent his steps to Sonora, early in the morning of the day preceding the encounter, and soon learned, from the bands of armed men he met everywhere, that a great fight was impending between the miners and gamblers for the possession of Holden's garden; and by chance, passing near the door of a saloon, he heard a gambler say that—

"For two bits he'd shoot that dern'd preacher, for before he came there was no doubt about who were the natural rulers of the camp."

So after finding that Dale was not married, and that he had built a church, he went home fully impressed with the idea that there was to be a great fight on the morrow between the church party and the roughs, and that the church party would probably be all killed, or taken prisoners and hung.

With these tidings, he again sought his daughter, who, seeing him come into camp with so sad a face, ran to meet him, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed—

"Tell me the worst, father; is he married?"

"No, my dear child," he said, "he is not married, that is certain, because there are no women in the country, except a few of whom the less said the better. He has built a church, and done so much good, that I hear the roughs and gamblers are determined to massacre the whole of the congregation. To-morrow there will be a great fight, and I fear for poor Dale. Such a pack of ruffians I never saw in my life."

Mr. Emus had got hold of the wrong story; but he was right about the ruffianly appearance of the population in those parts: there could not be again collected such a fierce, unruly, unkempt, hairy lot of men. And were you to rummage all the old clothes shops of the world, you could not find such beggarly and yet suitable dresses as the miners then wore; and these, com-

bined with the huge weapons they had slung about them, must certainly have terrified any new-comer.

No doubt Mr. Emus thought that the gamblers were the church party, because they wore black clothes; and the poor honest miners were, in his eyes, the ruffians. It is not the first time people have been deceived by appearances.

Grace, now that she knew there were no rivals in the field, cast about in her mind to find some plan to save her lover, and she bethought her that her beauty might have as great an effect upon these men as it had upon the hostile Indians of the prairie. So she told her father of her ideas; and although he shook his head and laughed, and patted her cheek, yet he was not the man to let Dale be murdered without striking a blow in his defence. So it was agreed that she should mount one of poor Slocum's mustangs, while her father, on another, should hide in the woods near the town until they heard firing; then they should make for the church, and attempt a diversion in Dale's defence.

He had yet five men with him of his own train, besides four others who had not yet separated from them. These he acquainted with his design, to which they readily acceded, promising to stand by him against the enemies of religion. Grace's war-paint was hard to get off, even with the aid of the soap-root, which grew plentifully in those parts, but she restored herself at last.

With beating hearts they listened to every sound which they heard, as they lay in ambush, next day, in the patch of bushes nearest to the church. Grace looked marvellously beautiful; for she was both in love and excited, not knowing what might happen. Mr. Emus grasped his rifle with a determined air—he had seen the ruffians, and knew it was no child's play in which they were about to engage. The other men did nothing but stare at Grace on her white horse.

Now, Holden's garden, where the fight began, was in a valley, so that the firing there did not disturb our friends, because the sounds did not reach them distinctly; but when the tide of war drew up about the church, they slowly left their hiding-place, and not knowing much about the matter, they thought that Dale, with the church party, was in the church, where the ruffians were besieging them. So slowly did they advance, that they did not arrive on the scene of action until Dale had fallen, and the miners were charging for the church door. Then Grace, utterly unable to contain herself, dashed on in front, to the no small consternation of the ruffians.

To tell the truth, I believe any woman much less beautiful than Grace could at that time have done all that she did; so long had these hairy monsters been deprived of feminine society, that the very sight of a decent petticoat hanging on a clothes line would have been sufficient to attract their serious attention. You can imagine, then, that when a woman so beautiful as Grace, springing as she seemed to from the earth, commanded them to halt, they did so with gaping wonder.

Strange as it may appear, the fight ceased from that moment; for the remaining gamblers, taking advantage of the lull in the storm, issued from the church, leading a man with his hands tightly bound behind him.

Advancing to within twenty paces of the foremost miners, one of them shouted—

"Boys, don't shoot—we've had enough. This is the

derned skunk as shot the parson. Have any of you got a rope?"

At these words Tekel Bourbon—for it was he who had fired the shot from the inside of the church—shook with terror. He knew that his time was short, and, like all cowards, he was afraid to die.

Rushing forward before his captors could strike him, he threw himself at Grace's feet, begging for mercy; and she, looking down, recognized in the villainous face, distorted by terror, the features of her fellow-townsmen, Tekel Bourbon.

"Wretch!" she cried, "have you killed Mr. Dale—have you finished the miserable work you began in Boston? Tell me, some of you, where is your minister?"

So heartrending was her cry, that Dale, whose back had been turned to the scene, and who had been sickened and almost rendered unconscious by his wound, turned and beheld Grace and her father, who had now come up.

"I am here, Grace," he said.

But at the same time he thought he saw a vision, and that his hour was come; for how could he imagine that the girl whom he had left thousands of miles away could be there at that moment?

However, Grace and her father were soon at his side, assuring him that his fame was cleared, and that they had come all that long way to seek him; and hearing that he and his congregation were about to be massacred "by these ruffians," said Mr. Emus, "we came to give you what help we could. Pray God that they may spare us now. How could you be induced to live among such men?"

"Ruffians!" said the pale minister—"yes, they may be in one sense ruffians; but they are my children, and you don't know how I love them.

"Boys," said he, raising himself to his feet with difficulty, "the fight is over; let's take a drink all round, and then attend to the wounded."

The boys gave a shout, and while some of them ran to the nearest saloon for whiskey, others were busy—among whom the tall figure of Ben Irby was conspicuous—in adjusting a rope to the neck of Tekel Bourbon, whom they were going to hang in one of the trees by the church, the very tree where Parson Dale had hung up his fifty pairs of skates when he first came there.

Tekel's cries for mercy were dreadful, and Dale—who, though he did not know whom they were going to hang, knew what they were about—besought Mr. Emus, with his men, to help him to the spot.

This, however, took some little time, and when they did come within speaking distance Tekel Bourbon was suspended from a branch, over which the rope was passed, the other end being held by a line of men below.

Up to this time there had been much shouting, but now a solemn stillness reigned, and Mr. Dale, though his voice was weak, easily made himself heard.

"Let go that rope, boys! I command you, if you love me, don't murder that man."

Without a murmur, they let the man down by slackening the rope, and as he reached the ground some one loosened the line from round his neck, so that he soon revived, for it takes some time to strangle a man by his own weight, and Bourbon had not been suspended more than a minute.

"Now, then, preacher," said Ben Irby, "just you

give us a reason for interfering. I took you for a man as had grit, and not for a derned fool who was afeard to hang a villain when he had shot you in the back and caused the death of others."

"I tell you what it is, my friends," said Parson Dale, "we have had blood enough—oh, far too much, to-day; and though I more than any of you have cause to hate and dread this wretch—for it was he who, by false accusations, drove me from my home in the Eastern States, and for a time ruined my reputation with my congregation—"

"Wretch!" said Mr. Emus, striding up to him—for in the miserable creature before him he now recognized Tekel Bourbon—"it was you and your band of assassins who waylaid us on the plains, and caused the death of one of the truest and bravest men. You are wrong, Dale, in showing mercy to such a villain."

"Mercy—mercy!" shrieked Tekel Bourbon, who had now recovered the power of speech—"I am not fit to die. Give me time for repentance."

"Boys," said Mr. Dale, "I did not come among you to preach vengeance. I came to speak to you of mercy and forgiveness; and as it is me whom he shot, I ask you to lead him forth from the camp, and let him go free."

"All right," said one of the men, who held Bourbon, with a wink to his companions, "it's no use wasting our time here, when there is many a wounded man wants help. We'll let you go free enough when we get you out of camp—come along!"

He began to drag Bourbon away.

"But I can't walk—indeed I can't," said the poor wretch. "Let me have my horse—he is close here."

"So much the better," said the man—"you will get away from here the faster."

Ben Irby laughed when Mr. Dale, after Bourbon had been led away, took him by the hand, and said—

"I have to thank you very much for your bravery and kindness to-day, and I am glad to see that you are also a man of mercy."

"Well, as to that, stranger," said he, "when I trap a varmint, I don't let him go in a hurry; but I reckon the boys will let that derned cuss go this time fast enough, if only to please you. If you had asked me, I should have sooner hung him."

Here Dale felt so faint from his wound that he could no longer support himself, and was carried off to his tent, where he lay for many days, unable to move. It was a comfortable tent, with a clean bed; for Chawbait and Susy had never failed to put it in order since Arkensaw's departure, and Mr. Dale always took his meals with them. They looked upon him as Arkensaw's representative, and would have served him more than they could afford if he would have let them. So anxious was Susy for the minister, and so carefully did she dress his wound, that had she not been such a homely woman, Grace might have been jealous. As it was, and as Susy was almost if not altogether the only decent woman in camp, they became great friends.

A GRAMMATICAL CORRECTION.—Mr. Johnstone is a great purist, and his perpetual criticisms of the expressions used in general conversation are occasionally troublesome, and sometimes obscure. He informed me the other evening, as we walked home from a party, that that that that lady said, should have been which.



## Things New and Old.

### Catching a Tartar.

Three Bedfordshire roughs waylaid a farmer who was known to have sold three hundred sheep and fifty quarters of wheat in the market that day. But the farmer showed fight, and being a powerful man, and a good bruiser, effectively. He broke one fellow's jaw, put another's shoulder out, and damaged the third internally, so that he was never the same rogue again. But they got him down between them, and secured his pocket-book, with which they were glad to make off. When they had repaired damages somewhat at a thieves' pothouse, they examined their booty, and found a bundle of letters, a pair of scissors, and eighteenpence in cash. For the farmer had that day been converted from his prejudice against entrusting his cash to bankers, and had opened an account with the cash received for his produce.

The dislocated rogue declaimed against such vile luck.

"Why, it's only sixpence a-piece, after all that!" he complained.

But his mate, whose inside had been injured, rebuked him in courteous accents.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" he mildly exclaimed. "I'm precious glad it wasn't a florin, or he'd have murdered the lot of us!"

### Far North.

The valleys and gorges of Disco, especially the Lyngmarken and the shores of Englesmanders Havn, in their gay summer clothing of mosses and wild flowers, furnish an excellent example of the flora of both North and South Greenland—both of the plants which will become familiar to the explorers farther north, and of the less hardy species which do not occur beyond this parallel. Of the 206 species which compose the Arctic Greenland flora, upwards of two-thirds were collected by the officers of the expedition round Godhavn, and they were thus enabled to form a practical acquaintance with the plants they are likely to meet with in the unknown region. The vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf on the level places, while it fills the chinks and crannies of the rocks, and creeps over the surface of the stones, giving a very bright appearance to the near view of this land of Disco in summer. The prettiest thing of all, and the most abundant, is the club moss (*Cassiope tetragona*), with its graceful little white bell flowers, like miniature lilies of the valley. With it are generally the dwarf willows and birches, and the *Vaccinium*, with its red flower and its glossy little leaves. But for the plague of mosquitoes those lovely mosses would form soft and most luxurious beds. The *Alchemillas*, the *Angelicas*, and whortleberries in the Lyngmarken, and the rich masses of holly fern in Englishman's Bay, will not be seen farther north. Quantities of red snow were also found on the heights above Godhavn, and specimens were carefully collected and preserved. Here, too, were the salad-supplying plants, the sorrel and scurvy grass, and many others. The herbaria formed at Godhavn will be most useful to the explorers in studying the botany of the unknown region. Disco is also a specially good

locality for commencing the acquisition of a knowledge of the polar fauna; for here the Arctic and the sub-Arctic forms meet. Great northern divers, razor-bills, puffins, harlequin ducks, mergansers, skuas, wheatears, pipits, and some phalaropes and sandpipers are seen at Disco, and not farther north. At the same time, the officers of the expedition here became acquainted with most of the true Arctic birds, as well as with the eggs of many of them. Dr. Moss had examined a number of organisms brought from the surface water of Davis Strait, and the contents of a dredge containing molluscs, holotheria, and crustacea from thirty fathoms on the Torske bank, and he had made careful coloured drawings of all the microscopic organisms that were new to him.

### Tim the Fisherman.

I knew a tinker once—Tinker Tim I have called him, though it was not his name; but that was when days begun to turn upon the trade, though there was still a living to be had by walking and working for it. Tim was the strangest of fellows—a most enthusiastic fisherman; he knew every bit of open fishing for twenty miles round London, and a good many that were not open, too, to some of which he was not always unwelcome; for Tim knew many rare secrets of the art not chronicled by Dennys, and could impart them judiciously when he chose; and, if a fervent angler had such a thing as a particularly large and wary trout who had resisted all the allurements he was master of, he was not now and then above consulting the tinker, who was to be trusted, and was no poacher. Sometimes Tim was mighty quiet and self-contained. He had little beyond the time of day, and a good word or two for a stranger; but for the old acquaintance and gossip whom he knew and liked he could be blithe as a bird and communicative as you please. Tim was one of those free and happy souls who haven't a spark of envy or jealousy in their composition; who would tell a disconsolate flyfisher which was the killing fly, and show a fishless banker the killing swim and bait, or perform any other kindly office in his power. He was a first-rate fisherman himself, and with a rod made of old umbrella sticks, &c., contrived by his own skill, and with a few fine sorrel hairs pulled out of some stallion's tail, he often produced very marvellous results. Everything, even his reel, was home-made, and, rough as it all looked, he had sundry ingenious appliances of his own which were by no means unworthy of notice. Tim was a wonderful hand at baits. He always had baits of one kind or another, or knew where to get them at short notice, which would catch fish, and the old formula of worms, gentles, and greaves, the usual *répertoire* of the punt fisher, he utterly abjured and scorned as a formula. He just used whatever he could get—grasshoppers, bumble-bees, wasp-grubs, anything he could easiest come by. He once, with a mixture of rotten cheese, fat rusty bacon, and buttercups (to give it a colour), all mashed up together, made such a take of chub as I have seldom seen; and once, when no worms could be got, he made a swingeing take of barbel by baiting with some chopped-up butcher's scraps. He was never at a loss; if he could not get one thing, he used another. His great point was his knowledge of the state of the water, and how it affected the various swims.—*Field*.

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—IN WHICH EVERYBODY GROWS OLDER.

CLARIDGE and I were not so much alone together during the second year of my residence at Droitchester, not because our friendship had in any way cooled, but simply in consequence of his more numerous engagements. He had not thrust himself forward at first, allowing time for his reputation to settle itself in the county. There had been a scandal years ago, and he had quarrelled with his father, who opposed his attachment to some mysterious lady; about whom there were most contradictory reports. Some said she was a princess, others an opera dancer, and opinions were equally divided as to whether he had married her. At any rate, it was too certain that when he was dying, the old man was very anxious that his son should arrive in time to receive his forgiveness, and a courier was despatched to the Continent to summon him.

Claridge did find his father conscious, but that was all, for he died the day after he got home; and his grief and remorse were something terrible to witness. Directly after the funeral, he disappeared, leaving his estate under the management of a discreet steward, and nothing more was heard of him till he obtained his commission in Evans's Brigade, to the great disgust of the majority of the county families, who were Tories.

All this Mrs. Harwood gleaned from the rectoress, and retailed to me. But now Claridge appeared to have sown his wild oats, and he began to be courted, especially by ladies who had daughters; for Droitchester was a fine estate, and it was a pity that the grand old house should remain without a mistress.

Claridge seemed shy of selecting one, but he was attentive to all, and dined and danced a good deal. He also paid strict attention to magisterial business, and took much interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the county, for which, he privately informed me, he hoped some day to stand, and, indeed, was accumulating a fund for that future purpose.

"My father-in-law must have political influence," he said, when I bantered him about the traps set for his freedom.

He hunted very regularly, and constantly had men staying with him in the season; and as there was always a cover laid for me at his table, I could have as much gaiety all the winter as I liked, and, not being an anchorite at all, I liked a good deal.

All went very smoothly for four years, and then a terrible problem presented itself for solution.

What was to be done with Cerise?

The Hassacks' governess had left; the two elder children had gone away—one to marry, the other to keep house for her maternal grandmother; and the younger ones were sent to school. But even had that governess been still available, Cerise had outgrown her services.

I am utterly at a loss to convey any just idea of the relationship in which we stood to one another, it was so very exceptional. As she changed from child to girl, she became more and more my companion; till at last she took as much interest in all the affairs of the farm as I did myself. I should no more have thought of

getting in the hay, selling the fat stock, killing a pig, or turning a horse out to grass, without discussing the matter with Cerise, than of flying. Insensibly—I don't at all know when—she left off calling me Uncle Jack, and adopted the name of Guardy. Mrs. Hassack always asked her, "How is your guardian?" "Where is your guardian?" "Is your guardian coming?" Guardian was too much of a mouthful, and so I became Guardy. Mrs. Harwood was never rechristened, and we were Guardy and Gumpy.

Of course, I had known all along that the girl's residence with me could only be a temporary arrangement, unless I married, which was quite out of the question. Something would have to be done when she grew up; but I had not dwelt on the idea, quieting myself with the text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." For the thought that Cerise could not remain a child for ever was a terrible "evil" to me. But the necessity for parting with her came sooner than I had anticipated. It was impossible to disguise the fact that to allow the motherless girl to go on leading her present bucolic life would be unjust and unkind. She would grow up too unconventional and masculine; her manner and modes of thought would be different from those of other young ladies; her knowledge of feminine accomplishments deficient. No human being can have a fair share of happiness who does not harmonize with the majority of the same rank of life, whatever it may be; and this fact applies more strongly to women than to men.

No woman can be eccentric with impunity; and eccentric Cerise would become if she spent the most critical period of her life as she had passed her childhood, only without the companionship of the Miss Hassacks.

There was no help for it, she must go to school.

She cried bitterly when I first spoke about it to her; but being the most reasonable little creature imaginable, soon came to understand the matter properly. A conviction of the sorrow I felt in parting from her doubtless helped to make her comprehend the urgency of the case; and she soon calmed down, and spoke of the event as something inevitable, which was to be, and so there was no use in repining at it.

I received a great deal of sympathy and good advice from all the ladies of my acquaintance among the county magnates; and finally made choice of an establishment at Cheltenham, highly recommended and continuously patronized by the Honourable Mrs. Fairtil, all whose daughters were passed through that educational mill. The two eldest had married well and happily; two others, living at home, were remarkably nice, unaffected girls, accomplished and unassuming, excellent samples of the style of article which the school could turn out; a fifth daughter was still there.

The Honourable Mrs. Fairtil gave me a letter of introduction to the estimable proprietress of this school, which I was glad to have; for, though turned of thirty, I was rather juvenile in appearance, and if I had presented myself without a sponsor at the vestal fold might have been taken for a wolf in sheep's clothing; for many of the lambs inside were full-grown, and the fleece of more than one was golden. But armed with my letter, I was graciously received by Miss Beaumont, who entered kindly into the circumstances of the case, which I thought it best to confide to her fully. She

only took fourteen pupils, and her terms were high. But, though I was not rich, that did not matter; for I was living within my income, and Cerise's little dividends had been accumulating. There would be a vacancy soon, and then she could go.

It was a melancholy business when the day came. Mrs. Harwood sobbed in a heartbroken manner, and I felt as if I were going to be hung. It seemed to be my fate to form ties, and have them snapped again immediately, like a spider. Cerise kept herself up, and sought to cheer me with the consideration that this separation was only a temporary matter: the innocent child had no idea that when she left school she would be too old to reside with a bachelor who was in no way related to her.

Since the parting must take place, however, it was better to break it in this way by sending her to school, and letting her come back to Droitchester for a few vacations. After that, some arrangement must be made, for I did not quite like the idea of her living with Mrs. Harwood; to use a horsey term, the good lady was not "class" enough. I wished Cerise to mix in society, and share the pleasures of her age. These were very future considerations, however, on the day I left her in the charge of Miss Beaumont. I had made arrangements to sleep at Cheltenham that night, and had had a saddle horse sent to the hotel, intending to ride home on the morrow; for I always find that I can combat low spirits best on horseback, and, the journey being a long one, I hoped to get thoroughly tired. But there was the remainder of the existing day to be got rid of. It was about four o'clock on a fine autumn afternoon when the school door closed behind me, and there were plenty of people, sick and well, in the streets and promenades. So I walked about, trying to be amused, and to listen to a band which was playing; but with only partial success, for depressing thoughts would intrude themselves. I ought to have esteemed myself lucky that this new interest had come to engage my thoughts and affections at a critical period, when I was suffering from the bitterest disappointment. I owned all that, and was grateful. But still, it was very hard to lose my little companion, when I had grown so fond of her.

I was strolling under some trees, thinking of the past and the future, when I saw a Bath chair before me, and by the side of it there walked a lady. Her back was towards me; but I knew that it was Mary, in attendance, no doubt, upon Mrs. Courtland. I no longer felt any bitterness towards her; that had died out with my love. I only thought of her with friendship, regret, and deep compassion; but yet—from old association, I suppose—my heart beat quicker. The last time I had seen her was as a bride; and how I had suffered then! Now, however, since she was separated from her husband, there was no reason why I should avoid her; and I was particularly glad of an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Courtland again, who had shown me many kindnesses, and was now so confirmed an invalid. So I quickened my pace, and soon came up with the chair.

"I think I am not mistaken," I began.

Mary turned round, changed colour, and extended her hand, which I took.

"And does Mrs. Courtland remember an old friend?" said I, stepping to the front of the chair, the man drawing which had stopped.

Every forgiving or kindly thought and feeling vanished, and I felt suddenly possessed by the devil as my eyes, looking under the hood, met those of Templest.

He was changed, indeed, beyond ordinary recognition: his face was bloated and expressionless, his mouth open and slobbering, every feature told of imbecility; but I knew him. He did not notice me, but looked in my direction with eyes that were perfectly soulless. Here I was, then, at last, face to face with my enemy; and yet he was far beyond my power.

I turned away with a "Pah!" of disgust, which the chairman must have thought immeasurably brutal.

Mary looked at me with astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," I said, recovering myself. "You know nothing of my reasons for detesting that man, and never shall from me. If you did, I do not think you could force yourself to your work of compassion."

"I thought it was my duty, when I heard he was dying of softening of the brain in a hospital, to take him away and tend him; and I do not suppose that any act of his past life, however bad, would make a difference."

"Of course not," said I. "I spoke hastily and foolishly. If you can condone your own wrongs, all the rest must be light in the balance. I was so startled that I hardly knew what I was saying. I expected to see Mrs. Courtland—how is she?"

"Rather better in general health, but feeble."

The chair had gone on, and we were walking behind it. It would have been wiser if I had left, for it was evident that Mary restrained her agitation with difficulty; but there was something I wanted to say, and another opportunity might never occur.

"You wrote to me," I said presently, "and I never replied. At the time I could not—disappointment and wounded vanity made me too bitter. Afterwards, when I had gained my equanimity, it was difficult to send an answer so long deferred. But since we have chanced to meet, I wish to say that I do not blame you at all, and never have done so in cool blood. I hold that if a man cannot win a woman's love, or retain it when won, the fault is his own. There are doubtless some men who do not possess that talent, or virtue, or knack; and most likely I am one of them. It is a misfortune, like blindness or deafness; but to repine would be the height of folly. It is of no use crying for the moon. As for forgiveness, I have nothing whatever to forgive. You tried your best to return my love, and failed. I owe you gratitude for the attempt, and only blame the bad luck which made me unloveable for the failure. Honestly, unfeignedly, I grieve that the man who won the prize was so unworthy of it. To wish you happy would be a mockery, but my regret that you are not so is as genuine as was ever felt."

"If you do not blame me," said Mary, "I blame myself; and God has punished me heavily."

She drew her veil down, for her tears were falling fast. To have prolonged the scene would have been cruel.

"Good-bye, sister of my childhood," I said, taking her hand again.

"Good-bye," she sobbed. And so we parted.

The incidents which alone broke the monotony of this period of my life were so few that it was a pity

that three such notable events as Cerise's going to school, Tempest's turning up in a state of idiocy, and my meeting once more with Mary, should have occurred in the same day. Downright waste it was.

I rode back to the nest from which the young bird had flitted next day, and resumed my former life; but the zest had gone out of it. There was hardly an hour in the day in which I did not miss Cerise, and though of course I soon got used to her absence, I never ceased to feel it.

There was a little respite, a partial resumption of the old happy time—so near, and yet so far—at Christmas; but the extent to which she had altered in so short a period showed what a temporary reprieve it was. Even Mrs. Harwood exclaimed—

"Why, my dear, you have grown into a woman!"

Her manners had changed, too; she was more timid and reserved, and I was glad of it; for if she had been as demonstrative as she was sometimes six months before when we were alone together, I should have been positively embarrassed. She was more like Cerise's elder sister than Cerise herself—a very charming relative, though. The changes, indeed, were trifling, taken individually. She asked leave to do things which she would have done before without that ceremony. When we were riding together, the younger Cerise used to make a point of scrambling forward to open all the gates, the present Cerise waited for me to perform that office for her. She had improved marvellously in her singing and pianoforte playing, and studied the music which I liked best; being, at the same time, by no means indifferent to the effect produced upon Mrs. Harwood and Claridge. The instinct of dress, which had lain dormant a long time, considering that she had French blood in her veins, was awakened. Her sense of humour had developed, and she took off her master and mistress with considerable comic power. One day she gave Mrs. Harwood a lesson in deportment, and initiated her in the mysteries of getting into a carriage without showing her ankles, in a very effective manner.

But her ways with the poor old women, whom it delighted her to visit with little presents of tea or snuff, had not altered at all, and she played with animals as much as ever.

She made profession of liking her school almost as well as the Rookery till the time came for her to go back, and then she cried—

"Oh, Guardy, Guardy, why do you send me away?"

And was much distressed. So was I.

After that Christmas, my ward never came home again to her guardian's house. My friends round about were very kind in helping me out of the difficulty. Lady Debonair, the wife of a neighbouring baronet, invited Cerise to stay with her for one vacation, and the Honourable Mrs. Fairtil took her for another. And at other times I made arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Hassack to take her in at the rectory, when our daily rides and walks were resumed, and the old interest in the cows and colts resumed.

In the course of these years, Claridge gave up all idea of representing the county, the Tory element being too strong for him. But a vacancy occurring in a neighbouring borough, a part of which belonged to him, he stood for that, and got in cheap for those days. He never distinguished himself particularly, though he made a good speech now and then; but was very regu-

lar in his attendance, and spent the whole Parliamentary season in London. And this took me up to town a great deal, at such times as my ward was at school; for in spite of the rector's companionship, I was dull at Droitchester, without either Cerise or Claridge. My friend went a good deal into society in London, and drew me with him; but he showed no sign of taking a wife. It was too much to expect that he should marry for the mere sake of helping me out of my difficulty by harbouring my ward, and so I did not urge it.

### The Casual Observer.

CROCKERY WISE.

WHAT next? Why, I should have it all packed, so that the pots might not become potsherds; and then, having chosen a most durable Pantechicon, or Taylor's Repository, I should have my vases, etcetera, carted there, and then—and then only—I should go to sleep.

Sleep? Yes, for two hundred years; ready at the end of that nice little rest to wake up a perfect Monte Christo. Wealth! I should be a prince of princes. I could laugh at Rothschild, and—and—and, well, I could revel once more in kid gloves.

The interpretation of this is that I have been to Christie and Manson's upon a sale day, and have looked upon the china mania. Now, not having been a lover of tulips; never having been a collector of objects of vertu; never, in fact, having been guilty of anything worse than investing sundry pounds in fancy poultry, I was not disposed to gaze with merciful eyes upon those whose understandings have been so cultivated that they can see beauties rare and treasures great in pots and pans, to an uneducated eye as far below the productions of our present porcelain works as a Brummagem burster is removed from one of Westley Richards's breech-loaders.

But there is the fact, and all you needy ones who have cabinets filled with Chelsea, Dresden, Sèvres, Derby, or Lowestoft china, send it at once to town, and have it sold.

It may have fallen to the lot of those who travel in rural places to enter a cottage where their eyes have been delighted with a grand grouping of showy china upon the side table, supported on one side by the red-painted tea-caddy, upon the other by a big shell pin-cushion, and thrown up behind by that beautiful tea-tray with the artistic design.

Well, amongst the glories of the group of fat children, impossible dogs, and cows undergoing the lacteal relief, do you remember a gorgeous tree, beneath which are seated in loving guise a gentle and his fair—a bright, ceramic, Arcadian scene, with bouquet, hurdy-gurdy, and dancing dogs? Perhaps you do; and if asked to appraise such a piece, might be rash enough to place its value at two shillings.

What fearful ignorance! Why, this china group, that bears so strong a resemblance—that is, well, to say the most of it, only pretty—is old Chelsea, and, after a spirited competition, is knocked down at 202 guineas; a companion group, where the shepherd has evidently read his Shakspeare, and appears to be just saying, "I prithee play upon this pipe," holding it the while to his, the shepherd's, lips, making 145.

A tiny saucer fetches five guineas; a pair of Dresden groups of boys, sixty pounds; and another pair representing a Wisdom, not above the arts of dress, holding a telescope to one eye, while her other hand is upon a globe, her companion being Folly—not an indelicate young lady of the ballet dancer stamp, who, laughing loudly, plays with a mask—one hundred and twenty-two pounds when the hammer falls—"And not dear either," a spectator remarks.

Oriental china seems in less repute, for a couple of great vases, five feet high, are rather looked down upon. They are showy in colour, with raised lizards and scrawlipeds, of Chinese type for ornament, while the willow-pattern plate must have been in the artist's mind when he was at work. Certainly, though, there is a battle scene, with excellently fat warriors flourishing their knives, and from the state of their clothing evidently prepared to perform that Japanese finale, the happy despatch. Thirty-seven pounds.

Fifties and twenties, forties and thirties, for pairs of vases, dishes, or simple cups and saucers, one and all wanting in grace and colour. Truly, it must require a great deal of education before these can be thoroughly appreciated. Here and there, certainly, something graceful in shape, and bright, or pleasantly subdued of tint, appeared; but, as a rule, dullness, cracks, mending and rivets, seemed to add value to the articles sold.

Of course, I am very ignorant, and doubtless merit the scorn of all true collectors. I am willing enough to accord value where antiquity is in question. I can admire the early efforts of the Roman, and praise the grace of outline in the Etruscan; but I cannot fall flat and worship brown Derby, nor yet turn Arcadian Chelsea into shepherd idols.

Relief comes in the sale of plate; plenty of good silver making the small price of five and sixpence, or five and threepence per oz., though quaint old silver vases were sold at double the price. Handsome were some of the chalices—chased, *repoussé*, or parcel-gilt, but wearing one and all so clerical an aspect that one would hardly like to have them on the guest table, lest one's friends should accuse one of holding impious feasts, and, shuddering, turn their heads towards the wall. Candelabras—ugly, handsome, mediocre—paten, and salver, rapidly sold; and then gold—rich, glistening, and ruddy—delicate stars, and gorgeously chased little snuff-boxes, enamelled with Watteau-like scenes, or inlaid with splendid cameos, to average twenty pounds a-piece; but the elegantly-chased box, containing inside an enamel miniature of the Pretender, fetched over fifty. What a satisfaction, with every pinch of snuff, to gaze upon the beloved lineaments!

Ugliness personified in the shape of a pair of carved negro boys in golden robes, each bearing a rock crystal dropped candelabra, every drop and spangle about one-hundredth part as handsome as the commonest lustre prism—in short, eight and a-half feet of monstrosity, but branded with the name of a Genoese palace, so good for 300 guineas under the auctioneer's hammer.

Marbles, modern and antique—Seneca, with unbrushed hair, for four pounds ten; a crying boy, ugly but marvellous, twenty-four pounds ten. Ivory sculpture, rich and refined; and a dessert service of ormolu and cut glass, giving all the effect of gold, without needless expense, since even if it were twenty-two carat

fine, and Hall-marked, your charitable friends would vow it was electro-gilt.

Of course, nature will make no exception in my case, otherwise I tell you what I would do. I would save up all those shillings and half-crowns, and coins that may be dubbed divers—coins one and all spent in such superfluities as scent, kid gloves, claret-cup, ices, and folly generally, and when I had arrived at the sublime wealth of five hundred pounds, I should get a wholesale dealer's card, and then run down to Chamberlain's or Minton's, and invest every penny in pots—that is to say, in their graceful and beautifully-tinted china.

Money for everything; and to see the prices given, one would say that poverty had faded from the land. The Hebrew persuasion is there, though—rich and ready, sharp of eye, swift to appreciate merit, hard to deceive; and from what one saw, the auctioneer's bill against one or two present could have been no trifle. On the whole, a pleasant morning can be spent in King-street, St. James's; for besides the objects on sale, the walls are rich with good and bad paintings; and in an adjoining room there are pretty well sure to be innumerable treasures on view. If, then, you have money to spare, go and buy what seemeth to you good. If cash be scarce, go feast your eyes; for there is much to be learned at an auction sale.

### "Into the Valley of Death."

A GOOD deal of interest has been excited lately by the fact that an endeavour is being made to unite the survivors of that daring deed at a public dinner. Apropos of the ride, two of the old six hundred give the following graphic accounts of the scene:—

"When the order was given by Captain Nolan to Lord Cardigan to ride into the valley of Balaklava, Lord Cardigan said, 'Is it possible? Here goes, then, for the last of the Cardigans,' meaning the men of the 11th Hussars.

"We advanced in three lines, and Captain Nolan took the lead. We were taken from the extreme left of the valley, and advanced across the guns to the right of us. Captain Nolan was the first man that was shot. It was a fearful sight to see men reeling from their horses in all directions. The confusion and noise were something horrible. Our four mortar batteries fired right over the heights of Balaklava into the plain where the Russians were gathering, and wrought sad havoc upon their lines.

"Immediately we got to the bottom of the valley we had orders to return. Then we could see what a handful of men was left. The colonel, addressing us, said, 'For God's sake, men, what are we to do now?' One of the Light Cavalry calls out in answer, 'There's the 17th Lancers on the other side of the valley.'

"The colonel then said, 'We will gallop over to them, and form ourselves in their rear, for their support in the charge back from the redoubt.' When we got within twenty paces of them, we found them to be the Polish Lancers, who were formed into a column, instead of the 17th Lancers, as we expected; and then we had to charge back as best we could, with Lord Cardigan at our head.

"In my opinion, and in the opinion of most of the

men, the order given to charge for the guns meant our entire destruction; but we were soldiers, and obeyed. The scene presented was something deplorable: around us were lying our dead or wounded comrades. I remember one of our men named Young, of the 11th Hussars, lying on the field wounded; also Lawson and Martin.

"On the same night I buried their arms, which had been shot off. One of the men named John Banbrick had his horse shot from under him. A Russian officer in riding past at the time was dismounted, when Banbrick rushed after the horse, caught it, and mounting it, took it to Balaklava. When the Turkish troops who evacuated the redoubts passed the English cavalry, all that we could get out of them was '*Bono English*.'"

Here is the second narrative:—

"Well, as people in such matters say, I really don't know how to commence, but I will tell the story in my own way. You must know that I belong to the 4th Dragoons. We had been out from the first onset, one or two o'clock in the morning till daylight. Between six and seven o'clock we were ordered to dismount and go and feed the horses, and get our own breakfasts. Before we had half finished—in fact, before even some of the men had dismounted—we received the order to remount, and form into line again. We accordingly did so, forming into two lines.

"The first line, I think, was composed of the 11th and 13th, and the second of the 4th, 8th, and 17th. As we were forming we heard the cannon roar, and at the same time saw the Turks leaving their posts at the redoubts, and the enemy coming over towards Balaklava, where the 93rd Highlanders were stationed. The Highlanders formed into line and received the Russian cavalry, who had charged them, and put them into utter confusion. Then the heavy cavalry charged, and routed the Russians considerably, and the enemy was again driven back to the redoubts, which they had occupied after the evacuation by the Turks.

"After this the heavy cavalry returned from their charge. Then the order was given by Captain Nolan, who rode up to us, saying, 'There are the guns, and the Light Brigade must take them,' or words to that effect. With that we got the order to advance. We advanced in two lines. We thought it was a blunder, because there were no infantry to support us in any shape or form; but there was no time to think of the matter, and we were very excited, for we knew the enemy was in front. We had nothing else to do but obey the order.

"We lost a great number of men going down the valley, for the Russian battery was playing on us all the while, and a constant cross fire was kept up; but our object was to reach the redoubts. Captain Nolan was amongst the first who were shot. We rode up to the guns, and great slaughter was done on both sides. We lost a great number of men in this manner: some of them dismounted for the purpose of cutting the traces of the Russian horses attached to the guns; but to their disappointment they found that the traces were not leather, as they expected, but iron chains surrounded with leather. In the anxious endeavour to capture the guns they wasted too much time, and many of them were killed.

"When we found that we were overpowered, and there

was no support coming, and that we were all in twos and threes, Lord George Paget called upon the men to rally round him, and join what he supposed to be the 17th Lancers, who were some distance off.

"No sooner had he given the word to rally than Sergeant Andrews said—'No, my lord, it is not the 17th Lancers, it is the Polish Lancers.'

"Lord George Paget said, 'Well, my boys, rally round me; we will cut our way back as best we can.' Fortunately, it being the Polish Lancers—who were, it has been assumed, friendly towards us, and would have liked to have joined us in the attack against Russia—they never attempted to move. If they had come across our rear as we went down the valley, they must have cut off nearly every man, and few would have returned to tell the tale; and certainly all of us would have been dismounted.

"Nearly the whole of the Russian army—in all between 12,000 and 14,000 men at least—were at our backs. They captured our wounded, whom we had not time to look after, and nearly every man that was wounded was taken prisoner. After the conflict we rallied in twos and threes, and returned to the ground where we started from. Several divisions of the army came down to see us, and the Duke of Cambridge and staff also came down. The Duke cried like a child, and said, 'My poor Light Brigade is all cut down,' and was very much affected."

NOTHING TO FRET ABOUT.—An Australian squatter had the misfortune to shoot one of the aborigines. It was pure accident, and when the matter was inquired into he was entirely exonerated from blame; but being a humane and sensitive man, the affair worried him somewhat; and as he shortly afterwards received bad news from home, he grew silent and gloomy—a state of mind which was the more remarkable that he had been renowned for jollity and light-heartedness. At last his head shepherd, who was much attached to him, for they had come out together from Scotland, received information which he thought would set his master's mind at rest, and hastened to impart it. "You need na greet any more about the creature you shot, sir," he said; "for I have this vera morning been credibly informed by trustworthy eye-witnesses that there's hundreds more of them in the interior of the country."

A GOOD RIDDANCE.—I quite forget what natural historian it was who was reposing on the banks of a stream which ran through a wood, one hot summer's day, and saw a fox. He was able to watch the animal, who did not see or smell him. The poor fox was evidently troubled with fleas; for first he scratched himself, then he bit himself, then he scratched again, and finally sat down to think, with his head on one side. After due reflection, he walked deliberately down to the water, waded in where it was very shallow, and stood awhile. Then he gradually went a little deeper, and a little deeper, pausing for some time at each advance, until only his nose and his brush were out of the water. Then the brush was lowered—slowly, slowly, till only the extreme tip was visible. Then Reynard dived, suddenly and sharply, reappeared some five yards up stream, swam ashore, and trotted off. The natural historian, rushing to the spot where the fox had dived, saw hundreds of black specks floating on the surface. He secured one: it was a flea.



### The Sick Man's Friends.

TURKEY seems to have come once more into a good deal of note. We have been having news from its seat of war; and, later still, unpleasant little matters connected with the breeches pocket of John Bull. These are matters of interest, of course, but more affecting shareholders, investors, bulls, and bears than the readers of a magazine. The points most likely to take attention now are those relating to the strife between the Turks proper and their Christianized people, who, under the rule of the Moslem, are known to us as the Wallach, the Greek, and the Slav—which last embraces the peoples whose names have of late become so familiar, and of whose peasantry we have given illustrations. The Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins are all so many hostile peoples smarting under the iron rule and maladministration of the Turks. Christians, they are looked down upon by the noble followers of Mahomet, whose dark eyes lower from beneath fez or turban as they pass the dogs of Giaours, from whom they take heavy tribute, and whom they trample down so that, while agriculture and commerce are checked, bitterness is engendered, and the people are ever ready to rise in revolt.

The Montenegrins inhabit what is quite a hostile fortress in the Turkish territory; but, though dashing and brave, they are wanting in numbers. The Bosnians are far stronger in number; and the Servians, the most important, politically considered, are only a million, all told—a number which sounds small when compared with the inhabitants of our great metropolis.

They are principally agricultural in their pursuits; but these pursuits are checked by the knowledge that they are in a state of bondage, and it is for freedom that these revolutions are attempted by the hardy mountaineers.

One thing, however, is evident, there is no hope for them in the way of success, unless strong aid is poured in by some one or other of the Western powers.

They are a fine, hard-working people, and in most cases more European than Eastern in their habits. The costume adopted by the women is more after the Albanian fashion than that of their rulers; and gay in colour, graceful in style, they form most picturesque objects for the artist's brush.

At the present time the countries are most unsettled, and Ragusa has become of great importance from its being chosen as the head-quarters of the Slavonic committee engaged in the revolutionary enterprise in Herzegovina.

A correspondent tells, in the following language, his adventures among the insurgents:—

"My expedition turned out entirely successful. I arrived at the *locanda*, which promises to become famous in contemporary history, a little after four; and, on ascending to the guest-room on the first floor—whence such a lovely view of Ragusavecchia Bay is to be obtained—found it, to my great satisfaction, occupied by an eminent insurgent leader and his body guards, two splendid Montenegrin warriors, armed to the teeth. It was no less a person than Kosta Grujić, Gospodin Guboratic's brother-in-law, who courteously greeted me as I entered the apartment.

"This gentleman—I have no hesitation in according

him the title—is one of the very few talented and highly educated men who have thrown themselves, body and soul, into the insurrectionary movement, thereby imparting to it an importance which, but for their presence, it would never have possessed. A Servian by birth, he is an accomplished linguist, and possesses the manners of good society, with which the half-peasant, half-bandit costume he wears is grotesquely out of keeping. A loose dark jacket and breeches, woollen leggings, *opanke*—shoes of undressed leather—a red stuff girdle, coloured woollen shirt and fez, are strange habiliments for a person of polite address, who converses with you in idiomatic French and Italian, and presents you with his visiting card when you take leave of him. An insurgent chief who carries a card case as well as a small arsenal of deadly weapons is, I confess, a novelty to me.

"After a few conventional remarks, Mr. Grujić plunged in *medias res* without hesitation. The principal items of information I derived from him have been already telegraphed to you, but there was much of interest in his conversation that could not well be crowded into the limits of a telegram. He spoke with evidently genuine hopefulness of the insurrection's prospects.

"The men engaged in this enterprise," said he, "are for the most part trained mountaineers, absolutely inured to fatigue that could not be endured by the best light troops in Europe, not even by the Tyrolean Jägers or the Italian Bersaglieri. They are indifferent to hardships under which even the regular soldiery of Russia would melt away like snow under the sun's rays. Many of them are veterans of former risings against the hated Turkish yoke. They can fast and march, with short intervals of repose on the hard ground, for forty-eight hours at a stretch. Those amongst them who are Herzegovinians have lost all they ever possessed in the world, and are prepared to sacrifice their lives as well, for the emancipation of their country. They are well armed. Take the trouble to examine our weapons"—here he handed me, in succession, a serviceable though heavy rifled carbine, and an excellent central-fire six-shooter of Belgian manufacture, both clean, oiled, and in good order. "Our great trouble is that we have no artillery. The want of field guns alone prevents us from attacking the Turks in a much more serious manner, and upon a larger scale of operations, than we have hitherto been enabled to attempt. We possess, in all, but two cannon, some hundreds of years old, and much too cumbersome to be dragged over the sort of mountains amongst which we are called upon to act. If Nikita could only give us one of his batteries—we only want one; but he does all he can for us as it is, and we should be unwilling that he should risk Montenegrin independence for our sakes. We heartily wish Montenegro to profit eventually by the results of the insurrection, not to become a sacrifice to it. However, as we cannot by hook or by crook procure field guns or mountain batteries, which would be still more suitable to our requirements than even light six-pounders, we intend to manufacture incendiary rockets, and organise rocket batteries.

"I know that these missiles are prohibited by the International Convention, but we stand outside the ordinary and prescribed conditions of regular warfare. We are not recognized by any power as belligerents; we

know perfectly well that if we fall into the hands of the Turk we shall be slaughtered without mercy, so that no extremity of hostile measures we may think fit to

pecting quarter, though we shall not refuse to grant it to our enemies. Ours is unfortunately, by the force of circumstances beyond our control, in great measure a



TURKISH DEPENDENCIES.—WORKING PEOPLE.

adopt can in the least aggravate the perils attending our capture in fight.

“We do not delude ourselves to the extent of ex-

war of destruction to property as well as to life. We are bound to annihilate all local sources of supply from which the Turkish troops may draw their means of

sustenance. We have no alternative; they must be made to suffer privations, and compelled to get all their food, fodder, and stores from abroad, at heavy expense to their Government.

"To effect this object, the desirability of which is beyond question, we are obliged to inflict the gravest calamities upon our own brethren. It is true that if we did not burn their ricks and stacks, houses and barns, the Turks would appropriate them, in which case our helpless fellow-countrymen would be no better off than they are when *our* measures are put into execution. Besides, many a stout fellow who would shirk open resistance to Moslem rule as long as his individual property was not meddled with, is driven to swell our ranks by being made completely destitute.

"This sounds cynical, perhaps even cruel; but how can we help ourselves? The time is come when Turkish rule must cease in Bosnia and the Herzegovina—at least, such is our settled conviction; and we cannot permit ourselves to forego any means to that end, however it may seem to clash with civilization, or even humanity. Our expedition to the Gabella, under Peko Pavlovich and Vukalovich, should its purpose be fulfilled, will doubtless shock and pain many of those who sympathise with us in foreign lands, but its success is indispensable to the fulfilment of our general plan of operations.

"Pray believe that it goes to our hearts to burn and devastate Christian villages; but we can do no other. Guboratic, Miroslav, and myself are holding our position here in expectation of our comrades' return from the Gabella, after their appointed work shall be done, to join with us and other reinforcements that will soon arrive in a grand attack upon Trebigne, which we are determined to have. Our news from Bosnia is reassuring: there is hope that the rising there will ere long become general."

"I asked whether the cold in the mountains had yet assumed sufficient severity to add seriously to the hardships of the campaign. He replied—

"To a degree that I can hardly expect you to realize this sunny afternoon, and in this well-warmed valley. I have suffered abominably the last three or four nights up there," pointing to the frowning Zupci; 'the cold has been cruelly bitter, and we have not a tent, few of us any covering at all, or anything whereon to lie. This railway rug is my only protection, save my clothes, from the piercing night chills. I am, indeed, unfeignedly glad to get into a room, or under a roof at all. Yesterday I went into Ragusa to read the papers and hear the news of the day. It seemed a paradise of comfort to me, by comparison with my lairs in the mountains.'

"This last statement impressed me profoundly. I know Ragusa and its accommodation resources thoroughly; and any man who can conscientiously assert that he recognizes in it a paradise of comfort must indeed have been the victim of uncommonly awful privations elsewhere.

"Mr. Grujić and his Montenegrin companions were fully armed with rifle, pistol, handjar, and dagger. Their firearms were loaded, and ready for use at a moment's notice. They made no more concealment of them than if they had been regular soldiers of the Austrian empire, patrolling the country in the exercise of their military duties. Yet we stood, in broad daylight,

upon Austrian territory, within an hour's brisk ride from Ragusa, where a strong garrison is stationed. It was plain to everybody, not blind or an idiot, who encountered these heavily armed and fierce-looking men, that they were insurgents, in open rebellion against a power with which Austria is upon friendly terms. That these persons, however laudable their aspirations and noble their devotion to a cause appealing to the sympathies of the Austrian Slav populations, should be allowed to march about within the Austrian frontiers, laden with deadly weapons, is, to say the least of it, a curious illustration of the manner in which the Dual Empire thinks fit to perform her international obligations and her duties to her neighbour!"

As a matter of course, a country in such an unhappy state forms a centre for the so-called patriotic gentlemen whose restless spirits urge them to join in a fight wherever it can be met with. Many, no doubt, are Garibaldians, with the purest of liberty in their aspirations, and no other idea than that of helping an enslaved people to cast off a foreign yoke; but, unhappily, there are but too many who resemble the mercenaries of old, and are ready either to sell their sword at a fixed price, or to take their payments in kind in the shape of plunder. There is scarcely a country that has not its restless spirits of this class in its army, and a statistical account of the men who officer armies from England to Pekin would be rather startling. There is a very good story told of a truce during one of the wars between Russia and Turkey. Two armies were opposed, and during the interval, Pasha Something-or-other came in contact with General Orloffov, or some other ov, and to their mutual surprise obtained answers in the broadest Scotch; for the banners of the country for which they fought and a strange garb could not disguise the language spoken north of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

There is something volcanic about these mountain peoples; but a great change must take place in Turkey, bad as is its state of health, before the Herzegovinians, Servians, and Bosnians will succeed in throwing off their yoke. Their case is hard, but it is one that doubtless time will cure. It is hard, however, to help feeling sympathy for peoples ruled by a nation professing a religion so widely opposed in every respect to theirs as are those of the Crescent and the Cross.

### The Salaratus Spec: A Tale of Golden Gulch.

BY ALFRED HOMFRAY.

#### CHAPTER XV.

WE left Seth Sturgess and Holden lying in the garden among the dead and wounded, about twenty feet apart. Neither of them could rise beyond a sitting posture; but they glared at each other like wounded panthers. They were still enemies; for their partisans were yet fighting, and they could hear the firing round the church. Holden was especially enraged because of the defeat of his party, just when he thought victory so sure.

"You cussed Yankee," said he (Seth Sturgess was a Yankee by birth, though he had lived since he was an infant in the Western States)—"don't you think it was playing rather low down, firing from beyond them logs

there upon gentlemen as wasn't afraid to show themselves in the clearin', just like a passel of Injuns? I did think you was a white man before that; but now I look upon you as no better than a redskin."

"I reckon you're riled, just because you're euchred, old Buckeye," said Seth. "You take too long with your present and fire. Might do very well in a schoolhouse-yard, but won't do in the woods, ne'er a time. How your black rascals did run!—scarce stopped to anty. I reckon they're all hung, and your grocery on fire by this, ole man."

Holden's only reply was a shot from his revolver, from the effect of which Seth only saved himself by falling flat on his face.

"Now," said Sturgess, resting his revolver on his arm in front of him, "I'll just teach you better than to shoot a wounded man, and that man me."

He fired, and the ball struck Holden in the side, bringing him to the ground, but not killing him. With a superhuman effort, he brought himself into the same position as his opponent, and then the two slowly wormed themselves along the ground until they were within a yard of each other, when they both fired simultaneously, and rolled over dead.

The wounded men around, who had been spectators of this dreadful duel, could not repress a cheer when these two men, who had always been enemies, fell—so fully was their last act in accordance with their own idea of how brave men should die.

So perished Josh Holden, one of the richest, bravest, and most desperate men in Tuolumne County; and when the crowd of gamblers and miners came down to look after the wounded and to bury the dead, strange as it may appear, there was not one who did not wish him alive again. It seemed as though a bad king, but a brave one, had departed.

Tekel Bourbon being, as he said, unable to walk, one of the miners undertook to go for his horse—Bourbon having told him where to find it, with the saddle and bridle.

The man soon returned, leading a capital horse by the bridle, but without a saddle; and on Bourbon's expostulating with him, he said—

"Never mind; better ride a horse without a saddle than be hung."

They lifted him on, and, in spite of his entreaties, tied his legs tight together under the horse—so tight, indeed, that he could not have fallen off if he had chosen. They then led him across the creek, towards the Stanislaus River, which was about five miles from there, running in a gorge two hundred feet deep, which it had cut for itself through the Table Mountain.

"Now, you murderous coon," said one of them, "I had a cousin massacred on the plains last year, and you may or may not have had a hand in it. We promised the minister to let you go free, but we did not say anything about a good cowering."

And, producing a raw-hide whip, he began to thrash Tekel Bourbon most cruelly. At this the horse became furious, and it required the strength of two men to hold his head.

"Now," shouted the man, "let him go free."

The men slipped the bridle from the horse's head, while the other gave him a lash, and Tekel Bourbon, tied as he was on the back of a furious thoroughbred horse, without a bridle, was out of sight in a minute,

dashing furiously along towards the precipices of the Stanislaus.

It was an awful death, but the wretch fully deserved it. Be it remembered that this man had incited the Indians to massacre whole trains of men, women, and children, and had carried them information, without which they would not have succeeded; and be it remembered that the women in these trains were scalped and mutilated. Reader, did you ever hear of the frontier atrocities of the Indians? Then do not judge these men till, like them, you have studied them. I have seen such sights that, I tell you, at that moment I could have exterminated a whole tribe of Indians, had they been in my power.

It must also be remembered that there was no government, no police, no authority; and therefore, had this man escaped, he would certainly have revenged himself—most likely he would have lived thenceforth only for revenge. Concealed in the woods, he might in time shoot down all who witnessed his disgrace, one by one. Such instances have occurred in California, where the villain took years to murder all his enemies, but succeeded at last.

Thus ended the battle of Sonora—a battle that decided once and for all the supremacy of the miners over the gamblers, and also established a custom which afterwards became law, that a man might dig for gold where he chose, provided he paid compensation for all improvements made on the property. As soon as Grace had made quite sure that Dale still loved her, she told him all—how that she had left her home to seek him through the world, and to throw herself on his mercy; and when Dale had heard the dangers she had escaped while seeking him, he drew her to him, nothing loth, never to part.

Mr. Emus, however, would not consent either to live among such ruffians himself, or to allow his daughter to reside there; so that Dale after a time was obliged to exchange his cure of souls for a more civilized one in a town on the Sacramento River. Here Mr. Emus found but few ruffians, and many friends; so that his latter days passed pleasantly enough, and he never after had cause to regret his journey to California, although he was fond of recounting his first experiences, and how he mistook the ruffians for the congregation and the congregation for ruffians. The church at Sonora did not languish; on the contrary, it increased rapidly. Other churches also were built in the neighbourhood; but even now the name of Parson Dale is not forgotten.

One day, before Parson Dale had left Sonora, an old couple, wretchedly clad and covered with dust, arrived in an ox-train from the Eastern States. It was hard to imagine that people so old could endure such a journey; and why they should undertake it puzzled the brains of one Barney Macelroy, who saw them alight from the waggon, and, like a good fellow as he was when he was sober, proceeded to offer them assistance. They had come, they said, to seek their son, whom they had driven from his home; and hearing on the way that there was a minister of that name in Sonora, they wanted to see if it were he.

"Oh, holy Moses!" said Barney, "if you be the father and mother of Parson Dale, be jabers! it's me, Barney Macelroy, who would carry you on my back a thousand miles for to see him. Why, he led me home twice when

I was dead drunk, and put me to bed like his own child, and the boys say I was cursing him for a heretic all the way."

"My son—my son!" cried the old woman.

It was the evening of a long summer's day. The prayer meeting at the little church was crowded, partly because Grace was there, and also because the words of the preacher were beginning to have some effect, to bring forth fruit from that stubborn soil. Dale's discourse on that especial evening had been directed to his own life, as exemplifying the wonderful workings of Providence. He who had been maligned and slandered had been thought worthy to carry the gospel to Sonora. He who had been so miserable was now united to those friends the loss of whose esteem had caused him so much misery.

"And, oh," said he, "that my father and mother, whom I loved so dearly, and of whom I can hear nothing, could see me this day—how their stern hearts would rejoice to find that their son was still a son to them."

Here there arose a shout outside, and the church door being opened, Barney Macelroy was seen leading two forlorn-looking old people by the hand. Had he not taken off his hat, and crossed himself devoutly, Dale might have thought him intoxicated; but as the strangers advanced up the aisle—there, in his own church—Dale recognized his father and mother, who had come those thousands of miles, through want and suffering, still believing him guilty, but unable to die without looking upon his face once more.

THE END.

### In Bogshire.

OUR signs here in Bogshire are a positive disgrace—whether they be pictorial and monstrous, or verbal and ill-spelt. I travel about trying to find one that may be deemed perfect, but cannot even discover anything tolerable. My eyes are offended at every step; and but for the annoyance, one might often allow the risible muscles full play before some strange representation hung out in front of inn or beershop. Unfortunately, sign painters do not follow out the wholesome practice of him of old, who drew his monster, and then wrote beneath, for the information of all whom it might concern—"This is a bear;" and one is often troubled to find an interpretation, description, what not, of some furious beast, rampant, passant, or couchant, above the travellers' heads. We have here, for instance, a vermilion object, with glaring eyes, and vast head clad in a huge, full-bottomed wig, such as graced the wisdom-seat of Queen Anne's worthies. It has a small tubular-locomotive-boiler-like body, supported upon four gouty legs, and is brought to a conclusion by an S-shaped tail, terminated by what might be either a reservoir of hair for the replenishing of the aforesaid wig, or a mop, or swab. Now, of course, I know well enough that it is the original Red Lion. I know it because I am told; otherwise I might imagine that some wag had been adding a body and legs to a representation of the Marlborough Head.

The Red Cow, farther up the road, must have been so ashamed of its hippopotamus-like aspect, that it sunk by slow degrees into the board; for saving one

horn, one leg, and a piece of back, it is invisible—its place being occupied by a soppy, spongy, neutral-tint background. Let it not be supposed that the other side of the ruddy cow is visible, for that has shared the fate—nay, worse than the fate—of the obverse, not having even a horn to show or a leg to stand upon.

A few steps farther, and we have an impossible St. George, slaying the famed monster. The horse he rides is red, the dragon blue with green wings, and this brute is certainly in a very unpleasant position: to wit—a spear, that must have been of the size of a pile used for coffer-dams in the Thames, is broken short off in his neck; the horse has one foot—hind—upon his stomach, while he is using his fore-feet, with all the science of a Jem Mace, about the dragon's head, what time the Saint is in the act of smiting with a falchion that should, from its size, weigh five cwt., good weight—though that bold champion wields it like a straw.

We hear of artists of eminence having in their early days—before fortune smiled upon them—painted signs to supply the pot with its necessary boiling. It may be true; but, if so, we never had any of these palette giants down our way. Herring never painted the old White Horse in our High-street—a dejected-looking quadruped, whose hocks are gouty, withers wrung, tail docked, and who had a look in his countenance that might make him to be taken for the original animal of John Cook, which animal made its last will. Our White Horse has evidently just made its last will, and is dreaming of Belle Isle, the knacker, the cats'-meat barrow, and hippophagy.

We have a Half-Moon—only a quarter, though, upon the sign, a bright yellow quarter, upon an intensely blue ground—I mean sky; but to make up for the want of size in the moon, the artist has encircled it with nine satellite-like stars of effulgent hue. This is evidently the same hand as that which painted the Bell—a brazen monster that Quasimodo might have hugged as it belched forth its sonorous roar. Only a painted Bell once, but many a roar is heard from it on Saturday and fair-day nights.

What would the hero of Trafalgar have said could he have seen his likeness?—the most obnoxious in our neighbourhood—not from the painting, for I rather like it, but because of its propensity for swinging upon windy nights, and giving forth the most dreadful shrieks and groans. Mr. Potts, the landlord, will not oil or grease the hooks from which it depends, but allows it to rust and creak, till come gusty weather, and it is maddening, bringing to the excited fancy visions of malefactors hung in chains, dependant from some gibbet.

But I like the sign, and I believe it is the only one at which I heartily laugh. It may seem impossible that a man should believe in such a daub; but John Potts is proud of it, and makes the ostler wash—"go over," he calls it—the sign with sponge and leather about once a month. Here are the artist's ideas of a defunct admiral:—A stout, burly man, with a pigtail and powder; a ruddy nose, bearing the bar sinister of a strap of black plaister; two eyes; a cocked-hat like a cheese knife; a Captain Cuttle-like hook, held aloft as if waving men on to a boarding rush; blue coat, scarlet vest, and a telescope like a small cannon; the whole thrown up by rigging, top hamper, and sailor-swarmed masts and yards.

Across where should have been the hero's waist, had he been continued by the artist, stands in large letters the landlord's name, "John Potts," and below that the famous telegram, "England expects every man to do his duty." That is the sign-painter's version, and he seems to have done his duty so far as laying on the paint went; but, though the Lord Nelson facing down the street may have been a very striking likeness, the one facing up street is as unlike as is possible.

The Chequers is a representation of some Highlander's kilt; the Cock, a bird that would in life have put the most huge Dutch-breeched Cochin to the blush; while as to the Robin Hood, it may be seen to the life at the Crystal Palace upon any Foresters' Day.

But, leaving the pictorial signs, let us turn to the verbal displays. As a rule, people merely glance at the boards shown by tradespeople, while, when dwelling in the same place, enormities that are at first distressing to the eye grow familiar, or are passed by unnoticed. But a short time since, I saw a large white board, carefully lettered, and displayed to announce certain property for sale by private contract; giving the solicitor's address, et cetera, with between every word a full stop.

Shortly before, I was gazing at the signboard of "Keziah, Brown, licenced, dealer, in, tea, coffee, pepper, snuff, and, vinegar"—every word in this case being followed by a comma. Wilson, the publican, sells "spiritous" liquors; Jones, at the opposition, "tobacco;" Mrs. Riggles boasts a glorious red and yellow board, surmounted by what appears to be a rack; but the mind is relieved by reading the wording, "Mangling done here." Mrs. Riggles's neighbour announces that bonnets are "cleaned, died, and altered." Tomson, who blows the cracked and wax-ended clarionet in the town band, announces, in gold letters upon green, "Musical instruments tun'd and repaired." Empty tubs are often to be seen here chalked as "For sail;" though no wag, as in the old joke, advises—"For freightage, apply at the bung-hole."

In short, the efforts of our signboard painters seem, as a rule, directed more towards the shaping of their letters than to their relative positions. I never knew a man yet amongst them who would not have been insulted had a hint been dropped respecting his ability to spell correctly; but who could blame him? Painters of signboards do not stand alone in that respect. Still, as their efforts are so constantly beneath the public eye, it might be as well for them to submit the rough sketch of their intended works to the worthy pedagogue of the place wherein they dwell.

### The Early English Press.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, an indefatigable editor of the early part of the seventeenth century, who appears to have first employed "the Mercury women" old plays often mention as hawking newspapers, was a native of Lynn, in Norfolk. The first newspaper advertisement was sent by a Suffolk gentleman. In introducing particulars thereof, Andrews' "British Journalism" gives the following details respecting the press in the middle of the seventeenth century:—

"It was during all the confusion of this great intestine strife, when one would have thought that enterprise

was paralyzed and the pages of the 'Mercuries' fully occupied with controversies and recrimination, that the first advertisement appeared. The *Quarterly Review* (June, 1855) quotes an announcement of a heroic poem, called 'Irenodia Gratulatoria,' which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* of January, 1652, as the oldest of the great family of advertisements, and gives the credit to the booksellers of being the first to discover the use of the newspaper for this purpose. But the *Quarterly Review* is in error. Mr. Nicholls found in the first number of the *Impartial Intelligencer* (March 1 to 7, 1648) an advertisement from a gentleman in Candish, in Suffolk, offering a reward for two horses that had been stolen from him. For ten years, this famous anonymous of 'Candish, in Suffolk,' found but few imitators, and those, without exception, only among booksellers and vendors of quack medicines; but in 1657, Newcomb, of Thames-street, appears to have awakened to the possibility of these advertisements being made a source of income to a newspaper; and, on May 26, he made the experiment with the *Public Advertiser*, which is almost entirely filled with advertisements and shipping intelligence. But he had them all to himself, and the other newspapers jogged quietly on with their three or four advertisements stuck in the middle of the sheet. We are tempted to draw one of these modest little notices from its hiding-place in the *Mercurius Politicus*, of September 30, 1658:—

"That Excellent, and by all Physicians approved China Drink, called by the *Chineans*, *Tcha*, by the other Nations *Tay alias Tee*, is sold at the *Sultaness Head Cophee House*, in *Sweeting's Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, London."

The other advertisements in the "Mercuries" are of books published; apprentices, servants, or black boys absconded; or of coaches setting out from London, on great and perilous journeys, into the provinces.

The first illustrated newspaper was also a "Mercury," the *Mercurius Civicus: London's Intelligencer*, which appeared in 1643, and contained a variety of woodcuts. No. III., May 28, in reporting a vote of Parliament relating to the Queen, favours the public with a portrait of her Majesty; and No. CLII., April 30th, 1646, has two blurred and blotted woodcut portraits, respectively headed "Charles Rex" and "Sir Thos. Fairfax."

We have, we think, now said all that has to be said—more, perhaps, than they deserved—about these remarkable hebdomadals, which took into their hands all the former functions of the newspaper and assumed new ones, and yet were different from all that a newspaper had been—comets and blazing stars in the political firmament, shooting along their eccentric paths, and setting the world on fire. And yet in them may be first recognized the rise of the newspaper press into a political power—the old "newes bookes" had not meddled with politics, but were content with monsters: the "Mercuries" despised gossip, and rode upon the whirlwind of party strife. Many of them did good service to their parties; and their parties, when in the ascendant, did good service to their authors; and thus were the writers of newspapers for the first time recognized and rewarded by Governments.

The political articles of the most respectable of them were not always in the best taste; the acrimony of feeling which existed poisoned the pens of the authors, and natural deformities, domestic bereavements, private



afflictions, were freely dragged forward and caught up as weapons of offence, when the passions were up and argument flung aside. Thus we find, in the *Mercurius Aulicus* of Birkenhead, an exulting article on the probability of Hampden's wounds proving mortal, and declaring, as its author had often before declared, that his home troubles—the loss of two or three daughters successively—were the judgments of heaven upon his political sins.

While the political department shared in the fierce and angry passions of the times, the articles of intelligence partook of their superstitious and credulous character, and much of the news contained in the "*Mercuries*" was of the stamp of the following:—

"A perfect Mermaid, was, by the last great winde, driven ashore nere Greenwich, with her combe in one hande and her lookinge-glasse in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most faire and beautiful woman, with her armes crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterwards, she, gently turning herself upon her back againe, swamme away without being seen any more."

## Things New and Old.

### A Cup of Tea.

American humourists who have studied the "Heathen Chinees" in his Californian aspect, together with Mr. William Simpson, the artist who has taken close observations of the Celestial in his native home, have made the world tolerably familiar with the peculiarly characteristic vernacular known as "Pigeon" English. Still, there are seemingly numerous *nuances* of "pigeon," among which may be reckoned a curious dialect prevalent in price currents and other commercial advices from the Flowery Land, and which, for want of a better name, we may dub "tea-pot pigeon English." Thus, a good deal of reading between the lines is necessary ere the full purport is understood of an interesting but occultly technical paragraph in our useful contemporary the *Grocer*, in which a correspondent, writing from Hankow, says that the largest tea buyers have been the Russians, whose willingness to give high prices have enabled them almost to defy competition on the part of shippers from other countries, and who have purchased all the finest Ningchows, giving for "chops" like "Yam-Heong," "Hock Pow," and "Ee-Laans," such enormous prices as from 53 to 68 "taels," being an increase of 6 to 8 "taels" per picul. The "crack chops," the correspondent goes on to say, "are specially prepared for Russia, and are not, as has been erroneously reported, made up without discrimination. The Chinese select the leaves one by one from a bulk sufficient to compose two or three chops, and nothing but the youngest shoots are admitted. Looking at these statements as through a glass darkly, the laity may be at length enabled to comprehend that the finest teas in the Chinese market go to Moscow and St. Petersburg, simply because Russian customers will cheerfully pay for their supply of the plant prices which the English public resolutely refuse to give. We suppose that among the wealthier classes of this country there are amateurs of tea who do not object to pay ten shillings a pound for "fine gunpowder"—if such a commodity

as gunpowder tea is yet quoted in the market; but the Russian aristocracy does not think a guinea, or even five and twenty shillings, a pound too much for very sweetly flavoured and highly scented teas. A Muscovite, moreover, will drink ten or a dozen cups, or rather tumblers, of tea without milk, and with a slice of lemon in lieu of sugar, at a sitting. In England, "five o'clock tea" does not mean much more than a small cup or two of the herb which does not inebriate, but which plays the mischief with some people's nerves; and the taste of the British public certainly yet remains to be educated in the virtues of "Yam-Heongs," "Kee Hungs," "Hock Pows," and "Ee-Laans." The vast mass of the community demand teas sound in quality, but strictly moderate in price; still it might be worth the while of a few enterprising West-end tradesmen to offer a few "crack chops," say of "Yam-Heong" or "Hock Pow," for sale at thirty shillings a pound.

### Old Ducrow.

When Bernard's hippo-dramatic spectacle of "St. George and the Dragon" was produced at Drury Lane, under the superintendence of Ducrow, who had acquired great experience in the arrangement of equestrian cavalcades, pageants, and tableaux, there was a great deal of trouble with the supernumeraries, who were not accustomed to doing their business in the manner expected from them by so accomplished a pantomimist as the lessee of Astley's. While the scene was being rehearsed in which the people appear excitedly before the Egyptian king, with the news of the devastation and dismay caused by the dragon, the "supers" exhausted Ducrow's not very large stock of patience, and, after making them go through their business two or three times, without any improvement, his temper burst out, in his characteristic manner.

"Look here, you damned fools!" he exclaimed. "You should rush up to the King—that chap there—and say, 'Old fellow, the dragon has come, and we are in a mess, and you must get us out of it.' The King says, 'Go to Brougham,' and you all go off to Brougham; and he says, 'What the devil do I know about the dragon? Go to your gods,' and your gods is that lump of tow burning on that block of timber."

This strange address was accompanied by an exhibition of the pantomimic skill of which Ducrow possessed a greater degree than any man of his day, and which was intended to impress the subordinate actors and supernumeraries of the theatre with a correct idea of the manner in which their business should be performed. This was Ducrow's manner on all occasions. One morning, during the season of 1833, he was on the stage, in his dressing-gown and slippers, to witness the first rehearsal of a new feat by the German ropewalker, Cline. The rope was stretched from the stage to the gallery, and the performer was to ascend it, and return. Cline was a little nervous; perhaps the rope had been arranged more in accordance with Ducrow's ideas than with his own. Whatever the cause, he hesitated to ascend the rope, when Ducrow snatched the balancing pole from his hands, and walked up the rope in his slippers, his dressing-gown flapping about his legs in the draught from the stage in a manner that caused his ascent to be watched with no small amount of anxiety, though he did not appear to feel the slightest trepidation himself.—*Circus Life*, by Frost.

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XL.—FRUITION.

I WAS walking up Regent-street one day, when I met Langley—not the Langley of recent years, but such as I remembered him at college. No City tailor could have made his clothes—none but a fashionable artificer could have framed his hat; and this latter article was slightly cocked.

"Why, Langley!" I cried, "what are you doing at this end of the town in the busiest part of the day?"

"The only business of a wise man is pleasure," he replied, sententiously.

"You have Solomon to back you in that, certainly; but I did not expect the sentiment from your lips," said I. "And how fine you are! Have you been following the wise king's example in another direction?"

"Not yet; though love, of course, comes into my programme. But I am very lucky to have met you; not knowing that you were in town, I have written to ask you to come up, and give me the benefit of your advice and assistance."

"My advice! My dear fellow, beyond a firm conviction that it would be ruin to have anything to do with Spanish securities, I have no ideas about finance whatever. My only advice would be to realize as soon as you can, and retire from a life which is wearing you to pieces."

"That counsel would come too late. I have forestalled it."

"No!"

"Why do you look so astonished? Did I not always tell you that I should cut business directly I had made enough to be comfortable with?"

"Yes, but—"

"But you thought I was like other moneygrubbers, and never would have enough."

"Well, you know what we were taught in the lower school, when we learned Latin grammar—'*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*'? I congratulate you on being an exception."

"I have been winding up my affairs for the last year and more," he said. "All my capital is invested in securities which a bishop might patronize without scandal, and I have no more to do with business than you have. What am I talking about?—not half so much. You have money in Clive Waite's hands, and you are a farmer besides."

He was interrupted by a hard, dry cough, which seemed to rend his vitals, and gave me a pang to hear. He had to stop for a minute, it exhausted him so.

"It is nothing," he said, taking my arm and walking on. "I am better, much better. All I want is rest and recreation, and a warm climate in the winter, to set me up completely. Not that I expect to be a patriarch exactly; a short life and a merry one will content me. Now, what I want your advice about first is furniture and horses. I am staying at the Dover at present, but I have taken chambers in Piccadilly, not far from the park: two sitting-rooms, bed-room, and bath-room on the same floor. Come and help me to furnish."

I had no particular engagement—if I had I should have put it off, Langley's appearance in a new character interested me so extremely. The curtain had risen upon

a fresh act of the comedy which had been enacting before my eyes for the last fifteen years, and I had been utterly wrong in my prognostication and conjectures as to the course the plot would take. What Langley said was true enough—I had always esteemed his notion that he could give himself wholly up, body and soul, to the business of money making, and relinquish it directly he had amassed a certain determined sum, as a delusion, and had booked him the slave of Mammon for life. He was a strange, exceptional fellow, boy or man, and I believed would do something to make the world talk about him yet, if he lived. But that was a powerful if. He certainly did not look like living, poor fellow. His complexion resembled white wax, he was pitifully thin, and his cough sounded as a knell. If he inaugurated his success with a course of dissipation, according to his old programme, he did not seem likely to enjoy his fortune for a twelvemonth. Yet his sanguine confidence overcame these gloomy apprehensions when one was talking to him. Why is it that a man with a liver complaint always thinks the worst of himself, while a consumptive patient refuses to believe in his danger so long as he has a bit of lung left? Doctors are always making mistakes about these affections. Why don't they take it for an axiom that an invalid who thinks his or her lungs affected wants blue pill, and that one who is certain that, whatever may be the matter, his breathing apparatus is sound, at any rate, requires cod liver oil?

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when we met, so that there was a long day before us, and we did a good deal in it. First of all, we drove in a cab to the most fashionable upholsterer of the day, and took an understanding man from the shop with us to the apartments which Langley had rented; and here we let our fancies run riot in mirrors, chandeliers, rich curtains, couches, lounging chairs, carpets, cornices, &c.—the intelligent man helping us with suggestions, taking accurate measurements, and filling up page after page of his note-book. It is astonishing how the sense of another man's having to pay invigorates the imagination on these occasions. My talent for running up an upholsterer's bill fairly astonished me. When we could think of nothing else to order, we drove back to the shop, where we chose curtains and carpets—the very hand-somest and thickest to be had, and tried chairs. Next we visited a silversmith's in Bond-street, and ordered the Langley crest to be engraved on a quantity of massive plate. Then to the Dover Hotel, for a glass of Madeira and a biscuit; for people only dined once a day in those benighted times. That meal was ordered at five, and we took some pains about the choosing of it. I thought that I should have earned a good dinner by that time, and adapted my suggestions to that conviction.

"And you will go with me afterwards to the play, will you not?" said Langley. "I have not been to a theatre for six or seven years, and am quite looking forward to it."

"How refreshing!" I replied, laughing. "I would not miss witnessing your transports on any account. The waiter had better take places for us, as we shall be too busy all the afternoon to do it for ourselves. What theatre shall we go to?"

"I don't know one from another—choose for me, like a good fellow," said Langley.

"Would you like to see Macready in *Macbeth*?"

"Beyond all things, if he is a good actor."

"A good actor! Macready! My dear fellow, you do not mean seriously to tell me that you have never heard of him?"

"I think I have, now you mention the name; but I have never paid the slightest attention to anything but business. One thing at a time is my motto. Henceforth I devote myself to amusement, and hope to know the merits of every actor and actress in London and Paris shortly. Oh, you have a lot of work before you, if you consent to be my cicerone. I want to attend a race meeting, to see a prize fight, and, in fact, to try every pleasure which men run after."

"I don't promise to keep pace with you," said I. "You are just sitting down to a feast which has palled upon my taste years ago. However, I will go with you now, and look at horses; that is something in my line, for I have bred a few."

We took a fresh cab, and drove to Tattersall's, where we selected a couple of carriage horses and a park hack. Then to a mews, and made arrangements for the new purchases to stand at livery. From there to Long-acre, where we bought a carriage. When all this was done, there was only just time to dress for dinner; so we separated, to meet again at the Dover Hotel at five. Langley was in very high spirits during the meal; his cough did not recur often; and from the way he ate and drank, I fancied that I might have been mistaken concerning his state of health.

There was a capital tap of claret at the Dover in those days, and the consequence was that we were rather late when we arrived at the theatre, and the witches were mixing their abominable broth—for which I have sometimes suspected country inns to have copied the receipt—as we took our seats. I never enjoy music or the drama so much as when I have had a comfortable quantity of the wine of France. That of Burgundy is too heating, one gets impatient of sitting still; while port and sherry are drowsy vintages; but champagne and claret sharpen the perceptive faculties, warm the sympathies, and communicate a placid contentment to every nerve of the system. Good champagne and good claret, mark you!—the baser growths have no such virtues. Most of the joys supposed to be attendant upon wealth are illusory, I grant; but the power of obtaining really good wine is one of the true ones.

Teetotalism may be a good thing—though I doubt it—for poor people who would otherwise drink beer or whiskey. I am certain that it would be most beneficial to genteel tipplers, who drink cheap wine in pretty bottles. But if a man whose cellars were stocked with champagne and claret, from the best vineyards and of good years, were to take the pledge, his health being good and his palate in order, we should have the most curious instance of human folly and perversity yet placed upon record.

But I never yet heard of such a case—did you?

The Château Margaux they had given us at the Dover was something really very fine, and Macready's acting came out superbly when witnessed under its influence. And then, added to this was the pleasure of seeing Langley's enjoyment. He drank in every incident of the wonderful drama like a child; while his criticism between the acts of the way in which the

performers interpreted their parts was fresh, keen, and reasonable.

When Macduff had "come on," and the hero was satisfactorily disposed of, I took up my overcoat.

"There is another piece yet—don't go," said Langley, who was examining the playbill.

And, indeed, in those days a tragedy was always followed by a farce, and an opera by a ballet.

"Were there a dozen performances, you would have 'stomach for them all,' I suppose?" I replied, laughing.

"And damned be he who first cries Hold! enough!" quoted Langley.

Whereupon I resigned myself, though desirous of fresh air and tobacco. The claret had evaporated in the course of four hours and a-half, and, though I professed myself a playgoer, five acts quite satisfied my dramatic appetite.

But when the broad absurdity commenced, Langley's laughter was irresistible, and kept me grinning too, save once, when his hilarity brought on that horrible cough. Not until the irascible heavy father had dowered the undeserving lovers with his blessing and untold wealth, not until the lights were turned down, and the brown holland began to appear, did we leave the house.

"I am going to let you off easy, Jack," said Langley, as we issued into the street. "I had intended to make you introduce me to all sorts of night haunts that I have heard or read about; but I am tired. Let us go and have a bit of supper and a quiet chat somewhere—just a lobster and a glass of champagne, you know."

We strolled along until we came to a fishmonger's shop, which was still lighted up, and bore the inscription, conspicuously placarded, "Supper-rooms upstairs;" and turning in, we ascended a narrow staircase, the steps of which were coated with lead, to the first floor. The front room was partitioned off in little boxes, two of which were occupied; the back room, which was much smaller, had a couple of tables laid out in it, and was untenanted; so, as we wished to be able to talk freely without being overheard, we went in there, and selected places by the open window, the night being a warm one. So close, indeed, was it, that I leaned my arm on the sill, and put my head out, whereby a curious scene met my eyes. At the back of the house in which we were there was a small chapel—now, to my surprise, lit up. The windows had been painted over, in imitation of ground glass; but here and there, where a pane had been broken and replaced, there was a transparent patch, through which dim faces and shoulders of a congregation could be distinguished. Being ignorant of the thousand peculiarities of all the sects in this country, I cannot guess who or what they were, assembled for religious observance at that unusual hour. Many Dissenters hold a midnight service on the 31st of December, to pray in the New Year—"Watch-night," I think, one sect calls it; but a nocturnal prayer meeting in the height of summer was something I had never heard of. Probably it may have been an anniversary, or some special occasion of that sort.

While I was looking and wondering, the music of a hymn floated up from the building; I say music advisedly, for the roaring and screaming which is sometimes heard in the neighbourhood of chapels—and for that matter, of churches too—cannot be so called. But these voices, which were unaccompanied by any instrument, blended together softly and sweetly. Perhaps

the absence of school children from so late a service may account for the elimination of the usual discordant element; or it may be that the minister was a musician, who had trafficked his congregation. Whatever the cause, the singing was solemn and harmonious.

The people who were supping in the room beyond us were laughing and talking loudly. Both parties were composed of young men and their gaudily dressed female companions.

There was something weird in the contrast: female voices swelling in pure psalmody on the one side, mingling with forced or vinous female merriment on the other. It made me think of the good and bad angels contending with Marguerite in "Faust."

Langley hardly noticed anything of this, being absorbed in his own reflections. The table at which we had placed ourselves was not in front of the open window, but on one side of it; so that I, who sat next, could see the chapel windows by leaning back and looking out; while Langley, who was opposite to me, in the corner formed by the angle of the walls, could not have done so without rising from his place and coming round. No doubt, too, the sound came much more subdued to his ears than mine. At any rate, he took little or no heed.

"How little those men who are born to wealth understand the extent of their good fortune," he said.

"Perhaps it is in reality very limited," I replied. "I have a strong idea that all pleasure lies in anticipation."

"Don't say that," he cried. "I have often asked myself was that the case—was I labouring for nothing? But no, it is a paradox. If there is no such thing as happiness, how could the desire for it arise in the human breast? Do you mean to tell me that the idea of eating this lobster as we came along the street was equal to the flavour? What a good one it is!"

"It is; but do you suppose any pleasure you and I may derive from the taste of it can for one moment compare with the agony the poor creature endured when boiled alive?"

"Ah, there you broach a totally different subject. What I say is, that the lobsters who are not caught and tortured are luckier than our friend here; and that men who can be idle are luckier than those who have to work."

"The comparison does not hold good. Physical pain is an undoubted evil—the greatest possible, indeed. But work of any kind generally has a pleasure about it. Ennui is worse than fatigue, and people who have everything without trouble always suffer from ennui."

"I cannot understand that," said Langley. "I hated work all the time I was working. Absolute idleness even seems to me delightful. Not that I mean to stint myself to that. If I fail to find pleasure, it shall not be for lack of drawing every possible cover for it."

"Here's to your success!" said I, holding up a glass of champagne.

"My success!" he echoed, draining a bumper. "Shall we hunt in couples?"

"Nay," replied I, laughing—"you must look out for younger men. I never had a very strong taste for dissipation, and what I had has died out."

"I do not say dissipation, my health is too delicate for that," said Langley. "By the bye, do you know of a good dancing master?"

"I am sorry to say I do not; but there will not be any difficulty about finding one. Are you really going in for practising your steps?"

"Of course I am; that waltz music to-night sent me wild. Why should a particular sort of tune conjure up visions of bright eyes, round arms, gleaming shoulders?"

"Association, I suppose."

"Nay, what has association to do with me? My mind is a blank upon all such matters. Oh, the years that I have wasted!"

"Not a bit of it," said I. "The freshness of virtuous pleasure lasts about three years, of vice a little less—say two. Or, since there are some exceptional men who really seem to enjoy dissipation, whether plain or devilled, a great deal longer, we will take an extreme of five years for the time that a man can go on dancing, flirting, or intriguing, without being utterly bored. Then, what in the name of common sense does it matter whether you are in this fool's paradise from twenty to twenty-five, or from thirty-three to thirty-eight?"

"But supposing I don't live?"

"Bah! you will not have missed much. Depend upon it that you have had every jot as much pleasure in your counting-house as any of our contemporaries in ball-room or at hazard table. Do you suppose that the fellows at supper yonder are happier than the fanatics in the chapel? I don't."

Langley kept silence for some moments, reflecting. I tilted my chair back, and looked out upon the meeting-house, which had a curious attraction for me. The singing had stopped for some time, and a man was preaching. At times, when he grew emphatic, and raised his voice, a sentence or so would become clearly audible; and now I caught the words—

"And he said unto his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease.'"

The text was so strangely apt, the words struck through me with a cold shiver, and I looked at Langley to see whether he had caught them. He had not, or at any rate they made no impression upon him; for he replied to what I last said—

"You may be right," he said, filling up his glass; "but it is all very well for a man rising from a banquet to tell one just sitting down that turtle is a delusion and venison a mistake. I should like to judge for myself. Is it not like a dream, that you and I should be sitting here discussing plans for spending the fortune I have made? Many and many a future has been mapped out by boys in the old playing-fields on sultry summer afternoons; I wonder whether any one has ever been fulfilled as mine has, and recalled to the memory of an old con as this is? One thing I deeply regret, that Bereton, who alone befriended me when I was helpless, has not lived to share my prosperity. Ah, well, regrets are use—"

His words were cut short by the most violent fit of coughing I had yet witnessed. When he had somewhat recovered, he said—

"I shall have to commence my career with travel; that is why I have only taken chambers instead of a house. I mean to buy a yacht—a good, comfortable schooner—and have it sent round to the Mediterranean. Will you take a cruise with me?"

"I should like it beyond all things," said I; "and I do believe it would be the very best thing for your health possible."

"So my physician says. We will visit Athens together, and rub up our old classical lessons. We will go up the Nile, with Herodotus for a guide instead of Murray."

"It sounds very tempting. But don't you think you ought to be going home to bed? You look very tired."

"Well, I do feel rather knocked up: want of training, I suppose."

We rang for the waiter; and while Langley was settling the account, I looked once more out of the window, and at that moment the deep sonorous tones of the preacher once more rang out into the night—

"Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

I went with Langley to his hotel, and there parted from him, promising to call at twelve o'clock next day, and do some more shopping.

I could not sleep well that night. The words of that preaching man, chiming in so appropriately with poor Langley's sanguine plans for the future, with that churchyard cough upon him, kept ringing in my ears. A strange uneasiness took possession of me, which even the rising sun, that generally dispels presentiments and all similar fancies, could not quiet. It was nearly two hours before the appointed time that I called at the Dover.

The porter came excitedly towards me directly I entered the hall.

"Oh, sir, we've been wondering what your address was. I'm so glad you've come."

"Is anything the matter?"

"Your friend, Mr. Langley, sir."

"Yes."

"He has been found dead in his bed this morning."

### The Casual Observer.

#### FEEDING.

"**A** HA! I have eat—I am fill—I have dine—I sall—*Ta, ta, ta! Qu'est-ce que je dis là? Tut-tut-tut!*" What stuff! But who can help it, when one has been sitting for hours imbibing French through every pore, after the fashion of poor Dickens's Joey Ladle with the wine?—eating French viands; drinking French wines; smelling French odours; and seeing Frenchmen of every grade panting, talking, gesticulating, unbuttoning themselves literally to play billiards as no other men play it; flourishing cues; chalking—by mistake—their noses and clothes; leaping from the ground at every successful cannon or pocket; gnashing their teeth at the reverse—who could dine at the *Café de l'Etoile* without afterwards feeling French? Enter! A polite reception awaits you, and in a moment Great Britain is nowhere, for you are in Petty France. Everything around you looks French, and in five minutes you have made up your mind not to spend those two ten-pound notes in August in a trip across the Channel, but to come and sojourn here, setting up your tent in this land of the stranger, where you will enjoy as much of France as in a semi-English hotel in "*La belle patrie*." François is here, in short jacket and white apron—the very man John Leech presented to us as having been "tre muncie in coffee;" and he, the garçon, walks you to a scrupulously clean little table, where you may throw yourself on velvet, and dine at *prix fixe* for two shillings,

enjoying five courses and half a bottle of wine, with *pain à discretion*.

Oh, that bread! With what little discretion I attacked the white, crusty delicacy, when François brought half a yard and a big knife, previous to laying down a snowy napkin, and then handing me a plated plate of soup. For there is no waiting, the *dîner est servi* from two o'clock till eight, so you may choose your time. But, *à propos* of that soup, it was clear, it was fragrant, and it contained innumerable little scraps of what appeared to be porcupines' quills boiled soft, shred fine, and then sprinkled in with bountiful hand, in company with a few young, small blanched almonds. Well, I sipped it spoonful by spoonful slowly, and—I did not enjoy it; but there stood at my hand a bottle—nay, half a bottle—of wine, and I turned to that enemy to sip and then call for the *lager* or that ale of Romford announced upon the wall. "*Tlat!*"—that stands for a smack (vulgar) of the lips; for the wine was good and the beer remained unordered. What was its vintage? Was it Julien, St. Estephe, Beaujolais, or simple Vin Ordinaire? I don't know—to speak plainly, I don't care—for the wine was good, palatable, well flavoured, and it fully made up for the soup. "*Tlat!*"

The soup has been removed and the fish is here; but that bread has already been shortened a little more. And the fish? Hum! It is a whiting! Why turneth it its tail round and biteth it? Is it in an agony of despair because it is so long since it gracefully curled that tail in the salt sea? Possibly so, for I dare not be sworn, after the good old custom—kiss the book—and then say that that fish was fresh. But the fish was at discretion, and therefore one need not eat, so the whiting went, and with it a mental oath.

François, again—with a gentle, sliding motion—practise partly, though much is due to his pumps; and now he brings in something brown, covered with a golden sauce, and with it a heap of macaroni. Well, after middling soup, and only quarterish fish, hunger is far from appeased, so the something brown is attacked. What is it? Ignorance and diffidence forbid that François should be asked—so it is tasted. But what is it? It is not beef, nor mutton, nor lamb, nor horse, nor hippopotamus, nor eland, nor yak, nor anything one has been allowed to taste before; but it is good, and it eats as though it would digest, and not remind you for hours after that quacks live by the sale of digestive pills, sometimes yclept antibilious. Even the macaroni, that stewed tobacco-pipe-like structure, is toothsome and sapid, and one's hopes rise as François again draws near.

Chicken, too, by all that's culinary!—a tender, delicate leg of this year's growth, in a year when chicks were late, and hen-wives lamented sore. Good, too—brown, beautiful, beliked, and the bones lie bare upon the white plate's edge, as, with a sigh, the wine is again sipped, and its aroma enjoyed. One begins already to glow with satisfaction, and forget the soup and fish; visions of sunny, raspberry cane-like vineyards on hilly slopes arise, and purple clusters float around the beaker's edge. Truly the wine is good, even though it is but a half-bottle in a cheap French restaurant; and the murky, beery, portery, frothy stuff sold to our natives sinks rather in one's estimation.

Again, François—I beg pardon, I am imitating French: *Encore le garçon* with salad. H'm! I have

a country home where salads grow, lettuce with hearts of whiteness, crisp cress, and tarragon most sweet, and these green leaves will not go down. But what is this? Cheese? Yes, a soft, white, creamy *fromage*, pleasant and rich; and—encore *pain à discretion*—how short the half-yard grows!—and with this sweet French bread there is a pleasant time for watching the billiard players through a glass in front, beneath which grow, in iron slop-pails filled with sawdust, some melancholy laurels, striving to be as jolly and green as circumstances will allow.

And now, dessert. What is there? Item, a pair of nutcrackers; item, sundry nuts; item, two almonds in their native shells; item, a bunch of raisins on their stalk; and one feasts and moralizes, cracking the nuts, pulling the raisins from their stalks, and enjoying oneself as many a bearded and moustached exile around is doing, with snowy napkin tucked beneath his chin. What if those watch, spider-like, here for their red republican bomb-making prey? Pooh! don't believe; those who come here for a change after a foolish Belleville *fiasco* rest in peace. France, sensible, laughs at them, and cries "Well rid!" Some there are who do foolish things, and then dream, in self-esteem, that the eye of France is upon them, even as the eye of Europe was supposed to rest upon the works of the estimable Jefferson Brick: their inflated ideas please them, and they still inflate. Let them; it will be long ere they reach the ox's size.

Soup, fish, dessert, chicken, salad, cheese, dessert, half-bottle of wine, and *pain à in-discretion*—two shillings. François of course remembered, and coffee if you like. I do like, and with it and a pipe of Latakia, moralise upon this Frenchified place; recall how much they charged at Verey's, and then watch through the fragrant blue cloud more of the extraordinary billiard playing—wondering, too, what antics yon chubby, little, short-haired man will perform next time at pool his life is taken. Then comes the hour for parting, for the pipe is out—François bows low, with "*Merci, m'sieu*"—there is another bow from the buffet, and Petty France is left until appetite shall lead one here again.

### Parliament in Japan.

THE Japanese have taken a fresh step towards assimilating their institutions to those of the West, by instituting a deliberative Assembly. They have, in fact, formed two Houses—a Senate and an Assembly. There is no pretence, yet, of making the latter representative, in our sense of the term. With all their anxiety for progress, the leaders of the Liberal party appear to understand that the chasm which divides feudalism from popular government cannot be passed at a leap. What has been done is to summon all the provincial governors, or prefects, to Yeddo, and there to constitute them an Assembly, with the privilege of originating and discussing such *projets de loi* as may occur to them, or be submitted to them by Government. The Assembly has not yet even legislative powers; but the rules indicate that the Government will be pretty well guided by its expressed views in the case of any matters that come before it. Sooner or later—as soon, probably, as the Liberal chiefs think the experiment safe—an advance will be made towards

popularizing the Assembly in accordance with Western institutions; but both the men and the nation have to be trained yet to conduct and understand popular discussion of governmental proceedings.

The Assembly was opened by the Mikado in person, with much ceremony, on the 20th of June last, at a large temple in Yeddo, which had been fitted up for the purpose. The fact that he would be present was generally known in Yeddo, and, says the *Japan Mail*, the thoroughfares leading from the Imperial residence to the temple grounds were lined with spectators throughout the morning:—

"A continuous chain of police extended along the route, rather for the sake of formal display than for the exercise of any restraint, as order always preserves itself among the Japanese on such occasions. His Majesty arrived soon after eleven o'clock, and was received with the tokens of respect that are customary under the new order of affairs, and which, it is needless to say, are totally different from those which would have signalized his appearance among his subjects a few years ago, even supposing it to have been possible for him to come in contact at all with an assemblage of this description, or with persons occupying the humble position of governors of provinces. The members of the Assembly, together with all public officials below the second rank, proceeded to the outer gate, remaining in the open street until after the *cortège* had passed in. Those of the second rank stationed themselves outside the inner gate, and those of the first rank outside the doors of the temple building. The Emperor, with his attendants, entered a private room, and, with little delay, signified by a messenger that he was ready to receive his highest subjects then present. These were ushered in, offered their salutations, and retired to the positions above described. The others then assumed their several posts, and the Emperor advanced to the central platform, from which he read the following speech:—

"Our object in opening in person this the Provincial Parliament has been to secure by its means the thorough discussion of all matters affecting the interior economy of our empire, and to secure to the provinces adequate representation. You have been convoked for this purpose, and in order that your knowledge of the condition and feeling of the people of your several districts may aid you in discussing their requirements, and introducing such reforms and changes as may seem to you to be most urgently demanded.

"It is our wish that your deliberations should be marked by general harmony, and that, sinking minor differences, they should tend to promote the ends in view in calling you together.

"If with one mind you adhere steadily to this course, your conduct will be surely productive of the general welfare, and thus your deliberations may become the foundation of the eternal well-being of the Empire.

"Understand, therefore, our views."

The Emperor then withdrew, and the Assembly dispersed, to meet again two days later for the despatch of business.

I am not quite clear how the Senate is constituted. This was opened on the 5th of July, also by the Mikado in person, and with the same state and ceremony. Its functions are much more ambitious than the Assembly's, but no such precise definition of them has yet been made public.



### The Umbrella Pike.

WE used to see him from the centre of the old stone bridge, by leaning a very long way over the rough wall, shading our eyes with our hands, and gazing straight down into the pellucid water close to the pier, where he would lie for all the world like a large, shut-up Gamp umbrella, perfectly motionless for hours together.

We made his acquaintance during our stay, one hot August, at Sedgby, in Cannock Chase, where—wife, children, nurse, baggage, and my sheaf of fishing rods—we arrived one evening in high glee, the cares of London left behind, and all agog for rest and refreshment.

I went down there for rest, and I believe I never worked so hard in my life. I was a perfect slave to the caprices of the youngsters; and oh, how they made me toil!—my wife, by way of sympathy, smiling at my perspiring face from under her sunshade, and reiterating her favourite phrase—

"Well, dear, you know you like it."

Whether I did or no, there I was, at the rustic little rectory, let to me for a month, and the children, accustomed to a close London street, running wild with excitement and delight. From morning till night it was—

"Fred, if you eat any more gooseberries you'll be ill."

"Bob, I will not have you climb that tree."

"Where's Tom?"

"Good gracious! those children must be lost."

"Have those boys gone down to the river alone?"

"How brown they are all getting!"

But about my slavery.

One time I was flying kites; another, digging worms for the boys to go gudgeon fishing; another, hunting some wonderful butterfly by day, or moth by night; then rowing a heavy boat-load on the river; driving as heavy a load in the rector's old four-wheeler; knocking fossils out of the carboniferous formation; picking ferns; digging them up by the roots; and ever when we were all tired at night, but far from satiated, hearing the same words from one or another—

"Oh, there's another day gone! How time does gallop away!"

Well, it was a happy time, certainly, for the sun shone upon us almost all through our visit; and when clouds came across his golden visage, it was only to shed such soft, genial rains as quenched the thirst of the drouthy earth, and made it send forth delicious fragrance, while the green looked fresher, brighter flowers sprang up in the old rectory garden, and the vegetables brought by the gardener were finer than ever.

But, as I was saying, when my pen ran into description of the place where we stayed, we used to see him from the very centre of the old stone bridge, and first had our attention drawn to him by a very small boy, sitting astride the parapet in a position that would have sent his mother into fits. He had his pocket full of stones, and, as he leaned over the clear stream, ever and again he dropped a stone down at something, the something being the gentleman which we afterwards called the Umbrella Pike.

He was a monster—a leviathan of the river—a monarch to whom dace, roach, and gudgeon paid silvery tribute in their own persons; for according to the autocrat's whim, he would, as it pleased him, give a swoop

with that great propelling tail, skim the surface and take a dace, dive down to the gravelly bottom for gudgeon, or take young roach from nearer the middle. He had been there time out of mind, for nobody could catch him; though, as far as I could hear, nobody ever tried. Anglers were scarce in that out-of-the-way region, and the monster pike lorded it to his heart's delight.

After the fashion of the small boy, we used to amuse ourselves by dropping stones down at him; but as he was six feet below the surface, in a perfect paradise of waving weeds, which, flecked with watered sunshine, formed many a pleasant chamber to his aquatic palace, he seemed to feel certain that we could not touch him, and allowed the pebbles to go gently down near his head or tail, or by his burnished sides, never so much as moving above a few inches, and then poisoning himself once more, his prognathic physiognomy plainly to be seen, his eyes keen and wicked, and the mottle of his olive green and gold back inviting another stone.

But the monarch was not alone; for there, in the clear depths of that watery region—shunned under penalty of death by ordinary fish—floated about like courtiers some of the finest perch I ever saw. Noble fellows these, safe in their panoply of golden, black-barred mail, and armed to the teeth in a way that made even the Umbrella Pike respect their keen, lance-pointed gill covers, and their spiny back fin, which would pierce like a row of needles and cut like a razor's edge.

Fine times these fellows had, chasing the freshwater shrimps, that hid amongst the crevices of the stone bridge piers, or in the water weeds; and then, in their game of hide-and-seek, raced out, to find cavernous hiding-places in the jaws of the perch, whose round, bright eyes seemed to glisten after each successful catch.

It is this ravenous feasting upon lesser and lower organized creatures, as well as upon their fellows, that helps to reconcile one's conscience to what people call the cruelty of angling; for fishes, one and all, are unmerciful monsters, from the noble salmon or trout, who snaps at some happy, sportive fly upon the surface of the water, down to the spotted gudgeon or green and golden minnows, who, finding some hapless red-worm, tear him piecemeal as they gobble him in the midst of a hungry shoal.

The Umbrella Pike, too, at feeding-time! Why, that fellow took toll of the whole river—young ducks, water rats, frogs, his own progeny, and, excepting the perch, the rest of the finny tribe that tried to live where he reigned with iron rule. Why, there was hardly a chub that lazily floated beneath the willow boughs, and made the water say "chuck" as he imbibed some great blue-bottle or cockchafer, that had not the marks of the pike's scoring teeth upon his sides; and, in a spirit of chivalrous determination, I said that pike must die.

Now, of course, this was all for the purpose of ridding the river of a tyrant, and I, as an old fisherman, had no notion of affording myself sport, when one evening, after lying under a tree, pulling out small roach, perch, and gudgeon, I set off for the bridge, with all my paraphernalia of rod, running line, and live bait. In addition, I had all the contrivances of modern anglers in the shape of artificial lines, the American red-tasselled spoon, our own hook-armed spoons, artificial dace, shadow eels, and flights of hooks for spinning bait.

At the risk of being tedious, let me say, for the be-

nefit of lady readers, that a spoon bait is simply a piece of silvered metal, shaped like the bowl of a spoon, pendant above and below which are formidable hooks; and the peculiarity of this spoon bait is this, that when drawn sharply through the water it spins round rapidly, and assumes the form of a swimming fish.

gudgeon dead bait spinning; or dead bait loaded with gorge hook, shadow eel, spoon bait, or artificial dace; and at last, with aching arms, after throwing bait after bait beneath the bridge, I was prepared to give up.

Suddenly I was startled by a cry from one of my boys, who had crept on to the bridge, and was looking down into the deep water.



"LYING UNDER A TREE."

The boys were with me, and so excited that it was hard work to keep them back while, after preparing all that was needful, I threw our Umbrella friend a goodly live dace—of course, in company with a hook—and waited for the result.

Negative. Neither would he look at live roach; or

"Here he is, pa! Now throw again."

I gathered in my line, and threw most accurately, so that the bait fell just over where I knew the pike to lie.

"Well, Fred?" I said, as the effort proved vain.

"It went down close by his nose, pa," shouted the boy.

"Well?" I said.

"He only wagged his tail," cried the boy. "He aint hungry, pa. Oh, aint he had a dinner!"

I fear this last remark was imaginary—an effort of invention. However, I packed up my tackle, and we returned to one of those soft, quiet, still nights, when, with open window, before going to rest, one looks out on the great, mellow stars, burning softly in the broad, dark arch; when all is still, and the warm, balmy air comes caressing the cheek, laden with the wondrous odours of woodland and mead. Then there is a murmurous hum, rising into a buzzing drone, and some nocturnal beetle, attracted by the dewy flower scents, sweeps by the window; and again comes a waft of dewy fragrance from the garden. Next there is a soft, piping, fluty note, that puzzles you as you ask yourself, Is it close by or far away? Probably close by; for it is the cry of a frog, answered by another lower down.

It is hard to leave the window on such a night, so still and peaceful, with the air seeming to soothe and lull into a lotus-eating calm—so different to the champagne brightness of the noon; and as one looks out, there, in the distant sky, very low down, is the shimmering of the summer lightning, pale lambent yellow, like the dimly seen blossoms of the evening primrose just below.

One leaves the window with a sigh, thinking of those who are panting behind brick walls in the sun-baked streets; and, in the last words of the night's prayer, ere lying down, thanking God for the beautiful country, and bidding man be welcome to his town.

Six by one's watch, as, stealthily taking one's morning bath, the last touches are given to the country toilet; and thus, believing that no one is stirring but the servant, I went downstairs, to take my tackle and have an early try for the pike before breakfast; but as I lay my hands upon the rod, out rush two young footpads, who have been lurking behind the dining-room door, to seize me gleefully, one rushing up my back in the excitement of his delight, and the other pinning a leg, and clinging there with all his force.

"We heard you getting up, pa," shouts one in my ear.

"You thought to get away without us," roars the other, chuckling with delight; "but you weren't going."

I own to the soft impeachment, and then yield at discretion—one seizing my pannier, the other the rod; and over the dew-sprent lawn, sparkling with nature's jewels, we go, as a perfect chorus of bird-song comes from the woods, while the river, as we near the bridge, is one glistening current of molten silver.

It is impossible to think of fishing for awhile, as we gaze at the newly-opened flowers, the rush spikes and reed blades in the bed, where gauzy-winged dragon flies, all green and gold and steely-blue, flit, and rustle, and dart, to settle at length upon some bare twig, till prey or an intruding neighbour sends them furiously in chase.

One seemed to breathe new life, to be gathering new strength for future battles, from the balmy breezes of that early morn, and before long I was alone—for one boy had gone off to watch the motions of a bald coot, with her brood of dusky worsted balls of young; and the other, first lured by an azure-backed kingfisher, who had captured a gilded minnow, came upon a lordly heron stilting along the shallows, who took flight in a

lazy, flapping way, his long legs stretched out, and evidently half-appeased, for he dropped a hundred yards away, with my second boy trying to stalk him, and get another look.

As I said, it was hard work to begin fishing with so many sights around—insects feasting in flower bells; sleek cattle munching the rich grasses of the mead; purple-backed, fork-tailed swallows, and glossy, white-breasted martens skimming the river for flies; and the river flecked and tinged by the rising dace, seeking their breakfast from the gnats. But at last I remembered the object of my visit, and, with the remembrance of Umbrella Pike to animate me, I made my first cast with a goodly-sized bait, carefully prepared, and played here and there about the bridge and beneath the arch, but played in vain: no answering tug gave notice of the pike's presence.

I was discouraged, not beaten; and I tried again and again, telling myself how cunning such an old stager must have grown, and that probably before now he had tasted steel in the shape of fish-hooks. Still, I might coax him, perhaps; and I tried again, throwing my bait deftly under the arch, from the meadow where I stood, just as a shoal of dace leaped frantically in the air—a sure sign of a passing pike.

I had hardly begun to draw the line back, after letting my bait well sink, when—jig—snap, it was seized; and as I responded with a sharp strike from the top of my rod, there was a rush and turmoil in the weedy water, and I had just time to glance at my winch, to see that the line was clear, when fizz! away the handle went, spinning round—the fish I had hooked sailing rapidly up stream.

To have attempted to check him, more than allowing the line to pass through my fingers, would have been to lose him; for even that opposition was sufficient to make him take a huge bound, throw himself right out of the water three or four feet, and come down again with a mighty splash. I thought I had lost him, but the winch still whizzed, and I had the pleasure of knowing that I was fast to the Umbrella Pike, and that he was far larger than I expected; but whether he would escape, or I should become the conqueror, remained to be proved.

There are many people who pooh-pooh fishing, and rain down showers of sarcasm upon the luckless disciples of Izaak Walton. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, let me tell them, this is due to the ignorance of the strange thrills of excitement to be felt when a big fish is fast to your line, whether it be the lordly salmon careering down a rocky stream, a large pike in the river, or even a roach or chub of but a pound weight, at the end of a strand of gut no thicker than a hair. However, every man to his own sport—let me return to the fish that was racing up stream, till I began to look anxiously at the winch from which the line was reeling off, till not many yards were left; and a horrible dread assailed me that perhaps the line was not fastened at the end. In that case, unless I stopped my fish, I should lose him, line and all, and then—

"Ah, that's better!" I exclaimed, as, just when the winch was about to give up its last few rings of line, the pike stopped suddenly, and, on my beginning to wind in and checking him, darted down stream with as great velocity as he had previously gone up. This



time, then, I was enabled to wind in yard after yard of line—now catching in weeds, now drawing up a rotten willow twig from the bottom of the river. It was not until I had recovered about thirty yards, and had it safely round, that I felt ready for the next rush; and still the line came in, till I began to fear that the fish was gone, leaving me nought but empty hooks or a broken strand of gimp.

The beauty of the morn, the mute watchfulness of my boys, all was forgotten in the excitement, as I went on slowly winding in yard after yard, till it became apparent that if the fish was still at the end of the line he was within a very few yards of where I stood. And so it proved; for, just when disappointment was getting the upper hand, not more than a dozen yards of the line being out, there was a rush and a swirl in the water, whizz went the winch, and the pike was careering here, there, and everywhere, in mad rage.

At last, in a quiescent moment, I wound up enough to take a steady pull at the monster—the rod bending like a whip, and the line being drawn so taut that I feared it would part. But this was soon at an end; for my fish was off again, and, hooked as he was in his bony jaws, hurt so little that his strength in the water was in nowise impaired.

For fully three-quarters of an hour did this go on. Three times did I prevent him from burying himself in the weed beds, twice did I coax him out of the rushes, and twice had we a struggle when he persisted in making for a wilderness of reeds; and still he was so strong and vigorous, that upon my beginning to wind him, as he lay at a distance, and getting a good pull upon the heavy, inert mass, it once more became electric with life, there was a sudden rush, a whizz from the winch, and, before I could realize the fact—snap! the line had run right out, and parted where it was tied to the spindle of the winch; and as, with throbbing heart, I watched it, the ragged knot glided through the rings, out through the last, ran over some flags, went down in the stream, and was gone.

"Oh, pa!" exclaimed one little voice.

"Oh!" cried the other; and there were tears in his eyes, as I gazed blankly down into the stream.

"There, boys," I said—"it's a bad job. Let's go in to breakfast."

"Couldn't we go in and fetch it out, pa?" said Fred.

And though I shook my head, he did not seem to believe me. However, it was close upon breakfast-time, so we went in, and, refreshed by the meal, I began to think on the possibility of recovering the line—seventy-five yards of strong varnished silk; and in the course of the morning I contrived a grapnel at the end of a clothes prop with three hooks, and, to the intense delight of the boys, we pushed off in the boat, and began to drag for the line.

We tried up, and we tried down, till evening. Mud, weeds, rotten branches, huge freshwater mussel shells, everything could I fish up but the line; and after passing twice under the bridge, I was about to give up, when, as I hauled in my muddy grapnel for the last time, I saw the coveted line running rapidly across the hooks, and had it not been for a dash made by one of the boys it would have gone.

"He's on, pa! he's on!" shouted the boy.

And it was unmistakable; for there was a tug at the line that made it cut deep into his hand, and jerked his

arm violently; but he held on till I relieved him, when, pushing ashore, I got hold of the end of the line, gave it to the boy, and directed him until he had passed it in orthodox fashion through the rings of the rod, and made it fast to the winch, when I let the line run through my hands, took the rod, and proceeded to land my fish in a sportsmanlike manner; for I scorned to draw him in hand over hand.

The pike was nearly as fresh as ever, and twice I thought he was gone; but I tired him out, and by degrees coaxed him nearer and nearer to the shallow, gravelly ford, winding in with fear and trembling, so heavy was he, and so great the danger of a break-away. I had him right into the shallow twice, and he rushed off; but at last he came sailing gently in upon his side, till he grounded, and then, unable to resist our excitement, we all three rushed in, cut off his escape, and the Umbrella Pike was dragged over the stones of the ford, and high and dry upon the grass, where he lay, in all his glory of green and gold, a huge brute, over a yard long, one which turned the scale at thirty-one pounds.

There he is, as I write, grinning at me from his glass case on the walls of my study, with lancet-pointed teeth, protruding lower jaw, and the thin gimp snap hook with which he was taken suspended over his head.

That was a pleasant holiday—one marked with a white stone in the path of the past. I have fished and taken many a gentleman of the *Esox Lucius* tribe since, but never anything quite the size of our friend the Umbrella Pike.

### A Fete in a French Town.

I HAPPENED last September to be at Falaise, in Normandy. At the station, I was met by an immense crowd. William the Conqueror had landed in England, and it was certain that we should all be vanquished. A hundred blue blouses were shouting at the ticket receiver to know the last train. The young princes looked very well in an open cart. Arlette was not there—her washing days were over, and Count Robert was dead. No, I have not got a copper for the poor this time. Hotel prices risen? Never mind; get into the omnibus *du Grand Cerf*; give up your luggage ticket to the *conducteur* before you are hustled to pieces, and drive on. Flags on both sides, fir trees, suddenly transplanted and lining the streets, sound of drums, trumpets, and shouting. What is it all about?

I arrive at the "grand stage." All heads on both sides out of the window. William the Conqueror has just come by; after him went a very large ship with fine green calico waves, and oars very much in everybody's way; knights in chain armour, seated uneasily on oppressed and recalcitrant horses, and historical personages mixed up with all sorts of posterity.

This is too much! For once I am indifferent to the price of rooms. I fling my travelling bag to the *garçon*; bolt out of the omnibus with an umbrella—I don't happen to have a halbert about me—and shouting the daring war cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" which strikes terror into the breasts of all the Norman applewomen on the road, I rush down a bye-lane in order to intercept the procession before it gets to the Place de la Mairie. But just in time. A row of horses' tails, wriggling and tossing behind the unaccustomed chain

armour, show me plainly that the pageant has arrived before me. The ship, full of armed men, reels perilously in front of me and stops. The drums and trumpets cease. The cavalcade becomes unmanageable. Carts, with counts and young princes, and Norman dukes, in flowing silk and velvet, and coats of mail, are met astray in all directions. It is clear the game is over, and the reign of long-restrained confusion has set in.

I get a good footing on a kerbstone, collar a terrific and truculent Norman, and ask after William the Conqueror. He tells me that Britain is a small island; that the Channel is a trackless and well-nigh unnavigable ocean; but that Duke William, having entered a big pasteboard ship, soon mastered both—shot Harold, and set himself down on his throne. Hence consumption of cakes and ale, immense slaughter of fat oxen, collections for the poor, illuminations at night, and band, admission 1 fr.

On raising my eyes I now beheld, embodied in bronze, in the middle of the great square before me, the reason of all "this thushness." A tremendous statue of the "Divine William" pranced before me—a statue of great and bloodthirsty merit, with head in casque thrown wildly back, and arm waving, victorious flag fluttering, with iron stiffness, in the imaginary breeze. But that statue had been there for some years. The demonstration was in honour of six smaller statues of the six great counts of Normandy—poor little creatures in armour, about half life-size, standing round the base of the big and really fine statue of the very big Duke. About the crowd went gentlemen in black, with stiff white ties, and large champagne glasses for coppers *pour les pauvres*.

I don't know who the poor were, but I know that these dissipated-looking almoners got very drunk towards the end of the day, and brandished their wine glasses in your face as if they had been filling them up alternately with champagne and coppers. Where the coppers may have gone to, of course I cannot precisely say; but I have no doubt whatever as to what became of the champagne. Well, I hear there were speeches the day before I arrived. I am glad to say I missed them.

You know all about Falaise, I suppose. If you don't, I'll just revive your memory anon. I am sorry to say I paid my franc, and went at night to an enclosure in what "our boys" call the "Bullyyards." I need not say the sable and thirsty almoners were there before me. The oil lamps in festoons had a good effect. There was a collection of over-ripe fruit and withered flowers, representing the horti—and flori—culture of Falaise. The band was most vile. Two live ducks had been placed under a fountain in the middle of the place, and of course spent their time in splashing the bystanders, and alternately putting out the little rows of lamps round the basin, and sitting on them. From the top of the old Castle of Falaise came every now and then a hectic flash of what, I am given to understand, was intended to represent the electric light. It kept sputtering and going out all the evening, and was considered by the local press a scientific *chef d'œuvre*. Every one was delighted, and stayed up till nearly half-past nine! There is wild and wicked fun for you!

They go to bed at about eight o'clock here. Falaise,

like most small French towns, is a dismal place for a cheerful night. A man with a drum yesterday went about howling the advertisement of a concert at a neighbouring *café*. I went. A fat woman *décolleté*—her husband, a greasy fellow with a guitar—a dozen men in blouses, *le concert le voila*. An *employé* and myself listened to the guitar man, who sang about twenty verses of a ditty, not very unlike a "Moody and Sankey," about the Creation and the works of nature—moral, I am glad to say, and, I regret to add, portentously dull. Two of us applauded wildly—i.e., myself and the *employé*. The rest ordered beer, and the fat woman came round with a winning leer for coppers. She then sang only a half moral, but wholly dull song, which I began to applaud; but on seeing her make towards me again with the tin plate for *sous*, I hastily rose and ran; the *employé* hesitated, and, of course, was lost. The next time the man came round with the drum, I need not say, I went straight to bed.

From what I have written, you must not suppose that Falaise, the birthplace of the Conqueror, is otherwise than a most bewitching place. The castle where he was born still stands in a lovely and romantic situation. The room is still shown where he was born; the brook still runs at the foot of the castle where the tanner's daughter, Arlette, the Conqueror's mother, first captivated the heart of Count Robert as she was washing herself in the stream; and there, too, is the tan-yard, or rather there are several tan-yards. The line of rocks and turf on the other side of the ravine is enchanting.

The views are—the memories and historical—no, I am not to be entrapped into this sort of thing: the pageant has passed by. I descend to a *table d'hôte* at the Grand Stag—wine sour, food greasy, flies—bah! dear at three francs. Oh, my country! oh, England! "with all thy faults," &c. Adieu.

### Author and Poet.

THE death of Hans Christian Andersen gives an especial interest to the following account which he recently gave of an interview with the Poet Laureate:—

That was a melancholy meeting between me and the great English poet, in his quiet, unpretending home in the Isle of Wight. Fifteen years before, I had visited him in company with Charles Dickens. Then we were in the best of humour—Dickens's sparkling wit carrying away with it not only poor me, who have always had a weakness for humour, but even the grave Tennyson, who looks as if it cost him a labour to smile. At that time Tennyson was a fine-looking man, with black hair and beard, and his face was scarcely furrowed. I thought I had greatly changed in those fifteen years, but he had evidently grown old much faster. As we shook hands we looked in each other's eyes, and his filled with tears. Why, I don't know exactly. I suppose it was a tribute paid to the memory of Charles Dickens. Indeed, the words he uttered were—

"And this time you come alone, Mr. Andersen. Do you remember the theatrical performance at Gad's-hill?"

"Why should I not? The play was 'London Assurance,' and the leading part was given by Charles

Dickens. That was in 1858, and among the audience were Charles Reade, Delane, and others whose names have since become famous."

"What a time we had!" exclaimed Tennyson.

"Yes," I replied. "And do you remember getting me out of bed at four in the morning, so that we might go with you to the Isle of Wight?"

Of course he did; and he made me walk with him through the garden, as he had done fifteen years before. There was the tablet to the memory of young Hallam. It looked somewhat dimmer than in 1858, but it had been surrounded in the most æsthetic manner with the finest growth of ivy.

"Ivy seems to be your favourite plant," I said to Tennyson.

"To tell the truth, it is," he replied. "Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."

"But what about laurel?" I rejoined.

"Laurel wreaths," he said, playfully, "look well enough in pictures, but in reality they wither too soon."

This was a golden saying. How many writers have I seen wreathed in laurel, and how soon it became dry and withered! We returned to Tennyson's library. He showed me the manuscript of his first volume of poems. I opened the first page, "Where Claribel low lyeth." To me there is in this quiet little poem something indescribably charming. The small country graveyard is described in a few lines with such consummate ability that you actually believe yourself to be there; and while you inhale the fragrant breeze, fanned by the branches of the trees, you seem to hear, as if coming from far away, the "ancient melody" which will be sure to vibrate in your heart when you read Claribel, provided you have a poetical vein in your bosom.

"Tell me about dear Scandinavia," said Tennyson to me.

"When I left the Sound," I replied, laughing, "it was raining, and the Kattegat was lashed into fury."

"Now," he rejoined, "that Kattegat of yours is horribly destructive of shipping craft, but I take it to be the most interesting sea in Europe. Old Kanne-guy, the man-eating giant, was hurried in it right off the shores of Jutland. Kattegat, the young hero, overpowered him; but when he himself died of a broken heart, on account of fair Segrid's faithlessness, he swore he would never be at rest until the whole of Jutland was buried in the blue waters of the sea; and so his spirit storms and raves almost incessantly, giving the sea painters sublime subjects, travellers the sea sickness, and marine insurers the headache."

The transition from the weird and sublime to the laughable was so sudden and unexpected, that we both burst into hearty merriment. But this is the peculiarity of Tennyson's genius—that he will suddenly contrast the grandest flights of his imagination with something droll and ludicrous, which will startle you at first, but ultimately fill you with more admiration for him. He asked me about my last writings. I pointed to my eyes, and exclaimed—

"How can I be expected to do much when my lights threaten every moment to go out?"

Tennyson suggested an amanuensis.

"No, no," I replied, "I cannot dictate original matter. I am at a loss to account for the faculty of some writers to do so. M. Thiers told me, the other day,

that he dictated the whole of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' I was amazed at this. I for one must be alone when I write. The presence of a secretary would disturb me. Did you ever dictate any of your works?"

"No, no," he replied, eagerly; "I think like you. Original composition through another person seems to me impossible. All the copy I ever sent to the printer was written with my own hand."

When I left him, he said to me—

"My old friend, both of us are past the meridian of life; but I believe there is still a great deal of work in us. You have eclipsed the splendid imagery of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

I interrupted with a deprecatory gesture, saying—

"And you have verified what Macaulay wrote about your splendid language—that English in the right hands can sound as melodious as the tongues of Italy or Spain."

"We part, then, with compliments," said Tennyson. "It is good that both of us are sincere."

I am sure I was.

### The Duchesse de Berri.

THOSE who feel a present interest, or remember an interest long past, in the romantic adventures of the Duchesse de Berri, will be pleased to read this curious letter following. *Figaro* lately republished the story of her insurrection, her flight, and her betrayal, in which allusion was made to the Duchess's meeting with an officer on the Pyrmile Bridge by Nantes. The gentleman referred to, whose name has never transpired, writes thus:—"The Duchess of Berri was mistaken. The officer who passed so close, on an old, narrow bridge, of which he did not know the name, never served in the Royal Guard. He had lately been appointed lieutenant in the 14th Light Infantry, stationed at Nantes, and he was marching with a small detachment to Valette. If madame came from Chero-lière she must have started early, for the meeting took place at five a.m. . . . The lieutenant did not recognize madame. What struck him and made him stare so hard was first her walk whilst still far off; then, on approaching, the whiteness of her skin, and especially her eyebrows, which were more than fair, and the delicacy of her features. He turned, and his astonishment increased on observing the smallness of her feet, which were covered with mud, as well as her ankles to a height that seemed unaccountable. (The duchess had plastered them over). It has not been noted that madame bore a large round basket on her head. It seemed to be made of chestnut twigs, still covered with their bark, and appeared heavy. Only after long hesitation, whilst continuing his march, did the lieutenant suspect that the country peasant might have been the Duchesse de Berri. For this silence, therefore, he lays no claim to merit, but most certainly he would have been as mute if he had recognized madame; for, like all officers of the army, he admired and loved her Royal Highness, and bore a profound devotion to her." It almost needs such an incident as this to remind the younger of us that the Vendée romance is yet but forty-five years old, that there are heroes of it still surviving. The affair seems so very long ago, the sentiments worn out, the



society antediluvian. Half the readers of this letter exclaim, "*Tiens!* he is yet alive!" A moment's thought shows that the officer may well be but a year or so above threescore. That people should be surprised shows how conscientiously Legitimists abstained from public affairs during two reigns. The world forgot them.

## Things New and Old.

### A Relic of the Romans.

There has just turned up at Pompeii a relic of the Roman days which goes far beyond the figure of the sentry smothered at his post, the miser clutching his money-bags in the cellar, the amphoræ with the solidified wine and bread—baked, alas! only too well for mastication by human teeth. The latest "find" is the house of a banker or moneylender, who rejoiced in the name of Lucius Cecilius Jucundus, *alias* Lucius Cecilius the Pleasant. The very tablets on which his contracts were engrossed, faced with wax, have also been discovered, with a bust of the joyous capitalist himself, which represents him in his habit as he lived, with a wart near the jaw, sharp eyes, and well-set mouth—a man, in short, practical, shrewd, and somewhat jovial, as his surname indicates. He seems to have been prosperous, and to have been flourishing like a green bay tree at the precise moment when Vesuvius awoke from a long and ominous repose, and "over the crashing vines, over the deserted streets, over the crowded amphitheatre, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower" which brought the investments and the advances and the calculations of Lucius Cecilius the Pleasant to an untimely end in the grave that entombed his clients. And now, "Where be his quiddities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer any rude knave to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? This fellow might be in his time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?" Awaiting the disclosure which a translation of the tablets may in due course supply as to the sort of discount business a Pompeian banker did, with his rates of interest and the nature of his security, we may point out that lending at usury is almost as old an accomplishment as stealing; in fact, they seem to have come into the world as the complement of one another. The Romans were very neat hands at "doing" bills or making advances on produce of any kind. Nearly every proconsul realized large profits in this way, and extracted a good deal of their vile trash from the hard hands of peasants when fate and the Senate left him time to do so. The virtuous Brutus, as Adam Smith reminds us, charged the citizens of Cyprus as much as 40 per cent. for some advances he made them. The private moneylenders of those days, however, had one security unknown in modern times—namely, the person of their creditor. The remedies against insolvents were sharp and summary, and hopeless debtors swelled the ranks of the slaves. A moneylender, therefore, could afford to take things pleasantly; and we can

well believe that Lucius Cecilius, whose bust and day-book have just been disembogued from their tomb of ashes and lava, was, in his time, as mild-mannered a person as ever sold up a bankrupt acceptor, and sent him to ponder over the binding obligation of contracts in the triremes or among the Pontine marshes.

### A Mountain Trip.

We started for Snowdon, without a guide. I had been up the mountain before with a guide, when I could not see five paces ahead, and there were yawning precipices of a thousand feet, down which one might have fallen with a single false step. But the sky on this occasion was cloudless, and when we had proceeded some two miles, on looking back the two Lakes of Llanberis shone afar off like two brilliant precious stones in an emerald setting—the mountains even, at that distance, being reflected on the surface of the water. We passed numbers of tourists, including many ladies (attracted, doubtless, by the splendid appearance of the weather), bent on reaching the summit—a somewhat formidable undertaking, seeing that the distance from Llanberis is five miles, and some of this bears an almost perpendicular and very exasperating aspect. Arriving at what is called "Half-way House," we took a cup of tea from a man in the hut, who had lived on the very summit for twenty-three years. Leaving his abode, we had a full mile of ascent which was calculated to try the strength of any lungs. A short rest, and the journey was resumed, every hundred yards revealing to us some new vista of beauty, either in the far distance, or in the numerous valleys and small lakes close at our feet. The topmost peak—and the highest point in England and Wales—was reached by half-past twelve; and thus in two hours from starting we were surveying the Principality at an elevation of 3,570 feet above the level of the sea. Not a cloud rested on the noble brow of Snowdon. The day was of that class which very seldom comes for visitors to the summit. The view was magnificent in the extreme. Looking behind from the hut, we could clearly trace with the naked eye the whole length of the Menai Straits, and see the Tubular Bridge at Bangor. A little farther to the left, the whole of the Isle of Anglesey lay open to the view; together with the Bay of Cardigan; while directly in front, but thirty miles away, could be distinguished the crest of Cader Idris. With a glass, the hills of Wicklow, in Ireland, could be clearly perceived. Having satiated the sense of the sublime with the grand view thus exposed, we decided upon making the descent of the mountain from its most dangerous side—viz., towards Capel Curig. The first part of this path is very precipitous, and not very easy recognizable, but the wild grandeur of the scenery which it presents to the tourist is almost unparalleled in the United Kingdom.

### Ups and Downs.

The poor Irish bricklayer, who fell from a high scaffold, smashed his leg and arm, and being questioned by a compassionate lady, nurse in hospital, as to whether the fall was not very terrible, replied, "No, that it was the sudden stop at the bottom which was so unpleasant," hit upon a great truth. Falling and soaring would be exactly the same thing, if it were not for the sudden stop at the bottom.

## Jack Hamilton's Luck.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XLI.—IN WHICH CERISE LEAVES SCHOOL AND LANDS A FISH.

ABOUT an hour before, when the man who filled Langley's bath in the morning went into the room for that purpose, he found the bedclothes deluged with blood, and, concluding murder or suicide, ran downstairs in a panic. A surgeon had been immediately sent for, and was still making his examination when I entered the chamber of death.

"There has been no violence," he said to me. "Death arose from natural causes; in fact, from the bursting of a blood vessel. I suppose that your friend was aware that he was suffering from lung disease?"

"Oh, yes; he has been under Dr. Russell for years."

"Indeed! Then it will be well to send him a line at once. It may save relatives the pain of an inquest. I will write to Dr. Russell if you like, while you communicate with friends."

Friends! How completely that simple and natural suggestion exposed the useless sacrifice which the dead man had made to a chimera. However keen a man may be in his haste to be rich, he almost invariably leads a social as well as a business life. However stern to a debtor, he is bright and pleasant with his wife; however grasping in a business transaction, he is yielding enough to his children. Though a hard man to bargain with in the city, he is a jolly neighbour in the suburbs. Even his business transactions are occasionally enlivened by social meetings with others embarked in the same scheme. But Langley, mistrusting his own powers of perseverance if he relaxed for an instant, isolated himself as completely in the cause of Mammon as enthusiasts of another sort have done in that of religion. He attended no public dinners, took part in no public business, political or local, subscribed to no public enterprises or charities, went into no society. He was a recluse living in the most crowded part of the crowded city. His heir, Bereton, he made an allowance to, and corresponded with once or twice, but had never seen. Literally, I could think of no one to communicate with but his solicitor, Mr. Blight, and Claridge; and my reasons for sending for them were purely selfish: though I knew myself poor Langley's executor, I did not like the responsibility of acting alone, even in making small arrangements which required immediate attention.

They soon came, and we decided not to do anything to try and prevent an inquest, which was held accordingly. It was, of course, a mere form, and a verdict of death from natural causes was at once returned. The funeral took place without delay, and Langley was followed to his last resting-place by Claridge, myself, and the physician's carriage. For we did not mock him with plumes and mutes, and so no strangers were attracted to the ceremony. Relatives he had none, and it is to that fact the grand mistake of his life is probably to be attributed. His affections had never been awakened, and therefore, since nature abhors a vacuum, the master-purpose of his brain had filled his entire being. I was the only real mourner, and my regret was sincere. I had always felt an interest in

him, and watched his career with curiosity. It flattered me to be the only one in whom he had confided freely in boyhood, youth, and manhood. Besides, it is impossible not to feel respect and kindness towards one who leaves you five thousand pounds, free of legacy duty.

Yes, Mr. Blight had possession of his will and all his other papers, and that was his bequest to me. The bulk of his fortune, which was large for those days, went to Bereton, the son of his early benefactor, who thus suddenly found himself a wealthy man, and came over to England to take possession. He owned to having led a reckless, dissolute life; and his constitution was undermined, either by residence in a bad climate or by his habits, perhaps by both. The hoards which my poor friend had so painfully amassed did not seem likely to be applied to any particularly worthy purpose.

Directly Langley's affairs were settled, I went back to Droitchester and resumed my rural life. I do not dwell upon the incidents of it in this autobiography, because there is a possibility that it may be some day published, and I do not think that anybody could possibly read them. But they are entered, neatly and accurately, in a vellum-bound volume, and can be printed for the benefit of the public at any time, should persons more experienced than myself deem it desirable. That it is impossible for an outsider to gauge the public taste I fully admit, and a detailed account of when my hay was cut, and the number of loads there were of it per acre, the yield of lambs each year, how each equine speculation turned out, the price at which beasts were bought lean and sold when in good condition, &c., &c., &c., *might* run through as many editions as "The — of —," but I very much doubt it.

I took interest in all these matters. I fished with the rector in the spring. Once a week, all through the summer, there was a cricket gathering only ten miles off. Then, there was plenty of shooting in the autumn, and hunting in the winter, though I never made much of a figure at that, the first big fence invariably throwing me out. There were occasional dinners and other festivities, such as balls and private theatricals, at the hospitable halls, parks, and houses round about; and Claridge remained as pleasant a friend as ever.

It was at this time, moreover, that I began to write this sketch of my life. Fairtil, the Honourable Mrs. Fairtil's husband—a pleasant, good-humoured squire—put it into my head.

I had been recounting certain Spanish anecdotes at his house one evening, and he said—

"Why don't you write an account of all that Legion business, Hamilton? I am sure it would make good reading."

"It has been done so often and so well," said I.

"Aye, perhaps; but what happens to one fellow is different from what happens to another fellow, you know."

"But it is a stale business now."

"What does that matter, so long as it's amusing?" replied Fairtil. "Why, my wife was absorbed the other day in a story the plot of which was laid about the time of the Conquest. Yours would be newer than that, and true."

"Aye," said I, "if it were amusing; but I don't suppose I can write what is worth printing."

"Well, you know what the Irishman said when he was asked whether he could play the fiddle—'I don't

know, I never tried.' You cannot tell whether you can write till you try."

A few evenings afterwards, when I was alone and dull, this conversation recurred to me, and I sat down to write what I could remember of my adventures in Evans's Brigade. And as I thought and thought, pen in hand, my early life rose before me in vivid colours, and I found myself jotting down my earliest recollections, thus commencing what proved to be a great resource; for when weary of the present I could always fly to the past, and live it in a measure over again. To a man who has the power of vivid description this must be an exquisite pleasure, since even my weak and poor transcription of the scenes which rose so bright and clear in my memory has proved a fascinating task, helping me to calm the restlessness which I felt at the loss of Cerise.

I continued to miss her terribly. She was so associated with everything about the Rookery, that I could not pursue my ordinary avocations without being reminded of her at every turn.

During the vacations, when she was living at the rectory, or staying with friends in the neighbourhood, and I could see her constantly, the story of my Luck remained in my desk untouched. When she returned to Cheltenham, out it came again, and for the first few days I worked at it ardently.

I kept her at the school as long as I could, till the charming girl bloomed into a lovely woman. She had two friends of her own age, who also remained beyond the usual period, and she was happy in their companionship. But when they left—one of them to be married—I felt that it was impossible for her to stop there any longer, and the puzzling question of what was to be done next had to be resolutely faced.

After racking my brains to any extent, without being able to evolve any more suitable chaperone out of my inner consciousness, I came to the conclusion that Mrs. Harwood must undertake the office; and when that good lady and myself had discussed the matter long and often, we agreed that she should take a small house at Worcester, and reside there with her charge. Worcester was a gayer residence than a country village, at any rate, and within a ride or drive—hardly twenty miles off, in fact.

In the meantime, she lived at the rectory with the Hassacks, and as she was perfectly happy there, it may seem strange that I did not allow that arrangement to go on indefinitely, especially since the one delight of my life was to have her near me. But there was the very hitch. Residing at the rectory was too nearly the same thing as being an inmate of my house, for she was always there, or else riding or walking about with me; and I felt that this state of things ought not to continue. If her feelings towards me were of a filial nature, there was nothing in the slightest degree parental in the way I regarded her.

During her last vacation, and after she left school, I had more of her company than had been the case a couple of years previously, for the country ladies were less keen about having her as a guest; which surprised and vexed me, till Claridge discovered and expounded the reason, or reasons—for there were two, equally cogent.

Some of these country ladies had sons, some had daughters, some had both. The sons seemed inclined

to fall in love with Cerise, who had no fit portion for a young man of position, and whose family was unknown. The daughters were eclipsed by her.

"The rich Lord Streethington has never paid Florry Fairtil the slightest attention since he met your little ward at their house," said Claridge; "and her honourable mamma is as nearly spiteful about it as a woman with so good a digestion can be. My own protracted celibacy is attributed by half the country to Cerise's combined loveliness and cruelty. The good people don't know that I would make love to a Hottentot if her father were a Cabinet Minister, and could hold worsted skeins for Omphale with perfect impunity if neither she nor her belongings had any political influence. By the bye, I thought I should have a home to propose for Cerise a little time ago—when I was last in town, in fact."

"Indeed?" cried I.

"Yes, I offered to Lord Pussipor's second daughter, and I think that we should have made a match of it, only she is so romantic; and I could not bring myself to pretend to adore her exactly at present, though I promised to do my best after we were married. She thanked me for my frankness, but did not like the bargain. It was a pity, for she is a good-tempered girl, and about Cerise's age. I think they would have got on together. And Pussipor would be just the father-in-law I want."

Let me pull my dates together—they have got all over the place. I took the Rookery at Droitchester in 1837, Cerise went to school in 1841, and left in 1844, at Christmas; and it was in the May of 1845 that I held the above conversation with Claridge. I remember the month for two reasons—first, because it was such an unusual time for him to be down at Droitchester, he having come down to see where a proposed railway threatened to cut into his property; and secondly, because I went out fishing on the following morning, and noticed how thickly the May-fly was on the water.

I had finally determined that Mrs. Harwood should go to Worcester, and take a suitable house at once, and went alone to the riverside to arrange details in my mind quietly and deliberately. But the fish rose so freely that I could think of little else, and when my basket weighed about ten pounds, the idea came into my mind that Goliah might be enticed to his death on the occasion. Goliah was a trout who lived under an alder, and had received his name from the man who performed that service for all the rest of the parish, Mr. Hassack. He was a huge fish, "the monarch of the brook," and as cunning as a lawyer. Whether his shrewdness was the result of his age and experience, or his age was due to his shrewdness, was a moot point, hard to decide. The rector had fished for him with every conceivable bait—with the ordinary artificial fly, with a worm, with the spinning minnow, and by dibbing; and by means of this last device had once got hold of him. He had stolen, one summer's evening, to the alder tree, had impaled an unfortunate but fat grasshopper on his hook, had concealed himself quietly amongst the branches overhanging the stream, and when he saw his proposed victim lying in wait amongst the roots, head to stream, maintaining his position by slight movements of the tail, he dropped the tempting insect lightly over his head, and it was taken. But the boughs were thick, Goliah was impetuous; the line

got entangled in a branch, and snapped like hair. The trout remained free, had acquired an extra wrinkle, and was more wary even than before.

I, too, had exerted my humbler talents for the capture of this fish; for in angling, as in love, luck succeeds sometimes where merit fails, and it would have been a grand thing to beat my pastor and *master*. I had raised the trout once or twice; but he had just looked at my lure, and turned away, scornfully observing, "The idea!"

I did not hear him, but am certain he said, "The idea!" Well, but the advent of the May-fly is to trouts what the first strawberries or green peas are to human beings, and they were sucking them down so greedily that morning that I thought even Goliath might be taken off his guard for once. The worst of it was that his lair was nearly a mile from where I stood at the moment, and he might be glutted before I could reach the place; so I started off at a rate which made my creel become a very irksome burden, and panted too much when I got to the spot.

There were some shallows over which the stream rushed broad and babbling; then the channel narrowed, confining it by banks several feet high, between which it flowed, dark, deep, and silent, but broken on the surface into swirls and eddies by the frothing it had got from the rapids above. Here, just at a sharp corner, and on the opposite bank from that on which I was recovering my breath, rose the alder tree. I approached the bank cautiously, got enough line out to reach across the stream, and made my cast. Everything was favourable; there was a cloud over the sun, a light west air was at my back, and wafted the fly over the water, so that it dropped, lightly as one of the real May-flies it represented, under the boughs of the alder, in the very centre of a little wave of broken water caused by a projecting root. Tug! I had hold of him, firmly too. Forcing myself to be calm, I held the supple rod well up, and gave him line, inch by inch, winding gently up when he ceased to struggle, slacking when he made a rush, following slowly down stream the while to reach a better landing place.

Up he went presently, three feet, I should think, out of the water. It was Goliath, sure enough—by far the largest fish I had ever seen in that water. His struggles grew fewer and fainter; it was not necessary to give him line now, only to cease winding when he made them. Nearer and nearer to the shore he came, till he was close under it. Pshaw! In my excitement I had dropped the landing net where he was first hooked. Never mind, I must drown him more, and then work him to a more shelving part of the beach. At that moment a female form stepped quietly up, landing-net in hand, dipped it gently into the water, whipped it up, and the speckly beauty was bounding and springing on the turf.

"Oh, Guardy, it's Goliath!" exclaimed Cerise. "What a fine fellow—four pounds if he's an ounce!"

"What will the rector say?" I remarked, somewhat ruefully. "I hope he won't excommunicate me."

"He will forgive you if I ask him; it will be a wholesome discipline for him. Parsons ought to be made to set a good example sometimes, and Mr. Has-sack shall stuff Goliath; he can do it beautifully, preserving all the spots."

"Well, then, you shall mediate between us; and

since it is past ten o'clock, I had better go home to breakfast. Afterwards we will take the trout to the rectory, and you shall intercede to King Saul for David. Nobody could refuse you anything."

"Couldn't they?"

"Not unless they were monsters."

"Then let me stay at dear Droitchester, and not go away to live in a dreary street."

### The Casual Observer.

WITH HIS NEWSPAPER.

NEWS from Clerkenwell, and from many another well, though collected together now in one broad-sheet of paper, which is eagerly read by many an unfortunate struggler for the crust of the daily bread, so prayed for, and yet so hard to earn. As a rule, people hold by the advertising columns of the *Times*, and certainly that second column has often a wild and lunatic aspect. Demented folk must frequently make use of it for the purpose of easing their minds—if the expression is allowable—concerning those who are supposed to be out of that commodity yclept mind. But, after all said and done, the *Times* is nothing to the news of which we speak; and taking its advertisements at random, what have we?

Dripping, to begin with, for the supply of fish-friers, pastrycooks, and general shops; not such a very out-of-the-way thing, if one could be certain that it was the perquisite sold by some West-end cook, and the knackers' yard had nothing to do with the supply. Next, some one wishes to sell an aquarium, a bargain, including its fountain and slate bottom. Slate also is offered in three bagatelle tables, for which the owners have no further use. Bakers can be supplied with dusters, scrapers, and upsets, says the next advertisement, followed by a bath (vapour) for sale, two bedsteads, and bicycles innumerable.

Following alphabetically, we have blinds, boilers, bookbinders' tools, boots, ink and blacking bottles and brushes. Changing the letter—carpets, chimney glasses, cisterns, clothes, a coffee-mill, and some clever conjuring tricks—a sacrifice. Again at random, here are doors and dogs, vehicles of all kinds, from a donkey-barrow to a waggonette; furniture *ad lib.*; sewing machines of every make; goats in and out of milk; man-gles in quantity, for the benefit of reduced Mantalinis ready to set up in business. Steam engines, ladders, invalid chairs, and harmoniums in advertisements by the dozen. A sausage machine that could, perhaps, tell horrible tales; vats and gas-fittings, desks, and safes, saw benches, printing materials, and rabbits.

Rather a mixture this; but here they are collected for sale as in one vast warehouse. Even Shakspeare is here surrounded, most solid of poets, by veneers and velocipedes. A flight of stairs is for sale; treacle by the hundredweight; and fine old violins, to produce far sweeter strains. Milk; a model yacht; a few dozen pianos; a monkey stamp—whatever that may be; single and double-barrelled perambulators, paving stones, organs, and dogs.

So much for things for sale. Turn we now to people's wants, which comprise buhl, old china, sculpture, gold, plate, paintings, sack-barrows, appropriations, numbers of the articles offered for sale; summer-houses, waste

paper, an iron foundry, a garden roller, even a sign-board; silversmith's bench, a marine-store dealer's, a greenhouse, and a writing table.

Masters want copper-smiths, fishing-rod makers, photographers, and door-men; glass-cutters and embossers, millstone dressers and milkmen; tailors and shoe-makers—both "men's and women's men;" good writers, who must be rare creatures—so the printers say—French polishers and potboys; bricklayers, brush-makers, and buttermen.

Tattersall's must almost feel the business that is done here in horses, though donkeys, perhaps, do not affect the place at the Corner. Busy a hive as Clerk-enwell is in the mechanical way, watchmakers and contrivances for their supply are in abundance, from solder to duplex movements, ratchets, gold and silver wire, keys, and lunettes.

Everything possible to be advertised for, or about, is to be found here. Do you want a house, or a garden, or a room, or only a workshop? Here it is. Or do you want to let? the same opportunity is offered. Rents high and rents low. Houses with shops and houses without; shops with trades, and, again, the very reverse. Much has been said about ladies requiring genteel occupations: here they are advertised by the score—drapery, millinery, fancy business, Berlin wool, stationery, circulating library and periodical, haberdashery and toy. If of the stronger sex, and you want a trade that shall require a modest capital, here is your choice. Now, then, what will you be? Frier of fish; greengrocer, and visit Covent Garden Market; butcher, and take to the Metropolitan; general dealer; cigar and tobacco; cigar and periodical—which is the degree lower; or cigar and sweets, which is the lowest, unless the chandler's shop be counted. Public-houses and beershops are offered by the dozen, or asked for. Chemists are scarce, and doctors are as few as businesses offered solely to gentlemen's servants are plentiful.

But though the "want places" class is represented to so large an extent, there are columns upon columns of servants of all kinds wanted, from your maid-of-all-work to your rough-handed artizan, clever at his trade. That the supply, though, exceeds the demand is plain enough from the densely packed throng watching eagerly wherever the broadsheet of news from Clerk-enwell is posted up. How many get places, how many buy or sell or exchange through this medium, who can say? There are the advertisements all the same, hundreds upon hundreds of the poorest and most common character, since a fashion of advertising wants has been introduced; and, judging from appearances, this fashion is ever on the increase.

**A PLEASANT PROFESSION.**—The following story may be, not inopportunately perhaps, recommended to the notice of any who, fired with an enthusiasm for literature, think of devoting themselves to the distinguished profession of journalism. A Far West newspaper, having admitted some strong personalities into its columns, announces that it is obliged to cease publication for the following reason:—"Our editor has lately disappeared. According to the latest information, he was last seen under a tree, slightly raised above certain persons, who were—pulling at a rope."

### The Sea at Westminster.

**H**OW many years is it since Mr. Lloyd began to make himself known for his indefatigable efforts to keep fish alive and well in a confined space? Before his time attempts were made, which generally ended in failure; for these cold-blooded, gill-breathing animals had a nasty habit—they would die. Of course, it was very absurd of them; but absurd or not, die they did, and the great question to answer was—Why? The general idea was that it was for want of fresh water, so fresh water was supplied, and still they died; and it was not until Mr. Lloyd had been almost untiring in his efforts that the matter was simply reduced to rule, and the fact arrived at that in a short time the fish exhaust the air with its oxygen contained in the water, and unless that is freshly supplied—that is, unless the water is kept constantly aerated—the fish are suffocated, strange as such an expression may sound.

The simple proof of this is to look at a small vessel containing a number of fish, who will be found to be gasping and sucking at the air with their mouths at the surface of the water; and it is the knowledge of this, arrived at by slow and painful degrees, that has been the secret of the success of the various aquaria, small and large, throughout the country. Given water, unchanged but purified by growing plants, and constantly supplied with fresh air, either by falling in spray or driven in by machinery, and fish may be kept alive for any length of time in reason. Hence we have seen the success of the Hamburg, the Crystal Palace, and the Brighton aquaria; the first two under Mr. Lloyd, and the latter through the careful natural history knowledge of Mr. Henry Lee. And now, under the management of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, we are to have the Westminster Aquarium, which is to exceed all the others in magnitude and popular style.

Many people have, doubtless, observed the large building rising where used to exist some of the worst slums of Westminster, and now fast approaching completion. For architectural appearance it will be an ornament to the metropolis, while as providing improving, innocent amusement for the people it is beyond praise.

The originator of the idea is Mr. W. W. Robertson, a gentleman well known in literary and dramatic circles; and from his shrewd knowledge of that which is best appreciated by the public, the Westminster Aquarium is being contrived so that the eye, ear, and other senses will be gratified at the same time that, imperceptibly, the mind is improved. For instance, in the grand building, with its conservatory-like roof and ample promenade, there will be a magnificent collection of the choicest exotics money can procure; so that, right in London, and within but a few minutes' walk of the Strand, we shall have a gorgeous winter garden. Music, in concerts and from the ordinary selections played by an orchestra, will, so to speak, pervade the place; for there is to be a noble concert hall, and the choicest of select bands, under the management of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. A theatre, too, is being built, of very handsome proportions. Next we have a library, reading-rooms, a splendid picture gallery, and that without which all these provisions would fall flat upon the senses—namely, the means of satisfying the cravings of the inner man; for there will be excellently appointed

dining and refreshment rooms, buffets, and counters for the supply of the fragrant tea.

These are adjuncts to the main purpose of the building—namely, the providing for the amusement of the people the means of gratifying their curiosity, close at home, with a view of the various wonders of the deep.

To supply the tanks of the vast aquarium, there is a great store place, lined with asphaltum, stretching like ranges of huge cellars, or the tunnel of a railway, beneath the floor. These reservoirs will be filled in the first place with sea water, brought up by rail and barge; and after the many thousand gallons have been allowed to purify and settle, they will supply the great glass-sided tanks in which are to disport themselves all the strange monsters of the deep that can be collected from the four quarters of the globe.

The managers of the Westminster Aquarium have this advantage—that they can profit by the failures of their predecessors, and avoid the shoals and quicksands upon which they have run the risk of wreckage. In old days there was the difficulty of getting the tanks supplied. Now, in all directions, fishermen have learned the value of various fish, and are always on the lookout for peculiarities, which aforetime were thrown out of the nets upon the beach, and left to the tender mercies of the sea birds or the sun. A trade, as it were, has sprung up, and provision has been made for keeping alive strange visitors to our shores, all of which are now, when caught, sent to one or other of the aquaria. The new one at Westminster is bound, from its size, to be not only attractive, but one of the most prosperous and preservative as to its fish. Ere more than a month or two are passed, we shall see its tanks alive with the beautiful actiniae and wondrous growths of toral; the various silvery-sided gadidae sporting in the clear water; star-fish gliding over the sand, with their myriad feelers; lobsters and crayfish fencing; and octopods spreading themselves umbrella-fashion as they dart at and cover their prey, gathering it up to that unpleasant horny beak which constitutes their mouth.

It is interesting, even to the most ignorant, to see fish, such as they are familiar with at shops or on street barrow, gliding about in the clear sea water; soles undulating and covering themselves with sand and stones, for their better concealment from imaginary enemies; herrings and mackerel darting about like silver arrows; and plaice and skate flapping their fins till they seem more like the bats of the water engaged in flight.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the inmates of a tank is the dogfish, which pursues its prey by scent; though, graceful as are its movements, it is anything but a handsome object.

With the great facilities and space at the command of the managers, and the enterprise that, with Mr. Robertson at the head, is sure to be displayed, we shall doubtless see many strange novelties collected here. Who knows but what one of the giant calamaries, which are large enough to dwarf Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, may be seen here? for that such monsters do exist in the open sea is now a fact beyond question.

The place promises well; and already a kind of inaugural *déjeuner* has been held, at which were gathered together a large contingent of those who are ever ready to foster any project for the advancement of science and art. A description of the place was given by the chairman, and its capabilities and intentions enlarged

upon; after which the company made a lengthened inspection of the works in progress; while now the machinery of the great aquarium is fast being completed, the roofing-in has gone on rapidly, and by Christmas it is intended to have the plants, pictures, and other art objects *in situ*, the tanks filled, and, as far as is possible in so limited a time, occupied by fish.

The idea is so popular that fellows are being elected by ballot in great numbers, and in its way the Westminster Aquarium promises to be a sort of cold-blooded rival to the Zoological Gardens. But space forbids further dissertation upon the project. Those curious upon the subject can have their thirst allayed upon application at the offices of the company, where they are sure of a courteous reception and ample information at the hands of Mr. Bruce Phillips, the secretary.

### At Ostend.

UPON that part of the sands allotted to bathers, paddlers, and infantine sappers and miners, the attention of every one having any well-founded pretensions to be considered an *habitud* of Ostend is steadily directed every fine day, from about ten in the morning till half-past one in the afternoon. All the real interest of the place is concentrated upon this strip of yellowish-grey sand, with its four hundred bathing machines, countless reading and lounging tents, surmounted by gaudy pennons, crowds of bronzed children digging with far greater vigour and industry than are displayed by the navvies engaged on the new works, bright-coloured groups of adult idlers, and ever-varying fringe of *torsi* bobbing up and down, like so many weak-springed Jacks-in-the-box, in an odd sort of rhythmical way that somehow tallies with the rush of the white-crested waves, and seems to be a living part of the sea's morning performances. These *torsi*—these apparently legless people, Billies-in-the-bowl by dozens—not to speak of the Wilhelminas—are the great attraction of Ostend. Indeed, Ostend's attractions might be pretty accurately defined and classed in the following order, the rights of precedence being, of course, carefully preserved:—The bathers; the bathing; shrimps; *écarté* pool; *moules à la poulatte*; Veuve Schmidt's pistol gallery; the promenade; Noppeney's little pies of crustacea; the double jetty, with the off-chance of gloating over the green misery of fellow-creatures who have crossed the silver streak, as the packet steams up the Chenal; food *al fresco*, or even *al freschetto*; unlimited flirtation in several European tongues at once, or separately, according to the taste of the operator; and, finally, the nightly dances at the *Société*, or at the *Cercle des Bains*. I put these remarkable exercises at the end of my list, though I doubt not that many of the pleasure-seekers here consider it a most enjoyable pastime to dance in morning dress to atrocious music, in a room several degrees warmer than an Australian Christmas; whilst without, on white terraces that gleam in the moonlight, soft breezes are blowing from seawards, and the murmur of the restless, plashing waves reaches you faintly, with an ineffably soothing sound. To this sublime picture of peace and power, some people prefer the squeaking of fiddle-strings that are moist with the distillments of a crowded room, and the twirling torture of a mutilated waltz. There is no accounting for tastes.



### An Old Story.\*

OF all the social problems with which we have to deal, there is not one more puzzling than that which relates to the vice of intemperance. So great and glaring is the evil, so many are the temptations spread around to trap the unwary, and so terrible are the wrecks which constantly force themselves upon our view, that we feel bound to look with favour even upon the most blatant teetotaler—the man who injures his cause by his clumsy manipulation of the interests he has espoused. On every hand, one sees the able and the gifted caught in the stream and swept away, side by side with the low and most degraded. Education, with its knowledge, seems no safeguard; and though in the better

ample, to assuage the misery of her position, or to drown remorse.

We are a great and a prosperous people, and we make conquests; we colonize countries, and we introduce our vices. In too many cases, the drinking habits we have carried to foreign shores have pretty well exterminated the race we mastered. And where it has not, we have made those who have become our hewers of wood and drawers of water a more degenerate race than they were in their simple savage state. Well may they speak of drink as “fire-water,” for it has been as disastrous as flame to those amongst whom it has come.

As we have said, it is a difficult problem this with which we have to deal. In moderation, there are few but will acknowledge the beneficial effects of whole-



“AT BREAK OF DAY.” (Page 128.)

classes the vice is shown in less appalling colours, still it is there, and if we do not see open intoxication, we know many who have by over-indulgence in drink sown the seeds of diseases that will carry them to an early grave.

There is no glossing over the fact: intemperance supplies, directly or indirectly, two-thirds of the cases in our hospitals, and three-fourths of those which are heard in police-courts or before a judge. The father drinks, and has degenerate and unhealthy offspring; and too often the mother follows her husband's ex-

some beer or wine. As a matter of course, your total abstainer will run to the extreme, and preach a homily against drink in any form; and as we have before intimated, though not agreeing with, we cannot blame him. It is impossible not to respect the man who, for the benefit of his fellows, deprives himself of the pleasures of the table; and endless good has doubtless been wrought by the Good Templars, the latest and the most temperate offspring of a good cause; but while the Government openly sanctions the vice, and makes a large income from it, but little can be done. To our way of thinking, the very hindrances which are placed in the way of the sale of intoxicating liquors encourage the vice. Stolen fruits are always said to be the sweetest; and where men feel that there is an obstacle

\* “An Old Story. A Temperance Tale in Verse.” By S. C. Hall, F.S.A., &c., Barrister-at-Law, Editor of the *Art Journal*. Published by Virtue, Spalding, and Co.



placed in the way of their indulgence in certain pleasures their appetite is whetted, and they will not rest till the wild thirst is slaked.

As we have intimated, then, we always mentally bow to the man who is striving for the improvement of his fellows, and give place to him who has thrown himself into the breach in fighting an enemy of our kind. The evil is a terrible one, but open attack seems generally to fail. Taking oaths not to indulge in this or that seems so unmanly, and anything which appeals to a man's understanding must be the way in which to approach. Education is to be the great panacea after all, even though so far it has not proved a safeguard to the man of cultivated mind. Still, to look hopefully upon such matters, there has

merry satire, "Nothing to Wear." Many and many a frivolous dame, when listening laughingly to the merry jingle of its numbers, and trying to fit the follies against which it was aimed upon some friend, must have felt a strange catching of the breath on coming to those grand lines with which it concludes:—

"Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware,  
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear."

So much for fashion, with its many evils; and Mr. Butler must have slept pleasantly after writing his satire. But we need not go to America for men to attack, in pleasant storied verse, the evils of our time. It is but a short while since Mr. S. C. Hall brought out his "Trial of Sir Jasper: a Temperance Tale in Verse,"



"UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD." (Page 128.)

been a great change during the past two or three generations, and the cultivated man of to-day compares well with the three-bottle hero of the past.

Education—the mind must be the point to attack, and honour to the man who comes forward and pithily lays before the people, in a way that shall attract their notice, the evils of the drinking customs of our land. Preach to them, and they will not hear you; but catch their attention in satire or song, and the seed you would sow may take root for good, and bear such fruit in generations to come as shall make men thankful and revere the names of the past.

Probably no heavier blow was ever dealt at the follies and waste of female attire than in Mr. Butler's clever,

in which he was aided by the pencils of the principal artists of the day, which were lent to embellish his pages. Encouraged by the success which attended this good work in a great cause, Mr. Hall, who doubtless feels that his effort is like bread thrown upon the waters, has now published a second temperance tale, which he calls "An Old Story;" and here also he is aided by the pencils of artists who, but for friendly feeling towards the editor of the *Art Journal*, and from admiration of his good work, would not have been tempted to put pencil to wood. For the little work contains no less than twenty-six illustrations by our best artists, one and all admirable examples of their style, and cut by the first engravers of the day. It is not often that

men like Millais, Alma Tadéma, Faed, Sant, Ers-  
 kine Nicol, or Storey, touch the wood, and probably  
 no money would tempt them to draw for a magazine,  
 or illustrate an ordinary work; while Tenniel, Birket  
 Foster, Harrison Weir, and Sir Noel Paton, are men  
 who, saving in particular cases, are unapproachable.  
 But they are here, with many others; and, most popu-  
 lar of all, a lady has lent her aid to the good cause—  
 to wit, Miss Thompson, who has worthily applied her  
 pencil on the side of one who is militant, but fighting  
 with the pen against as deadly an enemy as ever met  
 our men before the Roll Call was gone over in the  
 Crimea, or after the square formed at Quatre Bras in  
 the days of Waterloo. The result of all this artistic  
 aid is that the little work is magnificently illustrated  
 with full-page engravings on toned paper, while every  
 page is richly ornamented with initial, vignette, or head-  
 ing, all in exquisite taste, and printed in a manner that  
 is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the work of a house well known  
 for its excellent productions. In concluding this part  
 of our notice, we cannot do better than mention how  
 thoroughly in earnest Mr. Hall is in placing this work  
 before the public. Produced in an ordinary way, such  
 a book would be published at a guinea; but the price  
 at which it is issued is three shillings. As Mr. Hall  
 says, "as a collection of engravings, it is not to be  
 surpassed;" and he asks of readers who wish well to  
 the cause of temperance, not that he may profit by his  
 undertaking, but that he may be guarded against  
 loss.

Mr. Hall's poem is founded on the story in Hogarth's  
*Life*—the "old story" of the man who sells his soul  
 to the Father of Evil, and agrees to do one of three  
 things—to burn down his father's house, to kill his  
 mother, or to get drunk. As a matter of course, he  
 thinks to outwit Satan, and chooses what he looks upon  
 as the venial sin of getting drunk. But he had to deal  
 with a subtle understanding: Satan was safe—for the  
 man gets drunk, and while so commits both the other  
 crimes.

We give but two quotations from the work—those  
 which illustrate, and are illustrated by, the admirable  
 drawings of Miss Elizabeth Thompson and John Ten-  
 niel:—

"There rose a palsied, haggard, ghastly man,  
 Branded by outer marks of Nature's ban:  
 The huge frame was a wreck. These words he spoke:  
 'I knew not what I'd done till I awoke  
 From sleep that gives no rest—at break of day.  
 There, on the blood-stained floor, a woman lay.  
 Just twenty years have passed since that dark night,  
 And she—my wife—has never left my sight.  
 Sleeping or waking, she is always near:  
 I see her as I killed her. She is here!  
 Nay, shun this red right hand; but have no fear.  
 Hark to her words of warning, for you may  
 Be murderers like me, ere break of day."

Mr. Tenniel has most vigorously illustrated these  
 lines—the figures, a husband and wife, being painfully  
 true in their realism.

"Another rose—a soldier. All he said was this: 'Upon the  
 battle-field I lay:  
 Friends, it was temperance saved my life that day!'"

The poem is very pleasant and musical throughout,  
 and full of anecdote. At the foot of every page, Mr.

Hall gives in a note a terrible list of authorities for the  
 statements he has made. The misery, want, horrors  
 unspeakable, crime, lunacy, and testimony of our most  
 able thinkers, all are touched on as the author draws  
 the veil, and gives us a shuddering glance at the evil  
 that is rampant in our midst; and, as we close the  
 book, we can say nothing but that which is in praise of  
 the writer and his work, which is one that should be  
 in every home, rich or poor, at home or abroad, in the  
 British Empire.

### Chinamanania.

THE now moribund "season" of 1875 will be re-  
 membered as having been distinguished, among  
 other fashionable frivolities, by the persistent continu-  
 ance of the acute Chinamanania which afflicted its im-  
 mediate predecessors. The malady, indeed, seems  
 rather to increase than to diminish in its intensity;  
 and it is as well to watch the progress of the disease,  
 for the reason that, if any faith is to be placed in such  
 historical precedents as the Dutch tulip madness, the  
 South Sea and Mississippi frenzies, and the Roxburghe  
 Club book craze, a crisis in the distemper is imminent.  
 Then will come collapse, and after that we may hope  
 for reaction, and the setting in of a healthier state of  
 mind.

The most recent and overt spasm of ceramic  
*amentia* was at the Hooton Hall sale, near Chester;  
 and although the attendance of buyers was limited,  
 and those buyers were mainly "in the trade," the bid-  
 dings were, it is said, "on the whole satisfactory." A  
 punch bowl in old Derby was sold for £42—forty years  
 ago it would probably have fetched as many shillings.  
 Four candlesticks of Capo di Monte—a by no means  
 artistic and very *rococo* ware—were knocked down for  
 £84: had they been of sterling silver they would have  
 been dear at the price. For a Battersea enamelled  
 casket, adorned with landscape, cattle, and figures, 118  
 guineas was bid. A pair of pugs fetched 31 guineas;  
 a centre vase and cover realized 161 guineas. For a  
 circular Gubbio dish of majolica, twelve inches in  
 diameter, 226 guineas was paid. A collector, wise in  
 his generation, secured a parcel-gilt cup and cover,  
 attributable to Benvenuto Cellini, for 270 guineas; and  
 we congratulate him on his purchase. He has got  
 value, and probably more. As for the ceramic craze,  
 it has spread, we are sorry to say, from country manor  
 house sales and West-end auctions—from St. James's  
 and Oxford-street and Holborn—into the once seques-  
 tered regions of Gray's Inn-lane and the Brompton-  
 road, where *bric-a-brac* hunters of moderate means were  
 once enabled to pick up really artistic bits of rare old  
 china at very moderate prices. The smaller dealers,  
 all over London, are now quite as well aware as the  
 large ones of the prevalence of "moody madness laugh-  
 ing wild amidst severest woe," and are demanding woful  
 prices for Dresden and majolica, the genuineness of  
 which is sometimes open to more than a doubt. A  
 slight *planche de salut* is afforded to the unhappy col-  
 lector when the pawnbrokers choose to put any good  
 porcelain in their windows; for the landlords of the  
 "Lombard Arms" are, above all things, anxious to  
 realize, and are generally open to a fair offer for un-  
 redeemed pledges.

## A Tale of the Tide.

JUST like the old woman's eels, sir, and the skinning, one gets used to it. It's lonesome like of a night upwards; but there you have the lights on the bridges, and there's gas here and gas there; and a faint roar comes over the housetops from out of the streets. It's when you're below bridge that it seems dull; where the big vessels are moored in the black muddy stream, that goes hurrying by them with a low, rushing noise—creeping and leaping at their slimy sides, covering their anchor chains, or the buoy to which they swing, with all sorts of muddy refuse; and sometimes of a night there'll be a body get hanging on somehow, ready for us to find and take ashore.

Now, if I give you a bit of tight chain going from a ship's bows to an anchor down in the mud, on one side; and if I give you a dead body floating along on the other side, you'd think directly as there'd be no chance of the one stopping by the other—you'd think as one would float down all slimy and horrible, touch against t'other, and then rising, it would ride far enough out to sea. But, Lor' bless you, that's where you're wrong; for how it is I can't tell you, but it always seems to me, and has seemed ever since I was in the river police, that dead bodies lash and hang themselves somehow against mooring chains, on purpose that they might be found, and get a decent burial. Else how could they stop as they do, over and over again? I can't tell, nor you can't tell, nor nobody can't tell; it's a nat'ral mystery, and mysteries is things as gets over all on us.

And talking about bodies, I could give you the creeps with what I've seen; for since I was nearly being found dead, slimy, and muddy myself, hitched on to a mooring chain—for I'll lay any money that if I had been bested I should have gone quite naturally all the same to where I'd seen so many before—I've got to take a little more than a business interest in such things. It's very awful, you know; and though I'm an ignorant man, it often sets me thinking on the dark nights when our galley's going slowly with the stream, floating along the black, rushing river—yes, it often sets me thinking about the state of affairs in our great city, and wondering whether all our great civilization's so good after all, when it brings down stream to-night a decently-dressed body with the pockets inside out, and marks as of blows on the swollen face; to-morrow night a well-dressed body with no marks, and money and watch and all there; next night the body of a young woman with an oldish face, and the paint hardly washed off yet; but on that face a weary, despairing look, that seems to say there was no rest anywhere but in the river, and into the river she had come; next night, again, perhaps another well-dressed body, most likely with a bit of paper and a half washed-out address pinned inside the torn dress bosom—and this one, perhaps, would be young, and fair, and pale, and sometimes not at all horrible to look at; and when she's been lifted out there's been no need to ask why she came into the river, for, poor soul, when she leaped off the bridge, it was to drown two.

There, I've seen great, strong, rough men, used to all sorts of things, stand with their hats off by such sights, and speak in even choky voices, as if they could hardly keep back something that they would be

ashamed for others to see; and if a heartily-uttered curse can have any effect upon the one as is cursed, many's the time as him who brought some poor lass to the river must have turned uneasily in his bed at what has been said about him down by some river stairs, where the muddy tide has gone "lap, lap," at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning. Why, at such times I've often felt creepy myself; for people may say what they like, but you never do get used to death, and whenever you meet it you feel a strange sense of quietness stealing over you; and one of the first things generally done when we land a body is, old or young, to cover it with sheet or sack; and even then there's a horrible sort of drawing of you in it; and I've sat before now watching, and unable to get away from the uncouth covered thing, with the stream of water trickling slowly away to get back to the river.

Little ones? There, don't talk about 'em. You read sometimes about those that are found, but you never know anything about those that are not found; and, as I said before, civilization's a curious thing, and sets me wondering whether, after all, we are so much better, with all our society, and grand doings, and cathedrals, and churches, than the poor savage people who haven't anything of the kind, and make no professions at all, and never drive any of their fellow-creatures to commit suicide.

But, there, I think you've had enough about what goes floating down the river and floating up the river, backwards and forwards, with the tide grinding it against wharf, and pier, and buttress, till there's no telling who or what it was. I dare say you've had enough; but it's a thing I could go on talking about for hours—beginning with me, or one of my mates, or a River Jack finding of them, and then going on, through the giving notice, and the inquest, and all the rest of it; and it's all going on, day after day, month after month, year after year. Talk of the River Jacks, though, what a singular thing it is: they never by any chance find a body with any valuables about it; but always, when they come across it, watch, money, pins, brooches, they're all gone; and when, quite serious-like, I've asked them how they can account for it, I've always got the same answer—a knowing wink of the left eye.

Ours is a strange sort of life, and lots of us hardly know of our existence; but, bless you, there'd soon be some rum goings-on if our little row galleys were not always busy at work up and down the river. You take plenty of precautions on shore, don't you, where there's wealth? Well, don't you think there's as much need afloat, where there's millions of pounds' worth of stuff almost at the mercy of the thief? for though sailors are pretty good at keeping watch out at sea, get 'em in port, and watching with them means choosing the softest plank under the bulwarks, and having a good caul. So that's where we come in useful—working along with the Custom House officers to keep down the plundering and smuggling that, but for us, would be carried on to an awful extent. For you see, there are gangs who make it their practice to work with lightermen and with sailors sometimes; and sometimes by night, sometimes in open day—they carry off prizes that are pretty valuable.

River pirates you may call them, though they've got half a score of cant names, and tea chests, bags of rice

or sugar, kegs of spirits, rolls of tobacco, all's fish that comes to their net; and if they can't get things of that sort, why they'll go in for bits of sails, ropes and chains, or blocks, anything even to a sheet of copper or a seaman's kit—once they get their claws into it, there's not much chance of its being seen again.

It used to be ten times worse than it is now, and in those days there was a fellow whom I'll call River Jack, who was about the most daring and successful rascal that ever breathed. We knew his games, but we could never catch him in the fact; and at last of all I got so riled at the fault found with us, as robbery after robbery took place, that one night, after a row about a ship's bell stolen off the deck of a large Swedish corn barque, I made up my mind that I'd never let things rest till I'd caught Mr. River Jack at some one or other of his games, and had him sent out of the country.

Now, talking was one thing and doing another, and just at that time I'd been making arrangements for putting a stop to my activity by hanging a weight round my neck. I needn't mention any names, but there was a young lady there—my wife now—that I used to go and see, and as soon as ever it came to my time for going off to duty there used to be a scene, for she got it into her head that I should be sure to meet with some terrible accident on the river; and at last, from being rather soft after her, what with the talk and tears, I used to be in anything but a good trim for my spell.

"There, don't be such a chicken," I used to say, when she'd laid her little head on my shoulder, and been talking a whole lot of unreasonable nonsense; but it was of no use to talk, she would be a chicken; and one night I went away, feeling as if I had caught the infection, for I never felt more chicken-hearted in my life.

An hour after I was on the river, with a couple more, pulling very gently along in and out amongst the shadows of the great ships. But whether we were in the shadow or out, it did not make much difference, for a darker night I never saw, and one and all we came to the conclusion that if we were lucky, there must be something for us to do; for that some of River Jack's gang would be at work we were one and all sure. You see, it was just the sort of night they would like; for looking out was no use on one side, since we could see nothing four yards ahead; all we could do was to wait in the hope that our friends might come near us—and come they did.

We had been paddling gently about for a couple of hours, and at last had pulled under the stern of a great vessel that had come up the river that evening, but had been too late to get into dock. She was fresh over from the East Indies; and besides saltpetre, and tea, and cochineal, she had on board a large freight of odds and ends—curiosities and such-like. Of course, we did not know this then; but a big vessel like she was seemed very likely to prove a bait to the river pirates, and there we lay holding on to the rudder chains.

"I wish I was a-bed," says Jack Murray, one of the men under me that night.

"I wish I was over a pipe and a glass of grog," says Tom Gray, who was the other.

And then we sat still again, knowing that we should be sure to hear of something wrong in the morning,

and knowing, too, that even if there was some game carried on within a dozen yards of us we should not hear it.

■ We were in luck, though, this night, for a minute after there was a soft splash heard above the rushing of the river, and something dark passed over where a miserable glim of a lamp was shining. Then there was a faint low whistle from over our heads, another from out of the black darkness where we heard the splash, and then a boat brushed close by us; there was the sound as of something being lowered down, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" we'd grappled that boat, and the man in it; slipped on the handcuffs, and got him fast, with a bale of silk handkerchiefs in his boat; and in a few minutes we'd got a couple of the sailors as well.

You may guess my surprise and delight when I took a look at our prisoner with a lantern, to find that it was River Jack himself; and, to make a long story short, he was convicted and sentenced to ten years' transportation.

"But I'll be back before that, Tom Johnson," he shouts to me as soon as he had got his sentence; "and when I do come—look out."

He was hurried out of the court before he could say any more; but those words somehow, for a time, sunk into my memory, and worried me a deal, till I got married, and then I forgot them.

Well, my married life was just the same as any other man's married life, except that my wife always had such a dislike to my way of business. Twenty times over she would have had me leave it for something else; but, as I said to her, "a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, 'specially if the one's bread and cheese and the other aint." For, you know, what was the good of me giving up the certain sure for the certain chance?

"But I do have such horrible dreams about you," she says.

"Dreams never come true," says I.

"Oh, yes, they do," she says. "My aunt once dreamt that they were going to have the bailiffs in; only a month after, in they came."

"Well, I don't mind believing that," says I, "for it's a very likely thing to happen to any of us."

"But I'm always dreaming you're being drowned," she says.

"Well, then, don't dream so any more," I says huffishly, for I was in a hurry to be off.

And I ask you, just as a fair question, is it pleasant, if your duty takes you on the water all day or all night, as the case may be, to have the wife of your bosom always dreaming that you are brought home drowned?

I got to be obstinate at last, for it was all nonsense to think of giving up a decent position on chance; so the more my wife dreamed about me being drowned, the more I came home at regular times, sound as a roach, and dry as a bone, except in wet weather. Matters went on as usual; chaps were caught stealing or smuggling, and they were imprisoned or fined; and all this time I'd forgotten about River Jack, till one evening, when, from information I'd received, I had myself rowed, as soon as it was dark, on to one of half a score of lighters moored off the Surrey shore, and full of the freight they had been taking out of a full-rigged ship, just about a hundred yards ahead. For, you see, some



owners won't go to the expense of heaving their vessel in dock, but have it unladen where she lies. I had had a hint or two that there was likely to be something on the way; but as it was a light night, I knew very well that if our boat lay anywhere on the watch, the consequence would be that the plundering party would never come near.

Well, I had myself rowed there, crept on to one lighter quietly, loosened an end of a tarpaulin, got underneath, and made myself snug as possible, giving my men orders to lay off behind a brig two hundred yards away, ready to come up to my help when they heard me whistle. Then, in a moment or two, I heard the oars dip, growing fainter and fainter each moment, till all was still but the sighing of the wind, and the lapping, rushing noise of the tide running down hard.

What an easy thing it is to plan out anything on paper, or in your own head, and what a different affair it turns out when you work it out in practice. Here was I lying snug in hiding, and all I'd got to do was to wait patiently till anybody came to plunder the lighters, then jump up, staff or pistol in hand, and arrest the lot; whistle, when our galley would come up; the men be transferred into the boat; taken to the station; and praise and promotion for me would most likely follow.

That's how it was on paper; this is how it turned out in practice.

I'd lain there for quite half an hour, in not the most comfortable of positions, when, growing tired, I took a glance out through a hole I slit with my knife in the tarpaulin; but all was still—nothing to be heard but the rushing of the river past the great barge, and I lay back once more, wondering whether the enemy would come, and, if they did come, how long they would be first.

I don't think I'm more of a coward than most men, but somehow just about then I began to wish that I had made a couple of our fellows stay with me; then I wished that it was morning; and then, as I turned cold and shivering, I began to think about that dream of my wife's; and from being cold I now grew hot and wet with perspiration, so that I was thinking of lifting the tarpaulin a little, when I stopped the idea, for I heard all at once a sharp, scratching noise.

"Rats," I said to myself; and I began to think of the amount of mischief the little wretches do on shipboard, getting carried out, too, in the bales to the lighters, and from them into warehouse and bonded store.

Then came the scratching again, and a slight rustling; and I uttered a loud, sharp hiss to drive them away; for, shut up as I was, I did not much like the idea of being nibbled by rats.

That hiss did it; for it was all that some one wanted to know. My whereabouts was nearly guessed at: that showed it exactly.

The rats seemed to have gone, and I was peering about in the darkness, when there came another faint rustling noise, and then—*crash*—it was as though half a dozen bales of cotton had been thrown upon me. I was nearly suffocated; but I had sense enough to know that several men had thrust themselves upon the tarpaulin; that my enemies had been too much for me, and had been lying in hiding beneath the tarpaulin when I came, and had now taken me at a disadvantage.

The thoughts ran rapidly through my brain, and I

struggled hard to get myself sufficiently at liberty to blow my whistle, when a voice that I seemed to know whispered—

"Lie still, or we'll drive a knife through to you."

Struggling was, I knew, useless then; so I prepared myself for an effort when opportunity offered. But they were too much for me. As the tarpaulin was raised, three men crept under; a lot of oakum was thrust into my mouth; my whistle taken away; the handcuffs in my pocket, ready unlocked, thrust upon my own wrists; and, with many a warning growl, I was rolled off the lighter side into a boat that I had supposed to belong to one of the barges.

"Now, Jack, you and Dick take him off," was whispered; and I thought I caught the word "Erith."

"They'll lay me in one of the reed-beds, bound hand and foot," I thought; "and the others will help clear this lighter the while."

I was so excited that I made a bit of a struggle, but only to have the end of an oar brought down heavily across my forehead; and the next moment some one leaned over me, and for a few seconds the glaring light of a bull's-eye rested upon my face.

The next minute my blood ran cold; for there was a low laugh at my ear, and a voice I seemed to know said—

"Every dog has its day, my lad. It's my turn now!"

I wanted no telling—I could understand all plainly enough. River Jack had come back, and he meant to have his revenge.

But what would he do? He would not mur—

Pooh! nonsense! his companions would interfere. But there was only one here, and they were softly but swiftly rowing me down with the tide. If they would land me at Erith! They said so; but then this scoundrel had not known me, and now that we had openly recognized one another, he could not afford to have me as a witness to his having returned before his time.

Was my wife's dream coming true? I shuddered from head to foot as I heard the washing of the water beneath the boat's keel; and then I thought of the bodies I had seen brought out, and the mooring chains; and then it seemed to me that I was to be as I had seen others, and a horrible sweat of terror broke out on me. But just then my attention was taken up by a low muttering between the men, and Hope whispered that one of them was opposing the other's plans. Whatever was said, though, silence followed, and they rowed on swiftly for what must have been a quarter of an hour, though to me it seemed an age, when, before I could do more than utter an inarticulate roar of despair, I was lifted quickly to the boat's gunwale, and in another moment I was beneath the cold, rushing water.

A struggle or two brought me to the surface again, and I made an effort with my fastened hands to reach the boat; but, with brutal indifference, Jack placed the blade of his scull against my chest, and thrust me under; and when I again rose, it was out of sight of those who had thrown me in.

Even in that time of agony, with the water burning and strangling in my nostrils, and thundering in my ears, I could think of the plunder the scoundrels would get; of how my men would stay waiting for my whistle;



of my wife's dream; and lastly, of the finding of my handcuffed body, floating up and down with the tide. The papers would call it a mysterious murder, for I was sure to be found; but that River Jack would have it brought home to him was not likely.

I could do but little; every struggle seemed to send me lower; I tried to float, but in vain; and the water whirled me round and round, drove me against vessel sides that I could not clutch, past lights that I could not hail, and I was fast lapsing into insensibility, when I struck something hard, raised my arms over it, and hung there with my nostrils above water—learning the secret of how bodies could hang to a mooring chain.

At the end of a fortnight's fever, I learned how that I had been found soon after by another of our galleys, clinging to the mooring chain of a great vessel; but it was for some time a question of doubt whether our men had found a body with or without life.

That's many years ago now, and such deeds have happily grown rare; though you don't know of all that goes on down the river. I'm in the force still, and mean to stay; for River Jack was taken, and report says he was shot by a sentry while attempting to escape, out in one of the penal settlements.

## Things New and Old.

### A New Zealand Hot Spring.

The White Terrace—or rather, collection of terraces—is first arrived at, and the larger of the two. It resembles a gigantic and irregularly built staircase of snow, gradually narrowing from the base to the summit, where, at the edge of an immense chasm, when the great geyser is quiet, you can stand and listen to the rumbling and growling and groaning of the boiling water far below. But when the geyser is in action this enormous alabaster basin overflows, the water being sometimes thrown up thirty feet and forty feet in the air, and then pouring in a broad stream down the face of the terrace. When we arrived things were comparatively quiet, though sullen rumblings and occasional clouds of steam proclaimed that the spirit of the place was only feverishly slumbering far down in his fiery and subterranean lair. On the different ledges or steps of what I have likened to a snow-built staircase, basins have been formed, and filled by the overflow from the great geyser at the top with water; which, as it dashes down from ledge to ledge, gradually cools, and creates a graduated scale of baths, whose temperature rises from refreshingly cold at the bottom to scaldingly hot at the top. The water in these basins is of a peculiarly bright blue colour, which, contrasting with the dazzling whiteness of the terraces, produces on a sunny day a most beautiful effect.

But the traveller must take heed how he plunges into one of these tempting azure wells, which are of enormous depth, without having previously well ascertained its temperature. Nor should he take, as I did, the power of the Maori skin to resist heat as a criterion of what a European epidermis can bear. I induced an obliging native to act as my thermometer. He readily plunged in head first, and in a few moments appeared swimming about, and declaring it delightful. Satisfied, I followed his example so far as to plunge in; but, alas! the test had been delusive. I thought

I should have been fit to serve up with onion sauce before I should ever reach the surface again, and when I did, quicker than it takes to write it, I was sitting on the white edge of that bath as red all over as a lobster, and addressing that grinning Maori in language slightly unparliamentary. A sorer and a wiser man, I sought another and a cooler pool, entering this one with consummate caution, toe by toe.—*Field.*

### Fish Ways.

Salmon ladders, it seems, are things of tardy growth in this country. Neither piscatorial necessity nor engineering skill have done much towards improving them, while a wasteful economy has in very many cases rendered these so-called passes practically impassable. And yet no one doubts their utility, or disputes the fact that they are capable of utilizing an enormous extent of water now useless. The principle involved in their construction is excellent; the misfortune is, that the principle has not been fully carried out. If talking could make the head waters of our rivers free to salmon on their upward journey, they would not now be selling at 1s. 8d. per pound. We hesitate, deliberate, economize—do all, in short, but act. We doubt whether this fall is not too high for a pass that shall operate successfully. We wrangle over the question of gradients and the like, and, after indefinite discussions, accept the lowest tender, and in the end spend our money for nought. We believe that the highest fall up to this time made passable by a ladder in the United Kingdom is that at Col-loney, in Ireland, which does not exceed 17 ft. or 18 ft. in the perpendicular. In Norway, however, something more is attempted. In the river Glommen, close to the falls of Sarpborg, at the point where the tail water from the Borrigaard sawmill joins the main channel, there has been completed, by some English gentlemen, a ladder overcoming a formidable cascade of 80 ft. in height. The length of the entire pass is as nearly as possible 1,000 ft. Hitherto the falls have been absolutely insurmountable, Sarpfoss forbidding all hope that the fish could by any accident ascend beyond it. In making this gigantic salmon pass, the company had two distinct objects in view—namely, to increase the stock for commercial purposes by opening out a great extent of hitherto profitless water, and to create a rod fishing that should reproduce the glories of the Namsen and the Errisford. Familiar with the early discussions which preceded active operations, we were disposed to question whether the contemplated pass would produce all the results anticipated. That it may do so is our earnest wish; for, putting the interests of the company out of the question, if the ladder over the falls of Sarpborg proves a success, there is no salmon river in the United Kingdom, and few anywhere else, that may not be opened up through their entire course to the passage of the migratory *salmonidæ*.—*The Country.*

### A Pennyworth of Problem.

Little Miss Fanny is only thirteen now, but she will be a coquette when she grows up. What a time she spends over her toilet! And when she ought to be learning her lessons, she is for ever trimming her nails. She was in a brown study the other day, and I offered her a penny for her thoughts. "I was wondering," she replied, "what people did with their long nails before scissors were invented." Bother the child! I have been wondering myself ever since.

**Jack Hamilton's Luck.**

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XLII.—IN WHICH THERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW MUCH STRONGER TRUTH IS THAN FICTION.

WE had just crossed a stile when Cerise opened this masked battery.

"Gumpy told me about it," she said, in reply to my look of bewilderment.

"You see," I wisely observed, "you are much older than you were."

"Yes, but that is not so remarkable," said Cerise. "The astonishing thing is that you are not; on the contrary, you are a great deal younger than when you came home from the wars."

"Well, you know, you cannot go on living at the rectory always. Mr. and Mrs. Hassack are very kind, but it will not do to impose upon them."

"Oh, I am so glad it is only that! Mrs. Hassack told me herself, when I thanked her once, that what you pay for my being there is quite a consideration for them—their means being small, and several children still needing help."

"Well, perhaps it might be managed; and I could leave the Rookery."

"Why should you leave the Rookery, Guardy? Do you want to get rid of me?" she asked, with a sob.

The tears were trickling down her cheeks, and my prudence and firmly resolved purpose went to the winds.

"I must—I must!" I cried. "Cerise, you are a beautiful woman now, and I dare not take advantage of your youth and inexperience to seek to bind you to me, so much older than yourself. I have intended that you should go into the world, see young people of your own age, judge and choose for yourself."

"I have seen other young—people," said Cerise, who had turned half from me, covering her face with her hands; "and one young—person said he liked me, and I did judge, and I didn't choose him, and I wouldn't any of them."

"What, my pretty, would you really like to be the wife of an old man of thirty-five, who has been battered about, body and mind?"

She did not say anything, but she nestled up in my breast, as she did when a child, and my Luck culminated.

We went back to the stile, and sat upon it till she was composed, which did not take long; and then we walked homewards.

"The idea of my marrying anybody else!" she said. "I have been your property ever since you picked me off the wreck like a limpet. I should feel like a limb that's been cut off without my Guardy."

"Then you were not surprised?"

"Oh, no; only I wondered when you were going to tell me."

She was so nice and naïve, that I was obliged to stop, stick my fishing-rod in the ground, and hug her several times before we reached the Rookery, where Mrs. Harwood went into raptures over the trout, some of which were sent off to be cooked instantly.

The news she took very quietly.

"It will not be necessary for you to go to Worcester and look for a house," said I.

"Indeed?" said she.

"No; Cerise and I have decided that it will be better for us to marry, and live together here."

"Well, Mr. Hamilton, it was not for me to say anything; but I have been wondering that you did not think of that before. I am so glad!"

Cerise poured out my tea for me, and I made a most unromantically hearty breakfast.

After the meal, I took my prizes over to the rectory, and found Mr. Hassack working in his garden.

"I want you to do me two favours," said I.

"What are they?" he asked.

"First, that you will stuff Goliath for me."

"What! You don't mean to say?—why, yes, it is the fish, sure enough! How did you take him? Tell me."

I gave him a detailed account of the capture.

"Ah, well, if I was not to catch him myself, I am glad that it should be you who did it. I always said that if ever he was taken it would be with a May-fly, or after a freshet, with a worm. Have you weighed him yet?"

"Yes. Four pounds eight ounces."

"And the largest trout I have ever caught in this river was a trifle under three! Well, well, you know the old couplet?—

'To teach his grandson draughts,  
His leisure he'd employ,  
Until at last the old man  
Was beaten by the boy.'

I'll preserve him for you as well as I can, and will set about it at once. But you spoke of something else which I was to do for you—what is that?"

"To marry Cerise and myself as soon as it is convenient."

"Eh? You have settled it at last, have you? I thought that you would never make up your mind. You are going to live on here, I hope?"

"Oh, yes."

"That is right. We should be sorry to part with either of you. My wife *will* be pleased! She has gone off to the village, with some jelly for Prodger's sick child. But I say, Mr. Jack, to secure such a fish and such a bride in one morning is too much luck for a man!"

I left Cerise at the rectory, and went off to find Claridge, who was not to return to town for a week. He was in his study, poring over a plan of the estate, spread out on the table.

"Look here!" he cried when I entered—"this con-founded railroad wants to run through the Brierly Copse, where we always find a woodcock. It would make me frightfully unpopular if I opposed it, so I suppose I must give in, especially as I am continually making speeches about progress and enlightenment, and praising this rotten old century, heaven forgive me! But I mean to console myself with a pot of money. First, I shall cut down the wood and sell it, and then I shall charge the railway people a thumping sum. My lawyer is wonderfully clever about these matters, and knows the last pound a company will rather pay than make a *détour*. But there is news in your face; what is it?"

"I am going to marry Cerise."

"My dear old Jack!" said Claridge, rising and shaking me by both hands, but laughing loudly, "you don't

call that *news*, do you? Why, I have known it these three years; and if I had had any doubts, they would have been cleared away during your grave consultation with me yesterday. A mole could see that you were in love with your ward, and a very stupid mole he would be if he wondered at it; and as for the girl, she thinks you a demigod, and would like to burn a little incense before you, if the Christian religion let her. I do not say that her infatuation is quite so justifiable as your own. And when is it to be—soon, I suppose? Well, I must leave Westminster, and come and see you properly tied up, even if I have to return the very next day."

So it seemed that I was the only individual of our little circle who did not know perfectly how my arrangements for the future of Cerise would terminate.

We were married in June, at the village church, and in the very quietest way imaginable. Claridge gave Cerise away, and a couple of the Miss Massacks acted as bridesmaids. There was nothing of the excitement or sense of novelty which ordinarily attends bridals. It was natural that we should live together—that was only what Cerise had considered the normal state of affairs from her childhood. Her departure from under my roof had been a rupture, which was now mended; that was all. A difficulty was got over, and we were just quietly and calmly happy, much as we are now, as I sit writing here, and Cerise is chuckling to herself over "Richard Arbour, the Family Scapegrace," in the oriel window yonder. She wears a cap now, and her hair is streaked with grey; and her handsome nose is pinched by gold-rimmed spectacles of the elastic sort, which cling like a cross-country jockey. And I am as bald as a billiard ball, and am tired out with six hours trudge amongst the turnips, and doze after dinner. I say we were well nigh as prosy, and staid, and ungushing in the first week of our married life as we are now.

We went to Paris, indeed, because the occasion seemed to demand a pleasure trip, and Cerise had not been there since she was a baby. She had an indistinct idea of certain places in that gay capital, but utterly failed to recollect any one of them when on the spot.

The first time we went to the theatre Monsieur Bereton recognized me, and came round to our box to pay his respects.

I had heard from Blight, poor Langley's solicitor—who had corresponded with me now and then as executor, much of the money being out on mortgage, and not immediately to be realized, and who had also recently been engaged in drawing up my own will—that Bereton had turned out much better than we had anticipated. He had married, and ranged himself, and mixed in decent society. Most certainly, he had improved vastly in appearance and manner since I last saw him, was very well—I mean simply—dressed, and avoided jewellery, which a man who has led a roughish life and is suddenly enriched is apt to exceed in. He feared that I had been troubled a good deal by his affairs, and asked where we were staying. Next day he called with his wife, who was young and sprightly, though not particularly good-looking, and a thorough lady.

They invited us to dinner, and a magnificent banquet they gave us. Bereton had furnished a house in the Champs Elysées in the most luxuriant style imagin-

able, endeavouring to combine Oriental with European luxury—an ambition which his experience at Pondicherry helped him to attain. Madame Bereton took kindly to Cerise. We met very nice people at their house, and our intimacy seemed likely to grow quite cordial, when a curious discovery checked it.

We had been introduced, one hot afternoon, to a little retreat in his garden, which he was evidently proud of, the decorations having been arranged entirely according to his own fancy. It was a sort of summer-house, fitted up like a divan. The walls on two sides were of lattice-work, thickly shaded by rare shrubs; broad couches skirted the other and solid sides, and a profusion of cushions enabled you to settle yourself in any position found most comfortable. A fountain played in the centre of the marble floor. Various fruits and wines bloomed and sparkled on elegant little tables. Cigars and cigarettes were contained in a piece of furniture devoted to them. A stand of chibouques was placed in one corner. Bereton smoked a hookah—I had got a really good Havannah; Cerise and Madame Bereton were sipping ices, and poring over a new book of fashions.

It was a confidential hour. Bereton talked about Pondicherry, and his failure there; about his adventures generally; about his family, and the ill fortune which had pursued it up to the time when so wonderful a god-send had fallen to him, the last remaining member of it.

"There is as much English blood in our veins as French," said he, "so we ought to have succeeded better in emigration. My poor sister, even, married an Englishman, and our evil fate pulled him down too. Ah, Mayfield was good; he did not wish to throw off his wife's family after he had lost her. He intended to send for me, to push me when he had arrived and established himself. The ship in which he sailed, however, made wreck—all were drowned; and I had to seek my fortunes by myself."

"Did you say Mayfield?" I asked.

"May-field; yes."

"Robert Mayfield?"

"Ah, you know him, poor fellow, eh?"

"Did he sail for Calcutta in 1834, with a little girl?"

"His only child—yes."

"Why, Monsieur Bereton," cried I, getting off the divan, "my wife is your niece!"

This discovery gave rise to a good deal of congratulation and some embracing at the time; but upon after-consideration it seemed doubtful whether Cerise was not entitled to an equal share of Langley's property, and it became very evident that this idea was an exceedingly distasteful one to Monsieur Bereton. He was still courteous, and even attentive, and we both professed the most lofty and disinterested sentiments; but I strongly suspect that he would rather have bitten his tongue out than wagged it so freely on that occasion. From a look or two which I intercepted, I am certain his wife would have preferred that alternative.

The upshot was that Cerise and I felt uncomfortable, and departed from Paris sooner than we should have done if an uncle had not turned up. We took a little tour through Switzerland, and then went back to Droitchester, and settled snugly in the dear old Rookery.

I was not at all sanguine about this claim of Cerise's, having a strong impression of the wisdom of the proverb about possession being nine points of the law. I

looked upon it like a ticket in a lottery, which may turn up a large property, but the chances are too small to disturb one's philosophy. However, I wrote an account of the whole story to my solicitor, Mr. Blight, intimating that I did not want to go to law, but that if my wife had rights, and they could be acknowledged without legal proceedings, it would be nice for posterity, if we had any. At the same time, I sent him all the papers which I had found on Mr. Mayfield's body.

Mr. Blight's reply was to this effect. It was not quite certain that the children of any of Mr. Bereton's children who were dead at the date of Langley's will were entitled to share; it would be hard to prove that Mayfield was the husband of Bereton's deceased sister, without Bereton's evidence; it would be still more difficult to establish the fact of Cerise being his daughter, without assuming my own *bond fides*. So that, altogether, I was quite right not to be eager to commence a law-suit, and it might be judicious to assume a scrupulous delicacy about taking advantage of a secret surprised from a man while enjoying his hospitality. At the same time, if Bereton would come to no compromise, and I did make up my mind to fight, he thought that the odds were considerably in my favour.

I told him to do his best for us, and he effected a friendly arrangement. I always consider that Bereton behaved very well, for he never sought for a moment to back out from the admission that Cerise was his niece; and the question whether, as such, she had any legal claim on the property was a moot point, as Blight had acknowledged. Under these circumstances, and in consideration of no legal proceedings being taken, he secured fifty thousand pounds to Cerise or her children on his death, and he gave her five thousand down as a dowry.

### The Casual Observer.

#### TAKES A BATH.

"YES, sah! dis way, sah; troo dat door!" and a black gentleman showed a glorious set of teeth as he grinned and rolled his opal eyeballs.

"But I say, Dick," we hinted, "you said a bath: this is the Christy Minstrel place."

"Nonsense, man; it's all right; go ahead!"

We went ahead—down steps; entered a gloomy room, and then paused.

You see, it was like this: Crawling along in Piccadilly, on one of our most sultry August days, we met Dick Reece, and languidly complained of our state, which was one of constantly melting away; our gloves were off, and they would not go on again; big drops bedewed our brow; and there was a feeling existent that nature had turned us into a peripatetic machine for the purpose of distilling all the fluids we could possibly imbibe; till worn out by the exertion, and the enormous amount of evaporation, we, as before said, met Dick at the corner of St. James's-street, and uttered our plaint.

"All right, old fellow," was the hearty reply—"take a bath."

A bath! beautiful idea on this horribly hot day, to sit with water playing and trickling over one in some cool marble basin, where there was the musical tinkle of the falling drops, and green wet ferns, and rockwork;

and imagination could supply sea gods and all the cool delights of a rocky coast, where there were deep, dank shades. A bath! the very thing; and, without a word, our arm was thrust through Dick's, and he led the way. In fact, so utterly prostrated were we with this jump into a torrid clime, that we should have followed him anywhere without a word.

But that nigger—that pausing in a dim, hot room, where upon pegs were twenty or thirty hats, and, behind a counter, an attendant to whom Dick was handing over his watch, purse, and rings, receiving a ticket in return; when, afraid to retract, we did likewise; passed directly after through a swing door; and the next moment it was not London—we were not just now in Piccadilly, but we were somewhere in the far East, and another attendant was requesting us to thrust off our boots before stepping over a ledge.

Either we were dreaming, or this was Cairo, or Constantinople, or it might be Bagdad, and we were suddenly transformed into one of the barber's brothers; or we were a calendar; but no, both our eyes were all right, and, after all, there were English garments about; but that roof—those pillars—that fountain—and those lightly-clothed gentlemen sipping coffee and inhaling the fragrant weed—what were they?

There was no time for thought—we were in for it; and only catching, through a huge pane of glass, a glance at a dim scene beyond, were there were flitting forms, and gloom, and strange operations evidently being performed, we did as friend Dick did—disrobed in a sort of divan, and were then led through a swing door into the silence of a circular torture-chamber, where all was wet, and steamy, and hot; where there were marble slabs, and dark and swarthy creatures, who looked like demons, punching, kneading, and apparently flogging sundry victims, who must have been dumb, for there was no outcry.

The glance taken was hasty; for, in obedience to a sign, we were led to the right, just having time to glance upward at where a dim, mysterious light was diffused, enabling us to see the door of a small chamber into which we were—

"No, hang it all, Dick, there's no standing this; we shall be suffocated. Why, the place is an oven—it's up to baking heat, and the skin will peel off like crackling unless this black fellow is going to baste us with a ladle. If we'd—"

"Hold your tongue, will you?"

"Known your bath was a visit to these Plutonian regions, why—"

"De nex room, sah, is much hotter, sah, nor dis is, sah! But—"

"Phew!—we're running away; why, the floor's hot enough to blister, and—"

"Now, come and try the hottest chamber," interrupted Dick; and, protestation being useless, we were inducted to the hottest chamber, where there was the sensation, ever strong, that in another five minutes we should be done to a turn, and fit for eating piping hot, or allowed to cool for the sideboard and sandwiches.

Then at last, to be rubbed, to be kneaded, and pushed and pulled, treated as we lay upon a slab like a mass of clay in a modeller's hands; resigned all the while, for it did not hurt. Then we were led into another chamber, to be sluiced and rinsed with hot water to take off the lubrication, with tepid, and lastly with

cold, till, from feeling lax and helpless, life seemed to be forced through our pores, terseness given to every nerve and muscle, and a strong desire came upon us to shout to one of the disrobed victims by the slabs to "lay us a back," over which we could have vaulted like an acrobat.

We restrained our feelings, though, and listening to the voice of friend Dick—for now that the perils seemed past, and the dread of this being the Inquisition chamber at an end, we felt friendly—we did as he did, dived down into a long marble bath, swam a few strokes, passed under the glass screen, and emerged where there was light, and the playing fountain, and the aroma of coffee and Shiraz.

"By Jove!" said Dick, when, the towelling ended, our attendants wrapped us, swathed us, and left us, turbaned and Turkish, reclining in chairs, sipping our coffee, and perfuming the air—"by Jove! if ever I can afford it, I'll have an establishment of my own."

We said nothing, but sipped, and smoked, and dreamed—and dreamed, and smoked, and sipped; and wondered whether the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid ever left his slipper here at the door; and whether Giaffar did likewise—obedient vizier that he was; whether when we went out it would be into Jermyn-street, or into one of the bazaars of Ispahan; whether the calm, peaceful, refreshed state would last all day; and whether, if we couldn't afford such baths in the future, and should, like the Roman soldier, take to scraping ourselves with a piece of tile, the Emperor—great Cæsar—would set right the poverty of our purse.

"Most ready?" were the two words that broke in upon our Eastern dream, just at the moment when a gorgeous Sultana was about to send for us with slaves and Arab steeds, mutes and eunuchs, jewels and goodly raiment, and the very streets were to be cleared at our approach—"Most ready?"

No, we were not almost ready; but, with a sigh, we resigned ourselves to fate, and, dressing, put off the flaming robes and turban, to appear in black and check, sought out our boots, our chimney-pot, our purse and watch; and, ten seconds after, the Eastern scenes and its dreamings were at an end, for Hansom cabs were dashing by, and people flocking towards the Circus.

"How are you now?" said Dick. "What do you think of the Hammam?"

How were we now? How were we?

Sailing in smooth water, though afoot, for all was one delicious calm; and life—Oh! if some one would only give us a season ticket!

**LEGS.**—When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy upon him, the Chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford—"there is much difference. A living sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore-legs are shoulders."

### Macbeths of the Past.

**J**UST at this time, when the various modes of playing Macbeth are being hotly discussed, it may not be uninteresting to review briefly the styles of the various great actors who have excelled in this character.

Garrick was the first to throw a certain sadness over Macbeth, as distinguished from Macklin's truculent bluster. He marked carefully the progress of his ambition, from the first interview with the witches to the final yielding to his wife's persuasions. The way he looked at his blood-smeared hands is still a stage tradition. He was at first too subdued and dejected when he said to the Ghost, "Avaunt, and quit my sight!" making Macbeth weighed down by a sense of unutterable guilt; but, on a sensible critic pointing out to him that Macbeth was no coward, he changed his tone. As Mr. Fitzgerald has shown, Garrick's pauses in this play were finely placed, and his idea was "that Macbeth, being absorbed in thought, was struck with horror of the murder, though but in idea, and it naturally gave him a slow, tremulous undertone of voice." With such exquisite taste, it is wonderful to relate that Garrick played the murderous Thane in a scarlet military coat, a tye-wig, a silver-laced waistcoat, and knee-breeches.

Kean appeared for the first time as Macbeth in 1814. His enemies had predicted his certain failure; but he nevertheless played the part twenty-four nights in the course of one season. Kean himself does not overrate his own performance. "He thought well," says Mr. Barry Cornwall, of the scene after the murder, and of that wherein he dies; but he admitted "that Mr. Kemble, in the banquet scene, and in many other parts, gave more effect to the character."

Kemble's regal dignity and burst of energy, succeeded by "a melancholy almost amounting to repose," were now contrasted with Kean's vigour and point. Kemble showed a man conscious of his fate; Kean displayed an utter prostration of mind, and the stupefaction of guilt of one who had committed his first great crime. "He seemed," says his biographer, "blinded with the blood he had shed, and only awakened to a recollection of what had happened on the sight of his crimsoned hands, and the voice of his wife recalling him to manhood." His fall also upon his face at the conclusion of the play—an idea which he took from the figure of a soldier in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's monument in St. Paul's—and then the fight, although a little too gladiatorial, were fine and effective. But some of the good points he lost. "Duncan is in his grave," was dull and ineffective; and the "she should have died hereafter," which Kemble had given so finely, was equally unsatisfactory. Kean seemed, says one eminent critic, to have confounded the two parts of Richard III. and Macbeth. He forgot that Richard was a born villain—false, daring, swift to act. Macbeth is speculative, remorseful, requiring the temptations of his wife to urge him to the deed. "He has touches of human feeling, and is full of consideration as to the consequences of his deeds;" but he is no poltroon. He is brave, and, once buckled to the fight, braves it out, regardless of death here or doom hereafter.

A pamphlet which Kemble published on Macbeth in 1786 enables us to distinctly define the great actor's views. He contended that the nature of Macbeth was



originally good and brave; he lost his courage only when he lost his virtue. His mind, he held, had a leaning to superstition, and that belief weighed upon his personal and mental energy. When the spirits were found by him to "have paltered with us in a double sense," and "the word of promise to the ear" was "broken to the hope," only despair could rouse the palsied powers. When an honourable ambition had been lured into inordinate desires, the courage of Macbeth could not outlive the change.

Among other improvements introduced by Kemble was making a clock strike *two* as the appointed time for the murder of Duncan. The old stage direction had been, "A bell rings." His speeches to Duncan were not thought so full of homage and frank devotion as those of Garrick. In the dagger soliloquy, his eye had not the fascination of Garrick as it pursued the imaginary weapon, nor did he make anything of the sublime address to the witches, which with Garrick was especially impressive and harmonious. He, in fact, cut down the speech to two or three lines.

The Macbeth of George Frederick Cooke was, there can be no doubt, a fine performance, for his eyes and voice were always effective; but he yielded in this part to Kemble, whose stately figure, heroic face, and statuesque attitudes rendered him the favourite impersonator of this character.

Macready, in his "Reminiscences," especially describes the pains he took to study Macbeth, and the result was a great success. The critics of the time praised the pathos which he threw into the character. *The Morning Herald* of June, 1819, says: "His air of bewildered agitation upon coming on the stage after the interview with the weird sisters was a most judicious and effective innovation upon the style of his predecessors." In the banquet scene, too, he made an original and admirable effect: Instead of forcing the Ghost to retreat by sheer defiance, he sank back into a chair, covered his face with his hands, then looked again, and perceiving the Ghost had disappeared, and being relieved from the fearful vision, recovered once more the spring of his soul and body. The effect was extremely powerful. The expression of terror after the murder produced a long, awkward stillness."

### Costly Jewels.

THE Easterns have always had a great fancy for these drops of solidified dew, as they call the fine pearls with which they give pomp and magnificence to their beautiful costumes. The Jews who were near the Persian Gulf, where the finest pearls are fished, must have known them from early times. Job is the earliest author in Holy Writ who makes mention of pearls. He says:—"No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies," and pearls are often mentioned in the Proverbs of Solomon. After the conquest of Alexandria, when the Macedonians had effected the conquest of the East, luxury was carried to the highest extent, and pearls were among the most highly esteemed of jewels. At the period of their greatest splendour, the Romans wore garments embroidered with pearls, and the Roman ladies covered their arms and shoulders with them, and strung them in their hair. The value of these jewels

came very near to that of the diamond. Julius Cæsar presented to Servilia, the mother of Brutus and sister of Cato, a pearl which was estimated to be worth £44,000 of our money. The celebrated pearls which adorned the ears of Cleopatra cost £150,000, and in the *ſtèle* given by Antony she is reported to have dissolved in vinegar, and drunk in a cup of wine, a pearl worth £60,000. One fact is certain, that long before the discovery of the New World, the Red Indians of America wore necklaces and bracelets of fine pearls. Two centuries ago, a pearl was purchased at Cattfa, by Tavernier, the traveller, and sold to the Shah of Persia for £112,000. Philip II., of Spain, received from America a pearl that weighed twenty-five carats, and was valued at £3,200. An Arab prince possessed the most beautiful pearl known—the most beautiful, not so much on account of its size, as because it was so clear and transparent that the light could be seen through it. It weighed only twelve carats and a sixth, but he refused to take £4,000 for it. The Shah of Persia possesses a diadem, each pearl in which is larger than a hazel-nut. Its value is incalculable. At the Grande Exposition of 1855, the Queen of England exhibited some splendid pearls, and the Emperor of the French exhibited a collection of 408 pearls, weighing nearly two hundred and forty-seven grains each, all of fine form and water. The united value was £20,000. At the same Exhibition, also, was a magnificent Orient pearl, as large as a partridge's egg, which was valued at a high price by connoisseurs; and if the fellow to it could only be found, the pair would fetch a price that could not easily be estimated.

A FRENCH BALLOON.—People here are almost more incredulous than elsewhere in the matter of aerial machines. The Key of the Winds, a new style of balloon, went up the other day without much notice, and came down with no *éclat*. It is boasted, however, that the steering apparatus proved quite successful. The aeronauts allege that they moved this way or that at pleasure. "We first bent to the north-east, and then turned the wheel so as to drive us north. The balloon mounted with a speed quite beyond our expectations. Reversing the machine, we fell as rapidly, and then resolved to steer for the Hippodrome. With this aim we turned about in our course, going not indeed with the same swiftness, but making two hundred and twenty yards a minute. We were now fatigued, and we ceased to drive the machine. The balloon turned about. I set the wheel again in motion, and it went on another course. Several times we made the same experiment, and always with appreciable success. The descent took place at seven p.m., and in that operation also our machinery worked to perfection; we struck the point decided on." Be it observed that this is the aeronauts' own story. A looker-on declares that the "propulseur Giffard" had no perceptible effect on the balloon so long as it remained in sight. M. Ardisson worked with extraordinary vigour at his wheel, but the Key of the Winds persisted in gliding smoothly before them. We are necessarily dependent on those in it to tell what happened after it sailed towards the stars. Another balloon, inflated at the same time, which professed to be guided by arms like those of a windmill, obstinately refused to quit the solid earth.

### An Amateur Hunt.

TO look at, my host was about the stateliest Don imaginable; but once beyond his threshold, he metaphorically opened his arms to you, and made you free of the house. I had but to express a wish, and it was gratified. The finest coffee the estate grew was roasted by pleasant-faced half-breed girls for my especial delectation; the rarest cigars, saved up for special occasions, were pressed into my case; a grass hammock was swung for me in the verandah; and it was only by begging very hard that I was allowed to dispense with the services of a couple of copper-skinned maidens, told off to keep the flies from annoying my noble face.

With Don Tonio for my host, I found life in the tropic part of Spanish America exceedingly pleasant, in spite of the heat. His home was really a little paradise, surrounded with the wondrous tropic growth, as it was. There were all the wild beauties of nature, and, mingled with them, the finishing touches given by the hand of man. The coffee plantations with the dark-green leaves, and pretty light blossoms and purple berries, were succeeded by the magnificent growths of the cocoa, all green and scarlet; next came the waving, light-green sugar canes and Indian corn; and then encroaching upon them, where the clearing for the plantation ended, there was the wilderness—and such a wilderness! No barren plain, but grand forest trees, which made twilight in their shade; large lianas creeping snake-like from bough to bough; gorgeous passion flowers and blossoms of wondrous beauty springing up in the sunny glades, and so on, and on, and on, through all the beauties of tropic vegetation, till one wearied of the purples, and scarlets, and oranges, and wondrous greens, so bright that it was in vain to let the eye rest upon them for relief.

Then, again, one came upon openings of cultivated land, tobacco and maize and plantain growing lush and beautiful, side by side with grasses, graceful, feathery, and slender, that seemed to rush out of the teeming earth till they rose to twenty or thirty feet in height.

It was a glorious place, and the time seemed to glide by as in a vivid dream. Certainly there were drawbacks, such as stinging flies; ants that were voracious when the subject in question was man; nasty, wriggling snakes, lurking beneath the gorgeous blossoms; monkeys that shrieked, and chattered, and danced about in the trees, calling you all the opprobrious names they could lay their tongues to in quadrumania; rumours of unpleasant pythons lying in folds on great overhanging branches; the uncomfortable cats known as jaguars; thorns that hooked and tore your flesh; swampy places, lagoons and rivers, where rugged-looking pieces of bark lying amongst the steamy reeds on the sweltering mud, or floating in the fish-haunted waters, were not rugged-looking pieces of bark after all, but upon close inspection proved to be creatures with four legs, a long tail, and a mouth and teeth that made you shudder. Crocodiles, alligators, caymen, or gavials, let naturalists call them what they may, there the loathsome reptiles were, waiting for prey; and I used shudderingly to think that I would rather be seized and eaten wholesomely in a respectable, butcherly

way by a jaguar, than caught by one of those hideous alligators, and dragged down into the muddy swamp.

Don Tonio used to smile at me as he lay back in his wicker lounge chair, smoking languidly.

"You Englishmen are so excitable," he said. "We Spaniards never think of putting ourselves to so much trouble."

It was quite true; for they seemed to dream away their existence, while I was off every day on some new expedition. Now I was shooting birds: gorgeous parrots and macaws, wonderful humming-birds, with throats and crests like living gems as they darted about with wings invisible from their speed, or poised themselves hovering before the trumpet-blossom of some beauteous creeper, and thrust in their long, honey-seeking beak.

These lovely birds I would busy myself over afterwards, skinning and preserving them for my collection.

Another day I was down by the swampy river, setting heat, flies, and fever at defiance as I waged war on the crocodiles. Another day fishing was the order of the hour, and with strong tackle I had capital sport with strange and brilliantly coloured fishes that were quite new to me.

Now the whim would take me to go, gun in hand, through the grand forest, exploring, getting a specimen here, a specimen there, sometimes a plant, a butterfly half as big as a sheet of note paper, a curious beetle, or nerve-winged insect; while all the time on the look-out for one of the pythons that I hoped some day to shoot, or for the sleeky-coated, spotted jaguar, whose skin was intended to form a trophy rug.

But these journeys of mine were not performed alone, for Don Tonio had deputed one of his people, a half-breed young man of twenty, called Pepe, to act as servant, body-guard, and huntsman. The lad was in his glory when out with me, and used to come with sparkling eyes, and a dull red flush in his yellow cheek, at daybreak every morning to wake me up.

I was astounded at the lad's knowledge. Sometimes it was he, all life and activity, so different from his Spanish master, who suggested expeditions as improvements upon those I proposed; and no matter what was the object in hand, he could guide, lead, track, and find anything that was to be found in the woods. A dozen times at least he saved me from the venomous fangs of some small snake, or warned me of lurking alligators, ready to make a snap when, hot and suffering from lassitude, I was longing to plunge into the muddy waters of one of the rivers. He was clever, too, with leaves to bruise and apply to insect stings. To sum up, he was brave, active, untiring in one's service, and always willing and good-humoured.

Dressed in an open, coarse shirt, and canvas trousers, and accoutred with an old musket, a powder horn, a bag of shot and bullets, and a keen old sword, which acted the part of hunting-knife and hatchet for cutting down creepers, and clearing a way through the woods, and only with a calabash water-bottle slung from one shoulder, Pepe was always ready; and I believe honestly that my stay with the Don formed one of the happiest parts of his existence.

How that fellow would climb, too—the tallest trees—with almost the activity of the monkey or bird that he had ascended to fetch down when it had lodged somewhere on high. He was invaluable; but, in spite of his



"STANDING READY TO THRUST." (Page 140.)

efforts, he never led me to where lay a python taking its torpid sleep, or to the lair of a jaguar amongst the ancient trees.

"Big snakes very scarce," he would say, and then proceed to tell me that they lay so close that we might pass within a yard of dozens, and never know it; the jaguars, he said, we must watch by night to find.

"Ah!" said Don Tonio one evening as we sat smoking, and I had related an adventure we had had with some peccaries, the vicious little wild hogs that roam the forests in droves; "but there are large pigs there; big boars with tusks, and very fierce. Have you seen any of them?"

"No," I said, eagerly, for I wanted a change; "where are they to be found?"

"Ask Pepe," he said, smiling. "I know not. The only place where I have seen them is upon the dinner table, roasted, with lemon and citron juice for sauce. Shoot us one, a good prime juicy one, Señor Edwardo, and we will have him cooked to perfection."

I did ask Pepe, and his eyes sparkled at the notion of going after the boars.

"Yes, señor," he said; "but we must go far—across the river to the woods, by the mountain."

There was no difficulty about that, for there was a boat, and by following the meandering of the river, we should get there in time, though the journey against stream would be necessarily slow. Still, there was no other way available, for without the high road formed by the river we should have had to almost cut our way through the tangled forest, and it would have been a journey of days, perhaps one that we should never have achieved.

It was about three o'clock and bright moonlight, when, after partaking of the coffee and cigar that Pepe had prepared for me while I dressed, I followed his lead down through the black forest track to the great sluggish river.

The place was very weird and strange at a time like this: here all was black darkness, there bright, silvery patches of moonlight; distant voices that begat shudders could from time to time be heard—voices that even Pepe could not account for; and, most startling of all, the strange splashings and rushings in the water that told of some ugly monster in search of prey.

There were four of Don Tonio's men waiting for us in the long canoe, and taking our places in the stern, they paddled swiftly on, keeping close to the shore, where the overhanging foliage did not threaten to overturn our frail boat; and so we went on and on, following the windings of the stream till the sun began to pierce the heavy floating vapours that hung over the river, and at the same time we became aware of a troop of chattering monkeys busily keeping up with us in the trees, and travelling from branch to branch with a celerity that was marvellous.

We got rid of them, though, at the end of an hour; for by Pepe's direction, our men turned the boat's edge towards the opposite shore, along whose bank we proceeded till midday, when we landed, made a hearty meal, rested for an hour, and were then paddled again for a couple more hours, when the commencement of a series of rapids forced us to take to the shore, and leave the men to await our return.

Pepe led the way off into the depth of the forest,

laughing when I hinted at the difficulty of retracing our steps.

"I could find it," he said; "but listen."

I paused, and away to the right there was a dull, heavy roar, as of falling waters.

"There," he said, "is the river: we have only to travel to that if we are lost, and then follow down the bank."

It was a grand forest, and here seemed to me to be a likely place for finding the huge serpents of which I had heard so much, but had only seen wrapped up in blankets in Regent's Park before starting to make a tour of the coffee plantations in Spanish America.

"This is a likely place for a big snake, Pepe," I said.

"Yes, we come and kill one some day," he answered; "but wild boar now."

He pointed as he spoke to evident traces of the animal of which we were in search, for the ground was rooted up in all directions, and he showed me places where the tree trunks were torn by their tusks.

But we wandered on for hours, finding plenty of traces, but no hog; till at last, worn out, I threw myself down beneath a tree and lit a cigar.

"The señor is tired," said Pepe.

"Horribly," I said.

"But we shall soon see them now," he said.

"Go on, then, and see them," I replied, crossly. "I wouldn't get up for the biggest wild boar in South America."

He smiled, and after a glance round strolled away through the dense wood, leaving me lying with my eyes half closed, luxuriating in the pleasant ease afforded by the mossy spot I had chosen.

I suppose I must have been half-asleep when I was suddenly aroused by a faint shout, the report of a gun, another shout; and then, as I picked up my piece and started to my legs, there came a storm of grunting, the rush of feet, and I caught a faint glimpse of a drove of hogs tearing through the forest on my left; but I had no chance of a shot, and I felt angry at myself for having given up just when the sport was at hand.

The shout was repeated as I listened, and I ran as fast as the undergrowth would allow me in search of Pepe.

I had no difficulty in hitting the direction, for the sound of a fierce grunting and squealing came plainly enough from about a quarter of a mile away; and, after panting along, I reached a thick part of the forest, where Pepe was engaged with a huge boar. The brute was wounded desperately, and as I came up I saw the whole scene. Pepe's gun stood against a tree, just as he had evidently placed it after firing, and then drawn his great hunting-knife to resist the onslaught of the boar, which had gored his leg severely.

But the boar had had the worst of it, and was bleeding profusely from several thrusts in the neck. As I came up Pepe had just delivered point, and was standing prepared to thrust again; but the great brute threw itself up on its hind-quarters, uttered a tremendous squeal, and then, impotently gnashing its foam-covered tusks, it fell over and was dead.

"Oh, señor," cried Pepe, excitedly, "if it had only been you who killed the boar!"

"Never mind," I said, "we have got it;" and after bandaging his leg with my handkerchief, we made

straight for the boat, arriving there safely to send the four men with a stout pole to recover our game.

I was doubtful of their being successful; but Pepe said they would easily find our track, which they did, returning just at dark with the great beast slung by his legs from the pole.

Our journey back was easy, for the men had only to keep the boat's head right, and the stream bore us rapidly down to within a couple of miles of Don Tonio's plantation, where plenty of help was soon at hand to take the boar up in triumph.

He was juicy, tender, delicious; and Don Tonio said it would be almost worth while to take the trouble to get another; but though I proposed the excursion, anxious to be the slayer this time myself, I could not get him to stir, and all my hunting trips had to be performed with Pepe, who was ever eager to be off.

"But I want to get a big serpent, Pepe," I said one day.

"Wait a bit, señor," he said, smiling, "and you shall."

### The Devil Fish.

"HAVE you seen the devil fish?"

The words occur in the early pages of Mr. Henry Lee's new work,\* a book in which the naturalist has placed before his readers the simple history of a strange monster who has lately become fashionable in our midst.

Now, there are two ways of writing a book, the common and the uncommon. The common way is to scribble on, irrespective of knowledge; to get your facts from former authors, not taking the trouble to learn whether their statements are true or false; and lastly, to quote liberally till the valuable work is done.

The other way is to make yourself thoroughly conversant with your subject, to verify all statements, and set down no word which will not bear the test of the glass of truth. It takes time, this latter way, but it is real authorship, and Mr. Lee has chosen it.

Now, he has not made a violently difficult book, full of heavy Latin, as most naturalists feel themselves bound to do; but, in a cheery, pleasant, and thoroughly entertaining style, he has placed before the reader all that is known for and against the octopus and its relatives, and made up, while strictly learned, a work that reads almost like a novel in its pleasant anecdote and resemblance to romance.

We begin with historical notes concerning the octopus, as known to the ancients under the name of the polypus; and find that, whereas a short time ago the animal was hardly heard of here, Aristotle, 2,200 years back, recorded most accurate observations on the creature, giving so marvellously true a description that Mr. Lee feels disposed to think that he must have either had access to or been in possession of an aquarium. But not only Aristotle, Oppian, Pliny and others had something to say about the polypus or preke, as they call it, and amongst the old Latin poets there is ample said about its value, from a gastronomic point of view.

It is almost a pity, after all, to become learned in

\* "The Octopus, or the Devil Fish of Fiction and of Fact." Chapman and Hall.

natural history, for the simple truth thoroughly destroys the romance of many of our ideas. With his naturalist's spectacles, Mr. Lee shows us that the beautiful little paper nautilus, who sails the sea, and rows and performs sundry other wonders, is after all only a kind of octopus of the female sex, furnished by nature with a shell for the protection of her young—her unfortunate husband going houseless through the sea. Then, too, the author devotes a chapter to demolishing Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, and battles like Gilliatt, single-handed, against the monster of romance. It is science here against fiction—Sir Henry Lee to the rescue, and the water dragon nowhere, for neither his ink-bag nor that of the great French novelist can stand against the dissecting knife of the naturalist. M. Hugo, in describing his *pieuvre*, turns the arms inside out, a performance which our author does with the novelist's invention. The one had looked upon the beast, and wrote from the outside; the other has studied its every habit, and carefully examined its construction, organization, circulation, muscular fibre, digestive apparatus, and proves himself so formidable an opponent that M. Hugo must give up without a word.

The author has worked hard, and been watchful to obtain a thorough knowledge of his subject. To gain an idea of what followed the seizure of prey by the octopus, he watched. Like many visitors to the Brighton Aquarium, he had seen the mollusc dart at a crab, spread his arms and web, like a "membraneous umbrella," and enclose the object sought for food; but this time he had a crab attached to a string, and lowered down close to the front glass of the tank. In a moment, the octopus shot out like a rocket, enclosed the crab, and darted back to the rockwork, where he clung with the crab enclosed between his body and the stones. The assistant was then directed to draw the crab away; but the octopus seized hold of the stonework with all his suckers, leaving one arm at liberty, with which it caught hold of the line, the suckers closing round it as a caterpillar's foot does round a thin twig. Following upon this, it jerked and tugged at the line till it broke.

The author's next fishing experiment was more successful, the octopus pinning the crab against the plate glass, so that the investigator could see what happened after the seizure, and in vivid language he describes how the crab was overcome on the instant—carapace, legs, claws, all were covered with and extended by suckers, amidst which the octopod's hard, black, horny, parrot-like beak was protruded, and in a moment had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the victim's flesh.

Poor crab! His fate was quite as unpleasant as Gilliatt's might have been in the arms of the imaginary *pieuvre*.

The colours of the octopus seem to be most extraordinary. It has the chameleon-like power of being able to assimilate itself in appearance to the rock to which it clings. In addition, it can change so rapidly as to resemble the ground over which it passes, turning pale when exhausted, flushing red when angry or excited. Even Aristotle and Oppian mention its peculiar play of colours, which Mr. Lee compares to the flashing and dying out of sparks in tinder.

With respect to the danger to be apprehended in the



water from octopods, Mr. Lee gives many anecdotes. It seems that in the Mediterranean, off Italy, the creatures grow to such a size that they have arms four feet long; and they have been known, when hiding in the rocks by the shore, to thrust out their disc-covered tentacles in a threatening way at passers-by. In Vancouver's Island they have been found and measured with arms five feet long, and with the pen as thick as a wrist, and these arms they have been known to thrust over the side of a canoe, and drag it over; though this does not mean much, for the least thing will tilt over a bark canoe. Doubtless, if a native had his legs touched by the feelers of an octopod who was anchored safely on the rock, the bather's fate would be sealed; and, again, no wonder, for it would not take much to overcome one who was almost a Captain Webb in the water. Many a time a slight strand of weed has proved a bather's death. A quotation is given of the adventure of Major Newsome with one of these beasts when bathing, and he tells, in graphic language, of his narrow escape in a rock-pool. But the octopus, when secured with a boat-hook, proved to be only one that would have filled a hoop five feet in diameter.

Our friend has a nasty habit, it seems, of getting out of the water in the night—his regular time for preying; and this was found out by the disappearance of sundry lump fishes in a neighbouring tank. Night after night, one of the little fellows vanished in the most unaccountable way.

"One morning, however, Mr. Lawler, one of the staff, on going to count our young friends, found an interloper amongst them. 'Who put this octopus in No. 27 tank?' he inquired of the keepers. 'Octopus, sir? no one! Well, if he aint bin and got over out of the next tank!' And this was the fact. The marauding rascal had occasionally issued from the water in his tank, and clambered up the rocks, and over the wall into the next one; there he had helped himself to a young lump fish, and, having devoured it, returned demurely to his own quarters by the same route, with well-filled stomach and contented mind . . . until, like most criminals, becoming careless by frequently escaping detection, he, on the last occasion, indulged at supper-time in an inordinate gorge, and slept under his neighbour's porch instead of going back to bed." And so was found out.

This was followed up by other depredations—a second octopus following his example, till they were better secured. An instance is quoted of an octopod being met with on shore near the island of New Guinea. It was some distance from the water, and this creature could scuffle over the sand at such a rate that the pursuer had to give up from sheer exhaustion. An instance is given, too, of their having been seen to leave the water. In this case, a small one came on shore, pursued by a larger, and the rate of progression was such that a man would have had to run to overtake them.

Of the interesting natural history facts, there is no end. The power of reproducing a torn-off arm is one—the octopus being frequently attacked by dogfish or conger, either of which will fasten on to an arm, spin itself round, and tear off the member. In an aquarium at Havre, the octopus was attacked and literally devoured by congers. The breeding, too, is touched upon, and a most interesting account given of the way in which

the female protects, cleanses, and seems to brood over her eggs; though this is for the purpose of syringing them with clean water, and keeping them clear of animalculæ, and those who would look upon them as tit-bits for a fishy palate. This syringing by the animal's syphon is curious as the syphon itself. We borrow our means of propelling a vessel from the fishes, we even make our ships the same shape. The oars are but representatives of the fins; the paddle but a mechanical repeating action of the same; the screw-propeller is taken from the fish's tail; and we have even gone so far as to try ships whose progression was caused by the rapid discharge of water from pipe or tube. This is but the way in which the octopus darts through the medium in which it lives. It imbibes water for respiratory purposes, forces the same out through the siphuncle, and this sends it backwards at a rate which Mr. Lee describes as that of a rocket. Our friend is like the lobster and crayfish in this respect, he can paddle gently forward, but at the slightest alarm he darts backward—one variety in the Aquarium striking itself so frequently against the rockwork that its bony pen protrudes, and the animal so injured shortly dies.

This brings us to these other creatures—perhaps we are wrong in calling them varieties. Firstly, the common cuttle-fish, which is in proportion much larger in body, has eight short and two long tentacular arms, all of which are furnished with suckers. This, the sepia, is well known for its ink; and it may frequently be found upon the sea-shore, where it has thrown itself in one of its fierce, rocket-like, backward rushes. We have ourselves found them, and dissected out the ink-bag, curious cuttle-bone, and formidable, parrot-like beak. Then the author takes up and describes the squids (*Loligo vulgaris*), which somewhat resemble the cuttle, but are of a more elongated form. These are captured in enormous quantities by the West-country fishermen, forming, as they do when cut up, an admirably tough and toothsome bait for conger and other fish.

Space fails to do anything like justice to the innumerable anecdotes and pleasant facts in this thorough romance of natural history; but we must, in conclusion, refer to the last chapter—that on "Gigantic cuttle-fishes." Travellers see strange things, we know; and we believe very little of their stories until they are backed up by specimens, and have been under the naturalist's microscope. One hardly knows, then, whether to be startled or simply astonished when Mr. Lee gives us indisputable facts respecting the existence in the northern seas of huge calamaries or squids, of such dimensions that the *pieuvre* of M. Victor Hugo becomes dwarfed into a plaything; and this, mind, after he has carefully analyzed, sifted, and shown the fallacies of many of the fabulous tales that have been told of monsters that sank ships, picked men off the decks, and played similar playful pranks. It seems that it is undoubted that monsters of the deep do exist. In 1854, one was stranded in Jutland, whose body, when cut up, formed many wheelbarrow loads. In 1861, another was cast ashore on the west of Shetland, with tentacles 16 ft. long, pedal arms 8 ft. long, and its mantle sac 7 ft. The largest suckers were three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In 1861, a monster was met with by the French despatch steamer,

*Alecton*, of a tremendous size; and on casting a rope round it, and trying to drag it on board, it parted, and sank.

But we can come nearer home yet as to time. In 1873, a couple of Newfoundland fishermen encountered a cuttle floating, and struck it with a gaff. The monster immediately threw out its tentacles, and they were severed by the men with an axe, as they lay across the gunwale of the boat. These gentlemen went home, magnifying their adventure. They estimated the body at 60 ft. in length, and 10 ft. across the tail fin; and said "it reared a parrot-like beak as big as a tengallon keg." Fortunately, however, they had a portion of one of its tentacles with them; and Professor Verrill, by examination and comparison, finds that the body of the monster must have been about 10 ft. long by 7 ft. round, head 2 ft., long tentacular arms 32 ft., and total length 44 ft. No baby this.

Another was brought ashore in a herring net, at St. John's, about 31 ft. long, only last year. Another, some 35 ft. in length, was found this year; and if there are still doubters of the existence of such monsters, let them go to our own British Museum, and see there, in a tall glass jar, the single arm of a huge cuttle. This is 9 ft. long, and is one of the shorter or pedal arms of the cephalopod. The long tentacles would have been about 36 ft., the body 11 or 12 ft. For total we have a monster of 48 ft. long, with a beak of about five inches from socket to point. A pleasant creature to meet when bathing!

Mr. Henry Lee's book is one of the most entertaining we have read for years. It will, while exploding many old fallacies, teach again that truth is stranger than fiction. Every one should read it, and it should be translated into every tongue. The only fault we find with it is that the writer did not begin it in the words of the fat boy in *Pickwick*:—"Now I'm going to give you the creeps!"

### Teeth and the Toothsome.

EVER since the supply of ivory has begun to fail in the market—by which, be it distinctly understood, no reference whatever is intended to African elephants, the trade in tusks borne by nude niggers across the sand Afric plains, to Narwhal horns, from Northern seas, or the short, stumpy rows of ivory upon the rhinoceros's nose, but the ivory most important to the man of middle age, to wit, his own personal supply—ever since, be it understood, the supply of ivory began to fail, the man of middle age turned his attention to food in a concentrated form. That dreadful demon, indigestion, whose forms of attack can only be realized by him who has suffered, comes to him as soon as he is semi-toothless, and tortures him whenever, with wholesome appetite, he has thoroughly satisfied the cravings of his hunger; and consequently he cries in his despair—"What shall I do?" Fortunately for him and for the ordinary invalid, there is succour. He cannot eat vigorously; but what if ingenious minds have prepared him food which gives him the whole strength of that which is necessary to his support, without the portions that shall produce the pangs of indigestion? This has been done; and invalids may rejoice, as may the traveller who wishes to journey unencumbered

by sandwich box or provision case, or who may be in such a position that he can obtain nothing wherewith to fill his case, nor bread and meat to cut a sandwich. Here Messrs. Brand, of Mayfair, have stepped in, to offer for our use their meat lozenges, which are sapid and flavoured, containing meat in essence, and all its supporting power—a lozenge placed in the mouth relieving the cravings of hunger, and giving strength to the fainting spirit. Now, as a matter of course, no man would take a meat lozenge if he could get a slice off a sirloin of beef, or a nicely grilled steak; but what of the times when those luxuries are not to be obtained? For our part, we have determined to have a neat silver snuff-box (electro), which shall always be full of meat lozenges when—hunger avault!

For invalids generally, Messrs. Brand prepare essence of beef, mutton, veal, and chicken. These essences consist solely of the juices of the finest meats, extracted by a gentle heat, without the addition of water or of any other substance whatever. They contain, therefore, the most stimulating and exhilarating properties of the meats, calculated to invigorate the heart and brain immediately, without any fatty or other elements which require solution in the stomach. They have been introduced into medical practice as stimulants, after loss of blood from any cause, and in cases of nervous exhaustion and enfeebled digestion. But as an example of their value, let us quote the words of Dr. Druitt in the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette*. He says of the essence of meat:—

"It will not supply the place of brandy during the early and urgent stages of exhaustion from loss of blood, though, even then, it is the best auxiliary; but it does very largely supply the place of an alcoholic stimulant in the treatment of the after-stages, when the brain is suffering from anæmia, and when the patient complains of headaches, giddiness, and despondency, particularly in the early part of the day. It is equally valuable in states of mental depression arising from other causes, such as grief, mental shock, &c., in which the usual resort is wine or brandy. It may be taken as a stimulant after breakfast, at the time of the day when nervous feelings are most distressing, and when alcoholic stimulants are most pernicious, and most likely, if used at all, to lay the foundation of injurious excess. Out of the vast number of drunkards, there are a few whose intemperance has followed the use of wine for the mental depression caused by anæmia. Bodily weakness alone does not tempt to drinking, except when it is accompanied by mental despondency; but with that combination it does tempt most strongly. But the essence of beef, freed from the grosser gelatinous particles, is directly absorbed, and exhilarates the brain specifically, causing the same phenomena, in a slight degree, as brandy does. It is in cases such as this, as a substitute for brandy, and as a means of preventing habits of drinking, and of curing them, that I more particularly recommend its use to my professional brethren. One table spoonful taken early in the forenoon, with or without a little bit of crust and a mouthful of wine, gives the brain a something that relieves it from nervousness and vapours. It should be given, not as food at meals, but in the guise of medicine between them.

"In dyspepsia, likewise, it is a capital remedy, and

one indefinitely preferable to pepsine, as I venture to think. There are very many cases of general debility and emaciation in which a gelatinous soup is preferable; but in the cases in which a nutritive stimulant, without bulk, is required, as in that hopeless disease called 'old age,' your readers may find that this liquid is a valuable addition to their stock of remedies."

For our own part, we have tried the beef and invalid turtle soup, and can certainly commend them as being thoroughly worthy of the attention of every house-keeper. This concentrated beef tea contains all the soluble ingredients of the best beef, and is not only useful in cases of sickness, but for general household purposes, such as enriching soup, making gravies, &c. The turtle is really not distinguishable from that with which the Corporation of the city of London honour their guests. The medical profession already know their value.

### Things New and Old.

About those Apples which were Eaten by Adam and Eve.

The following appeared in an American journal:—

"MR. EDITOR—In reading your article under the above heading, I was surprised to see you flattering yourself upon being able to correct the figures of the conundrum about how many apples Adam and Eve ate. In my turn I beg to correct you, and show you that you are as far out in your reckoning as the *Boston Journal*, which appears to be the first to meddle with what it knows nothing about.

"According to my reckoning, one ate one to wantonly aggravate the other; and the other one ate one too, to fortify himself against the other one's taunts about being a coward. Thus, 1,812,110-ly aggravate the other, and the other 1,812,240-fy himself against the other; total number, 3,624,350."

"Columbia, Mortlake.

"MR. EDITOR—I was amused at the extracts in your last number about 'Those Apples,' but I confess that I was unable to read the last one. However, permit me to say that they are all a few millions out in their calculations; for it is as plain as a pikestaff that, if Eve first ate one for to satisfy her longing curiosity, and Adam ate one too, for to fortify himself against the consequences of her disobedience, it will stand thus:—Eve 18142 satisfy her longing; Adam 8124240-fy himself, &c.; total, 8,142,382. Mr. Editor, I think that this is the lot.—Yours truly,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

"Elaine, October 13th, 1874."

["You think that is the lot; do you, indeed? Well, it isn't, by a long way. Try this. Eve took the serpent's word as her tenet of belief, and being the first one for to eat, ate one for to forestal Adam. He, however, questioning the truth of the tenet, ate one too, for to fortify himself in the argument. Thus, Eve being the first 1428,81424-stal Adam, while Adam, questioning the 108,812,4240-fy himself, &c., making a total of 1,231,005,664. Thus it is clear that between them they had (eaten) 810,1,231,005,664, or altogether eight billions and a few unconsidered millions or so. If any

one should think that was not a fair, square meal for two people, let him say so. As it was, apples became scarce in those parts, and they had to leave in quest of another orchard.—ED. A. J."]

### Notes for Fishers.

The conditions of Thames fishing have very much altered within a brief period of time. Fifteen years ago such few anglers as there were had the river practically to themselves, and could do pretty much as they pleased. Now, if a good pitch is wanted, the boat must be moored over night, and a watch left in it to see that it is not surreptitiously cut adrift. In the more favoured spots punt lies behind punt as thick as drags and waggonettes at Lord's on Eton and Harrow day, and the only wonder is, when the assiduity of the brothers of the craft is taken into proper account, that a single fin is left in the Thames. But, on the other hand, the fact that the river is—as it undoubtedly is—overfished has done much to make Thames fishermen what they are beyond all question, the most skilful in the world. It is upon the broad reaches that lie between Teddington and Reading that angling has been brought to its present pitch of scientific perfection. There is an old story of a Sunbury gudgeon fisher who was persuaded in a rash moment to make a try for conger off Mevagissey. His summary of the day's sport was that you fished with a clothes line, baited at its extremity with a leg of mutton. When a conger took the leg of mutton, the only question remaining to be settled was whether the conger was strong enough to pull the man into the water, or whether the man was strong enough to pull the conger into the boat. Rough as the apologue is, it is yet not altogether without its moral. The glory of gudgeon fishing—as, indeed, of Thames angling of every kind—is the perfection to which it has been brought as a mere craft. A properly constructed gudgeon rod, with its four pieces, its rings, its winch, and the rest of its delicately constructed gear, is a positive work of art. The almost invisible line of the very finest gut—and often of a single horse-hair—the delicate little hopk, the tall, slender float, which bobs responsive to the slightest nibble, the row of microscopic split shot, and, above all, the daintily impaled bait—all these are *minutia* of the craft such as old Isaac Walton never dreamed of, and which only the keen competition of modern anglers has called into existence.

BEER IN BITS.—It may be interesting to note that a method has just been patented in France for fabricating beer concentrated in the shape of tablets or paste. For 1,000 litres of Strasburg beer in this form are required 380 to 400 kilogs. of malt or sprouted barley, 7 or 8 kilogs. of hops, and about half the ordinary quantity of water. The mixture is placed in a cauldron, with some fermentable sugar, and boiled down. To prepare it for use, 100 kilogs. of the concentrated product are added to 800 litres of drinking water, and after the lapse of twenty-four hours the ferment is put in. The vessel is filled up with water every twelve hours, and at the end of five days the beer is ready for use. The ferment is kept separately, and added a few days only before the beer is required for use. An addition to the patent provides for the preparation of the beer in capsules or packets, each containing enough for 1 litre of beer. The ferment is prepared in separate packets of proportionate size.

**Thereby Hangs a Tale.**

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

## CHAPTER I.—A PEEP AT TOLCARNE.

**"EDWARD!"**

"Yes, mum."

A stiff, high-shouldered footman turned round as he reached the breakfast-room door.

"Are you sure Sir Hampton has been called?"

"Yes, mum."

"And did Smith take up her ladyship's hot water?"

"Yes, mum."

"Are the young ladies coming down?"

"They went out for a walk nearly an hour ago, mum."

"Dear me! and such a damp morning, too! Did they take their waterproofs?"

"Please, 'm, I didn't see them go."

"Look if they're hanging in the hall, Edward."

"Yes, mum."

Edward walked stiffly out, closed the door, "made a face" at it, and returned at the end of a minute.

"Waterproofs hanging on the pegs, mum."

"Dear, dear, dear, dear! Then of course they put on their goloshes! Go and see if they're in the lobby, Edward."

"Did see, mum," said Edward, who was wise in his generation, and had learned the art of making his head save his heels—"goloshes is in the lobby."

"Goloshes is in the plural, Edward, and should be *are*—mind that: goloshes are.""Yes, mum—goloshes are," said Edward; "and the letter-bag *are* just come into the kitchen. Shall I fetch it?""Is, Edward, *is*. Now, do, pray, be careful. Nothing is more annoying to visitors than to hear servants make grammatical mistakes."

"Yes, mum," said Edward.

"Is the heater very hot?"

"Yes, mum—white 'ot."

"White *what*, Edward?"

"'Ot, mum! white 'ot!"

Miss Matilda Rea, a rather compressed, squeeze lady of forty-five, shuddered, and rearranged her black net mittens.

"Go and fetch the letter bag, Ed-ward."

The footman made the best of his way out, and Miss Matilda inspected the well-spread breakfast table through a large, square, gold-rimmed eyeglass; walked to the sideboard, upon which were sundry cold meats; and finished with a glance round the handsomely furnished room, ready to be down upon a speck of dust. But the place was scrupulously well kept; even the great bay window, looking out upon sloping green lawn, flower beds, and clumps of evergreens, backed up by a wall of firs, was perfectly clean. So Miss Matilda preened her feathers, frowned, and waited the return of Edward with a locked wallet of leather, bearing the Rea crest—a peacock with expanded tail, the motto "*Floreat majestas*"—and, in large letters on the brass plate, the words, "Sir Hampton Rea, Tolcarne."

"Place it beside Sir Hampton's chair, Edward," said Miss Matilda.

The wallet was duly deposited in the indicated place.

"Now bring in the urn, Edward."

"Please, 'm, Sir Hampton said it was to come in at nine punctually, and it wants a quarter."

"Then go and be quite ready to fill it, Edward," said Miss Matilda, not daring to interfere with the Medelike laws of the master of the house.

And Edward departed to finish his own breakfast, and confide to the cook his determination that if that old tabby was to be always worrying him to death, he would resign.

Miss Matilda gave another look round, and then going to the end of the hearth-rug, she very delicately lifted up the corner of a thick wool antimacassar, when a little, sharp, black nose peeped up, and a pair of full black eyes stared at her.

"A little darling!" said Miss Matilda, soothingly.

"It was very ill, it was; and it should have some medicine to-day, it should."

The little toy terrier pointed its nose at the ceiling, and uttered a wretched, attenuated howl, cut short by Miss Matilda, who popped the antimacassar down; for at that moment there was heard upon the stairs a sonorous "Er-rum! Er-rum!"—a reverberating, awe-inspiring sound, as of a mighty orator clearing his voice before sending verbal thunder through an opposing crowd. Then came steps across the marble hall, the door handle rattled very loudly, the door was thrown open very widely, and entered Sir Hampton Rea.

The sounds indicated bigness—grandeur; but Sir Hampton Rea was not a big man—saving his head, which was so large that it had sunk a little down between his shoulders, where it looked massive and shiny, being very bald and surrounded by a frizzle of grizzly hair.

Sir Hampton came in stiffly, for his buff vest was as starched as his shirt front and sprigged cravat, which acted like a garotte, though its wearer suffered it, on account of its imposing aspect, and now walked with long strides to the fire, to which he turned his back, threw up his chin, and made his bald crown double in the glass.

"Matilda, have the goodness to close the door."

"Yes, dear," and the door was closed.

"Matilda, have the goodness to ring for the urn. Oh, it is here!"

In effect, hissing and steaming, the urn was brought in by Edward, and the tea-caddy placed upon the table.

"Edward!"

"Yes, Sir Hampton."

"Tell Miss Smith to inform her ladyship that we are waiting breakfast."

"Yes, Sir Hampton."

The footman hurried out, and Sir Hampton took up yesterday's *Times*, which arrived so late on the day of issue that it was not perused by the good knight till breakfast-hour the next morning, his seat, Tolcarne, being some three hundred and twenty miles from town, and some distance off the Cornwall Railway.

Sir Hampton—tell it not in the far West—had made his money by tea; had been made alderman by his fellow-citizens, and made a knight by his sovereign, upon the occasion of a visit to the City, when the turtle provided was extra good, and pleased the royal palate.

While waiting the coming of her ladyship, Sir

Hampton, a staunch Conservative, skimmed the cream of a tremendously Liberal leader, grew redder in the face, punched the paper in its Liberal wind to double it up, and then went on with it, shaking his head fiercely, as his sister smoothed her mittens and watched him furtively, till the door opened with a snatch, and a little round, plump body, very badly dressed, and, so to speak, walking beneath a ribbon and lace structure, which she bore upon her head as if it were something to sell, bobbed into the room.

Description of people is absolutely necessary on the first introduction, so a few words must be said about Lady Frances Rea. She was what vulgar people would have termed "crummy;" but, literally, she was a plump little body of forty, who, born a baby, seemed to have remained unaltered save as to size. She was pink, and fair, and creamy, and soft, and had dimples in every place where a dimple was possible; her eyes were bright, teeth good, her hair a nice brown, and in short she seemed as if she had always lived on milk, and was brimming with the milk of human kindness still.

"Ten minutes past nine, Fanny," said Sir Hampton, pompously, after a struggle with a watch that did not want to be consulted.

"Never mind, dear," said her ladyship, going at him like a soft ball, and giving him a loud kiss. "Matty, where's my keys?"

"In your basket, dear," said Miss Matilda, perking her sister-in-law softly on the forehead.

"So they are, dear," said her ladyship, rattling open the tea caddy, and shovelling the tea into the silver pot.

"Er-rum, er-rum!" said Sir Hampton, clearing his throat.

And his sister fell into an attitude of attention, with one thin finger pressed into her yellow cheek.

"Er-rum," said Sir Hampton. "Punctuality, Lady Rea, is a necessity in an establishment like ours, and—"

"Now don't be so particular, Hampy," said her ladyship, watching the boiling water run into the tea-pot. "It's like having crumbs in bed with you. Ring the bell, Matty."

"But, my dear," began Sir Hampton, pompously, "with people in our position—"

The door opened and Edward appeared.

"Tell cook to poach the eggs and grill the cold turkey, Edward."

"Yes, my lady."

"And where are the young—oh, dear me! bring a cloth; there's that stupid tea-pot running over again."

"Turn off the water, dear," said Miss Matilda, with the suffering look of one who had been longing to make the tea herself.

"Ah, yes, of course!" said her ladyship. "Quick, Edward, bring a cloth and sop up this mess."

"Yes, m' lady."

Sir Hampton rustled his paper very loudly, rolled his head in his cravat till it crackled again, and looked cross. Then he strode to the table, took his seat, and began methodically to open the letter-bag and sort the letters; and then, in the midst of the sopping process and the exclamations of her ladyship, the door was heard to open, steps pattered over the hall floor, there was a babble of pleasant voices, a scuffling as of hats and baskets being thrown on to a table, and then the

breakfast-room door opened, and two young girls hurried into the room.

"Nearly twenty minutes past nine, my dears," said Sir Hampton, consulting his watch.

"Ah! so late, papa?" said one, hurrying up to kiss Lady Rea, and receive a hearty hug in return.

"Oh, never mind," said the other, following her sister's suit, and vigorously returning the maternal hug. "We've had such a jolly walk. Oh, ma, how well you look this morning!"

"Do I, my love? There, Edward—that will do. Now, the poached eggs and the turkey, quick!"

"Yes, m' lady," said Edward.

And he disappeared, as Sir Hampton was forgetting to be stiff for a few minutes, as he returned the salute of his eldest girl, Valentina.

"I'm sorry we're late, papa; but we went farther than we meant."

"But you know, Tiny," said Sir Hampton, "I like punctuality."

And he glanced with pride at the graceful, undulating form, in its pretty morning dress; and then gazed in the soft grey eyes, looking lovingly out of a sweet oval face, framed in rich brown hair.

"Oh, bother punctuality, daddy!" said the younger girl, a merry, mischievous-looking blonde, with freckled face, bright eyes, and a charming *petite* form that was most attractive. "Don't be cross," she cried, getting behind his chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, and laying a soft downy cheek upon his bald head. "Don't be cross; we've had such a jolly walk, and got a basketful of ferns. There! that'll make you good-tempered."

And she leaned over, dragging his head back, and kissed him half a dozen times on the forehead.

"Fin! Finetta!" exclaimed Sir Hampton. "Now, suppose one of the servants saw you!"

"Oh, they wouldn't mind, daddy," laughed the girl. "Oh, I say, how your head shines this morning!"

And bubbling over, as it were, with fun, she breathed sharply twice on her astonished parent's crown, gave her hand a circular movement over it a few times, and, before he could recover from his surprise, she finished it off with a polish from her pocket-handkerchief, and then stepped back, looking mischievously at the irate knight, as he forced his chair back from the table, and stared at her.

"Is the girl mad?" he exclaimed. "Finetta, you make me exceedingly angry."

"Not with me, daddy," said the girl, placing herself on his knee. "Kiss me, and say good morning, sir."

The head of the family hesitated for a moment, and then could not resist the upturned face, which he kissed and then pushed the girl away.

"Now go to your place; and I insist, Fin, upon your dropping—"

Miss Matilda started.

"I mean leaving off—using that absurdly childish appellation. I desire you always to address me as papa."

"All right, daddy," said the girl, laughing—"as soon as I can teach myself."

Sir Hampton snatched himself back into his place, and began to open letters; while Finetta went and kissed her aunt.



"Well, aunty, how's Pip this morning?"

"Pepine is very unwell, my dear," said Miss Matilda, coldly.

"You stuff him too much, aunty, and don't give him exercise enough."

"My dear, you should not deliver opinions upon what you don't understand. Your papa's cup."

"Don't understand, aunty!" said the girl, passing the cup; "why, I know all about dogs and horses. You give Pip over to me for a week; I'll soon put the little wretch right."

Lady Rea saw the horror upon her sister-in-law's countenance, and catching her daughter's eye, shook her head at her, as she went on dispensing the tea.

"Have some poached eggs, daddy—pa?" said Fin, correcting herself with much gravity, and revelling in the look of suffering upon her aunt's face. "No? Tiny, give papa some of the turkey."

Sir Hampton fed himself mechanically, passed some letters to his wife and eldest daughter, and read his own.

"Is there no letter for me, Hampton?" said Miss Matilda, plaintively.

There was a grunt, indicative of "No," from the knight; and Miss Matilda sighed, and went on sipping her sugarless tea, and nibbling some very dry, butterless toast.

"I say, Aunt Matty," said Fin, merrily, "I mean to take you in hand."

"Take me in hand, child?" said the spinster.

"Yes, aunty. Now, look here; if, instead of stopping grumping here at home, you had had a jolly good run with us—"

Miss Matilda took a sip of her tea, which might have been vinegar from the aspect of her countenance.

"You could have gathered ferns, sipped the bright morning dew, come back with a colour, and eaten a breakfast like I do. Tiny, give me some more of that turkey."

"Your appetite is really ravenous, child," said Miss Matilda, with a shudder.

"Not it, aunty; I'm growing—aint I, ma, dear?"

"Well, my love, I think you are filling out—not growing."

"Ah, but, ma," laughed Fin, with her mouth full, "I'm not going to be round and plump like you are, am I?"

"Fin!" exclaimed her sister, from the other side of the table.

"Oh, ma knows I don't mean any harm; don't you, dear? It's only my fun, isn't it? I shouldn't mind—I should like to be such a soft, loving old dear; shouldn't I?"

"Hush, hush, hush!" exclaimed Lady Rea. "I do think, though, aunty, a walk would do you good before breakfast."

"Perhaps it might do you good, too," said Miss Matilda, with some asperity.

"Er-rum, er-rum!" ejaculated Sir Hampton, laying down a big blue official envelope. "Lady Rea—my dears, I have something to communicate."

He sat back in his chair, and brushed a few crumbs from his buff waistcoat.

"Well, pa, dear, what is it?" said Lady Rea, out of her tea-cup.

"Er-rum, I have at last," said Sir Hampton, pom-

pously, "received public recognition of my position. My dears, I have been placed upon the bench, and am now one of the county magistracy."

He looked round for the applause which should follow.

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I'm very glad if it pleases you," said Lady Rea. "Matty, give me another poached egg."

"It was quite time they did, Hampton," said Miss Matilda.

"I congratulate you, papa, dear," said Valentina, going up to him and kissing him; "and I'm sure the poor will be glad to have so kind a magistrate to deal with them."

"Thank you, Tiny—thank you," said Sir Hampton, smiling, and trying to look every inch a magistrate, before turning to his second daughter, who was intent upon a turkey drumstick.

"But I say, pa, what fun it will be!" she said at last; "you'll have to sit on the poachers."

"Yes, the scoundrels!" said Sir Hampton, and his cravat crackled.

"And send all the poor old women to quod for picking sticks."

"To where?" exclaimed Miss Matilda, in horrified tones.

"Quod," said Finetta, quite unmoved; "it's Latin, I think, for prison, or else it's stable slang—I'm not sure. But oh, my," she continued, seeing her father's frown, "we've got some news, too."

"Have you, dear?" said mamma, "what is it?"

"We saw Humphrey Lloyd this morning."

"Who is Humphrey Lloyd?" said Lady Rea.

"The keeper at Penreife."

"Penreife," said Sir Hampton, waking up out of a day-dream of judicial honours. "Yes, a beautiful estate. I would have bought it instead of this if it had been for sale."

"Well," said Finetta, "we met Humphrey, and talked to him."

"I think, if I may be allowed to say so, Finetta, that you are too fond of talking to grooms and keepers, and people of that class," said Miss Matilda, glancing at her brother, who, however, was once more immersed in judicial dreams—J.P., *custos rotulorum*, commission of the peace, etcetera.

"Tennyson used to hang with grooms and porters on bridges, and he's poet laureate; so why shouldn't I?" said Finetta, rebelliously.

"I don't think it's nice, though," said mamma. "Aunt Matty is quite right; you are not a child now, my dear."

"Oh, mamma, dear, it's only Fin's nonsense," said Tiny. "Humphrey is a very respectful, worthy young fellow, and he climbed up the big rocks down by Penreife for us, and got us some of those beautiful little aspleniums we couldn't reach."

"Yes, ma, dear," said Finetta; "and he says that the next time he writes to his old aunt in Wales, he'll tell her to send some of the beautiful little rare ferns that grow up on one of the mountains, in a place that nearly broke my teeth when I tried to say it."

Lady Rea shook her head at her daughter, who rattled on.

"Well, you know about Penreife belonging to Lieutenant Trevor?"

Lady Rea nodded.

"Well, Humphrey's got orders to go to town to meet his master, who has been on a cruise round the world, and his ship's paid off, and now he's going to settle at home."

"Who's going to settle at home?" inquired Sir Hampton.

"Lieutenant Trevor."

"Ah! a sailor person, and rough, I suppose—sailors always are," said Sir Hampton.

"Yes," cried Finetta, "they haul in slack, and cry 'Avast' at you, and 'Shiver my timbers.' But, I say—I like sailors; I shall set my cap at him."

"Finetta!" gasped Miss Matilda.

"Don't talk nonsense, child," said Lady Rea. "Don't you hear what papa says about sailors being so rough? I dare say he isn't a bit of a gentleman."

"But he's an officer, ma, dear," said Finetta; "and if Tiny hasn't made up her mind to have him, I shall. They are doing all sorts of things up at the house, and it's to be full of company, Mrs. Lloyd says; and she looked as proud as a peacock, as she stood smoothing her white apron. We're sure to be invited; and won't it be a good job! for this place is so jolly dull."

"Ah, my child," said Aunt Matilda, "if you would only properly employ your time, you would not find it dull."

"What! knit mittens, bother the poor people, and read St. Thomas à Kempis, aunty?" replied Finetta. "No, thank you. But Mr. Trevor's coming—I say, ought we to call him lieutenant?—it's so absurd—ought to brighten up the place a bit; and of course, ma, you'll ask him here?"

"Er-rum!" ejaculated Sir Hampton, rousing himself from his day-dreams. "It is my wish that there should always be shown in my establishment the hospitality of—er—er—a country gentleman."

"And a knight," said Miss Matilda, softly.

"Thank you, Matilda—and a knight," said Sir Hampton. "But, my dears, I have great pleasure in announcing to you that I have made up my mind that we shall now pay a short visit to the great metropolis."

"How jolly!" said Finetta. "But what are we going for, pa, dear?"

"My dear, I have several things to see about," said Sir Hampton. "To engage a groom for one thing, to buy horses for another, and a gun or two for my friends. I intend to have, too, the west room fitted up for billiards."

"For what, Hampton?" said his sister.

"Er-rum!—billiards," said Sir Hampton.

"It is not often that I venture upon a word, Hampton, respecting your household management; but when I hear of propositions which must interfere with your future welfare, I feel bound to speak."

"And, pray, what do you mean?" said Sir Hampton, angrily.

"I mean that I gave way when you insisted on having cards in the house, because you said your visitors liked whist—"

"And you were always rattling the dice box, and playing backgammon," retorted Sir Hampton.

"That is different," said Miss Matilda; "backgammon is a very old and a very innocent game."

"Oh!" said Sir Hampton.

"I have known great divines play at backgammon."

"And I've known a bishop play a good rubber at whist," said Sir Hampton.

"I am sorry for it," said Miss Matilda; "but I draw the line at billiards. It is a detestable game, played on a green cloth, which is the flag of gambling, and—"

"If you will take my advice, Matty, you will hold your tongue," said Sir Hampton. "My guests will like a game at billiards, and I'll be bound to say, before we've had the tables in the house a month, you'll be playing a game yourself."

"Hampton!"

"Same as you do at whist."

"I oblige your guests, and make up your horrid rubbers."

"But I say, aunty, you do like winning, you know," chimed in Fin.

"Oh, my dear, I—"

"You pocketed fifteen shillings—I won't say 'bob,' because it's slangy," said Fin, laughing mischievously.

"I protest, I—"

"Er-rum!—I won't hear another word. We start for town to-morrow; and, my dear, you asked me once for horses—you shall have them. Fin, my child, don't strangle me! There, now, see how you've rumpled my cravat!"

"Oh, thank you, daddy!"

"Now, if you say *daddy* again, I'll alter my mind," said the old gentleman, angrily.

"There, then, I won't," said Fin. "But I say, pa, we must have a groom."

"Of course, my dear."

"And riding-habits."

"To be sure."

"And we can get them in town. Oh, Tiny, do say 'Hooray' for once in your life."

"Er-rum! It's my intention," said Sir Hampton, "to patronize the sports of our country, and foster hunting, game-keeping, and the like. By the way, that man Lloyd might do some commissions for me. Matty, you will keep house till we return. My dears, we start to-morrow morning."

"Then all I've got to say," said Miss Matilda, sharply, "is this—"

"Yelp! yelp! yelp!"—a succession of wild shrieks from beneath the antimacassar, out of one side of which lay a thin black tail, in very close proximity to Fin's pretty little foot, and in an instant Aunt Matty was down upon her knees, talking to and caressing the dog.

"Er-rum!" went Sir Hampton, slowly crossing the hall to his library, followed by Lady Rea; and directly after Miss Matilda hurried away, with her pet in her arms.

"Now, Fin, that was cruel. I saw you tread on Pip's tail," said Tiny.

"Doing evil that good might come," said Fin, defiantly. "Look here, Tiny—pets were anciently offered up to save a row. If I hadn't made him squeal, there would have been pa storming, Aunt Matty going into hysterics, and ma worried to death; so that it was like the old nursery rhyme—"

'I trod sharp on the little dog's tail;  
The dog b gan to -briek and wail,  
And po-r Aunty Matty turned mighty pale;  
It stopped papa from blowing a gale;  
And that's the end of my little tale.'

"Er-rum! was heard from across the hall."

"There's daddy going to lecture me; and look here, Tiny, Edward will come in directly to clear the cloth. Now, then, here's a penny; let's toss. Heads or tails, who wins?"

"Wins what?"

"Mr. Richard Trevor, and Penreife. Now then, cry!"

"No," said Tiny, "I'll laugh instead."

And she kissed her sister on the cheek.

### The History of a Failure.

THERE are many misanthropical people in the world who will read the story of a failure with far more pleasure than that of a success. Therefore, to your blue, morbid, mouldy folks, who see only misery, disappointment and sorrow in everything around, let us commend Major Butler's new work, "Akimfoo."\* It is a book that they can take to the room in which they growl at things in general, and there they can gloat and revel in the weakness of human nature, the desolation of inhuman nature; find marshes, swamps, dripping trees, storms, darkness, and incessant rains; and, in fevers that will not yield to quinine, be awfully and enjoyably miserable to the last page.

But it must not be imagined that "Akimfoo" is only suited to the hypochondriacal and miserable; for it is a book of stirring adventure that will delight the man of sound, healthy mind, rising from his interesting task of reading it proud of his brother-Englishman, and the indomitable perseverance of one who plodded on, amidst sickness and disappointment, to try and achieve an end, though failure was the result—a failure, though, that was perhaps more glorious than many men's success.

Major Butler was the friend and companion of Sir Garnet Wolseley in one of the North American expeditions—the Red River—over frozen prairie and through pine forest; and, evidently having a taste for adventure, he was in 1873 finishing a long journey in the frozen north; and then, wandering down the Pacific slope to California, and crossing the continent in eight days, performing a journey which had taken him eight months a thousand miles farther to the north, he stood once more on the Atlantic shore of America uncertain where to go, what to do.

A newspaper decided it. He took up the Free something or another, to read in the telegraphic summary that the Ashantee expedition had been decided upon, and that Sir Garnet Wolseley was in command.

That was enough. With such a leader, bound on an exciting expedition, there was nothing to do but to follow; and a few minutes after Major Butler was at the telegraph office, sending over to England the message to Sir Garnet that he would sail to join him by the first steamer.

He started at once, parting with his rough, furry dog, the partner of many a frozen journey; and after a stormy voyage, he arrived in England just in time to pass the steamer starting with the young general and

his staff for Cape Coast. "Follow my leader" seems to have been Major Butler's soldierly motto; and, getting over the delays of preparation, he started. A humorous sketch is given, though, upon the outfit question, and the notions of the British tradesmen upon the subject of what is necessary for the traveller bound to a foreign clime. Major Butler says that fully two-thirds of the conventional outfit will be found utterly useless before one is a week in the new land. The kettle that boils water without fire in London will do everything else but boil water abroad. The contrivance which is to be bed, bath, and board to the weary traveller in one and the same article, generally, by some hitch, offers to the traveller "a board when it should turn up as a bed, and becomes a bath just at the moment when there is not a drop of water to be had." The outfitting tradesman looks askance at the traveller who will not overload himself, and thinks him an impostor if he does not go to hunt the white bear in proper Polar spectacles, and seeks sport in South Africa without patent hippopotamus leggings and a helmet of felt. The Major's opinion is, that with a stout gun and a good pistol, a few pairs of strong boots, two or three suits of Tweed, half a dozen flannel shirts, and a wideawake hat, a man is "outfitted" for any of the four quarters of the globe.

Overcoming the outfitting difficulty, he sailed at last for Cape Coast, and arrived there in safety, to the land which he looks upon as cursed; and here he halts in his book, to treat broadly the negro question from the point of view of one who has practically studied it. Major Butler's opinions are decided, and will find but little favour with the Exeter Hall fraternity. In incisive language, he says that those who know the negro best, like the "man and a brother" theory the least. Nature has made the black for labour, art only perverts him to idleness. "We have stopped slavery on the West Coast, or rather stopped the exportation of slaves, and with what result? You shall hear. His Majesty of Dahomey, Ashantee, or Benin may now execute ten negroes where before he killed one. In old times, Quacco or Quabina fetched ten or twenty pounds in the slave market . . . now the article has lost its value."

The result is that, as the petty wars go on as before, the slaves taken cannot be sold, so they are butchered; and, according to Major Butler, we have saved the negro from a life of slavery to consign him to death.

This is a most serious charge, and, sad to say, it appears to be only too well supported by fact; and, furthermore, we are told that "we wept over that story of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's; but, alas, there was not a tear shed nor a thought given to the thousand wretches whose blood stained the cotton-wood stools of African kings from the Orange River to the Sahara."

The "opening up" of Africa our author looks upon with contempt, and reasonably thinks that, if any opening up of Africa was to come, it would proceed from itself, and not from outside. But Major Butler will not have it. He looks upon the negro with contempt—as the only created being who denies the ordinance that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Quacco, in his native state, makes his woman work, and earns his bread by squatting down and staring into space. "He is strong as a hippopotamus, and quite as ugly; but, despite his strength, the amount of his labour is to grease himself until his black hide glistens

\* "Akimfoo: the History of a Failure." Sampson Low and Co.

like coal-tar, and his immense mouth grins from ear to ear with the huge animalism of his delight."

This is a hard judgment, but our author's experience was most bitter. He joins an expedition to free a number of petty kings and their people from the barbarous incursions of the Ashantees—the one warlike tribe who, for generations past, have come down upon them with fire and sword. Major Butler is deputed by Sir Garnet to raise a certain number of fighting men, under their kings or chiefs, and take a line south of that pursued by the General, so as to reach Ashantee by another route, and create a diversion by dividing the attention of the people of Coomassie.

The British officer goes off elate, to find the failure which he here chronicles in its incipient stage. The first thing he learns is that the English have gone over to Cape Coast to fight for the tribes—to save them. And we may do it, for not a step will they stir in their own defence without being "dashed"—that is, presented with guns, ammunition, cotton cloth, and rum. We may fight for them, and save them, but they don't care. They are very warlike, and beat drums and blow horns; but when fighting men are asked for, this king wants another "dash" because his "dash" was not so big as that king's; and as to fighting, that was the English people's affair. They had come to save the tribes; so they might do it, and welcome. Quacco and Co. would not stir without being paid, and paid well, to protect their own homes.

At every step, with everything, there was difficulty. Little, narrow-minded childishness might be the term applied to the negro, but for his animalism; and again and again had Major Butler to sit down, disheartened and weary, in this frightfully oppressive climate, completely beaten for the time by the procrastination which ate like a canker into his expedition. Then came fever—the hideous, wearing fever of the swampy, steamy land; but still he was not beaten. Day after day he struggled on, appealing, promising, bribing, trying to shame the chiefs into collecting their men to start upon the war-path, and too often trying in vain. They would go to-morrow, next week, in a fortnight. Such and such a day was unlucky; there was the fetish to study; or they must go to some custom. And then, sick at heart, and so ill that, to use his own words, he ought to have died over and over again, did Major Butler wait, knowing the while that every day was of value, that the time lost could never be regained, and getting hopeless as to the possibility of reaching his goal.

In all his troubles, the only plan that seemed to have any effect upon our noble black allies was that of fixing a day for starting forward, and then trying to force them by keeping his word and starting forward without them, if they were not ready. But for this, he would never have gone forward at all—the plan shaming the chiefs into struggling along the narrow forest paths, after the indomitable spirit who boldly started forward to invade Ashantee alone, save for the bearers who bore him and his luggage.

In time he is joined by two or three English officers, but they soon succumbed to the deadly fever; and it was almost literally alone that he had to progress through the twilight of the steamy, fever-engendering forest, or out in the open, scorched by the fierce sunshine, till, straggling after him, came some of the promised men, and at last he got his beggarly contingent

of black cowards within a few miles of Coomassie, when there was an alarm. The enemy were at hand; there was some firing, and a *great victory* was the result—two or three prisoners were taken and slaughtered. That was enough. The kings and their men would have no more of it. They had seen blood; they had killed two or three men; and, to Major Butler's horror, after his months of ceaseless labour to march these Akims forward, the whole of his little black army began to retreat. He says—"For a moment I was stupefied. Surely it could not be!"

But it could: the cowards were in full retreat, just at the time when there was a prospect of their leader completing his task; but there was no stopping them.

"The whole game was over!"

And here comes the moral: the men they had encountered were some friendly natives, belonging to another contingent. As for the panic-stricken victors, they did not stop their retreat till they had placed twenty miles between them and the people they had conquered. Not that it mattered much, for Coomassie had in the meantime been taken.

Major Butler may well be forgiven for his feelings towards the craven set for which so much fine British blood was spilt, and for whose sake he had striven so hard on the path of duty, to return at last to the sea for rest on board ship, until England should be in sight.

But "such a rest was not to be." A fever—compared with whose deadly strength all the previous fevers had been as nothing—burst suddenly upon him, and the long pent poison of those weary hours of toil found at last expression in overwhelming illness.

Major Butler's is a book to be read with interest for its adventure, and pondered over for the moral which it gives. It does not contain a dry page, is unassuming and manly in its tone, and will not be left by the reader until the last page is reached. But when it has been read, he who has thought over its lessons will be about the very worst person for the lady of whom Mrs. Jellyby was the type to apply to for subscriptions for the opening up of distant Africa, and the improvement of Borrioboola Gha.

**FEARFUL POSITION.**—A somewhat awkward incident occurred at a London church a week or two ago. The bridegroom, a very nervous young man, put the wedding-ring for a moment into his mouth while he frantically tried to pull off his gloves. In his flurry and excitement, as the moment for pledging his troth came more and more awfully near, he opened his mouth for a gasp or a sigh, I cannot say which, and, hey, presto! the ring slipped down his throat as if by magic. For one brief moment his face assumed a hue so appallingly suggestive of apoplexy that the bride fainted. After a desperate struggle, the ring went down instead of coming up, and the ceremony came to an abrupt stop. I regret to say that, in defiance of this solemn warning, the reckless couple insisted upon rushing on their fate, and after bride and bridegroom had recovered, and another ring had been lent by some malignant misanthrope, of whom there are always one or two officiously active on occasions of this sort, the knot was tied. I have heard of men swallowing their scruples before now, but to swallow one's troth is a novelty.—*Man about Town.*





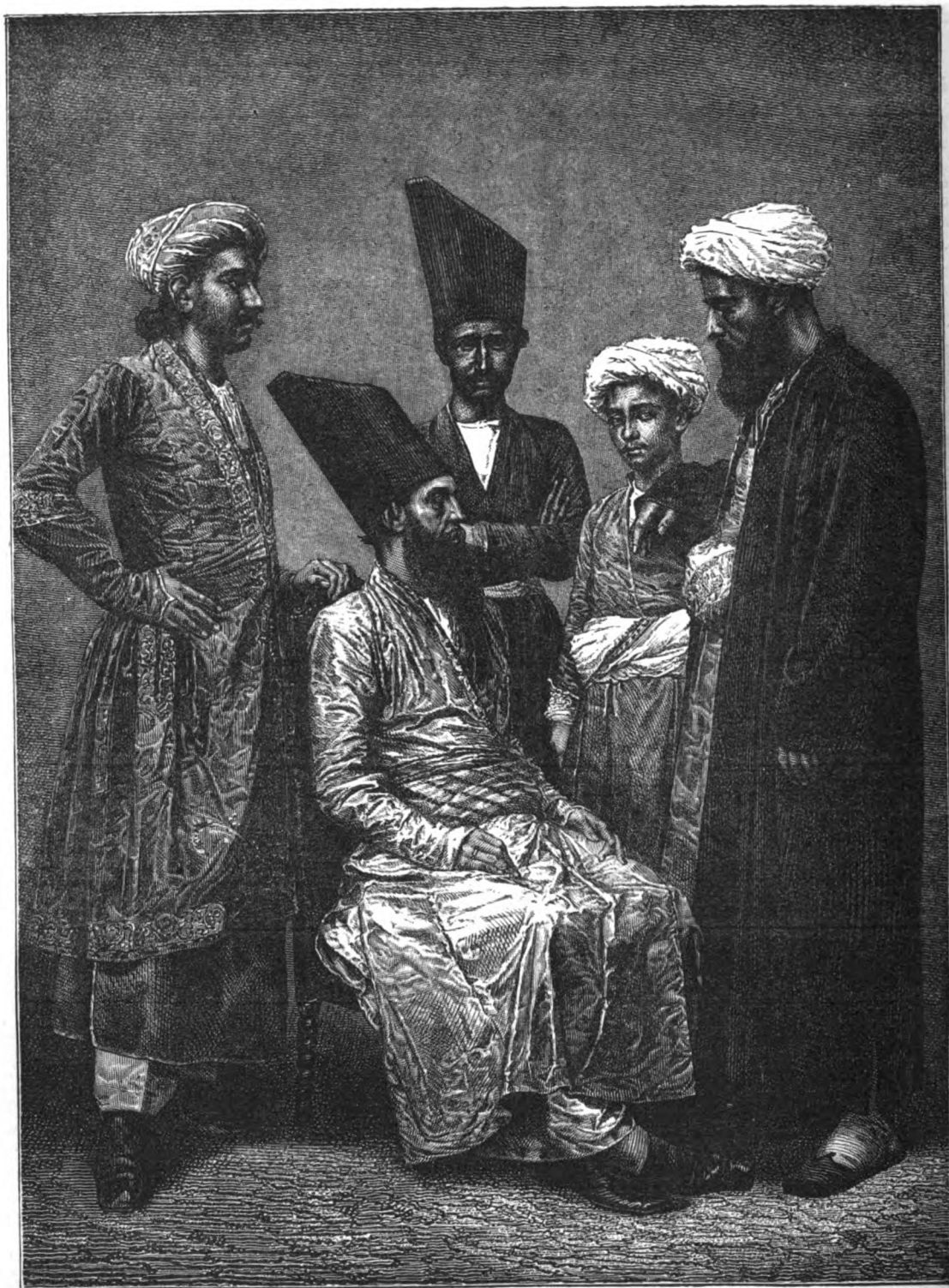


Once a Week.]

**NATIVES OF BOMBAY.** (See page 151.)

[January, 1876.





Once a Week.]

**BOMBAY PARSEES.** (See page 151.)

[December, 1875.]



## A Bit about Bombay.

AMONGST the people who have been the first to welcome the Prince of Wales to Bombay, perhaps the most interesting are the Parsees, those remnants of the ancient Pars or Fars, the ancient name of Persia, and who are now the followers of the ancient Persians, as reformed by Zoroaster. These Parsees are world-famed for their enlightenment, and they may be well looked upon as among the aristocratic races of the

the Queen's eldest son, with results as picturesque to the eye as they were satisfactory in a political sense. The decorations of the streets, buildings, and residences of the people manifested the universal goodwill in a thousand striking ways, and produced a general effect of a kind entirely surpassing anything witnessed in European cities. This was especially the case as regards the illuminations which, on the evening of the birthday of his Royal Highness, literally turned night into day, and set the sky ablaze. Everybody in the



THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA. (Page 152.)

great continent of India. In personal appearance they present all the nobility of the Caucasian type, and but for colour there are few who would not make good Englishmen if dressed after the European custom. Unlike the Japanese, though, who have gone in hard and fast for the British dress as soon as they come in contact with us, the Parsee keeps to a modification of his old costume, a good idea of which, and of the Parsee physique, may be derived from the engraving which accompanies this part. But Hindoo, Mohammedan, Parsee, and all alike have vied in rendering homage to

official world agrees in declaring the importance of these demonstrations; and it is allowed on all sides that a new character has been given to the Royal visit by the unanimity of the public sentiment in the capital of Western India.

It is particularly satisfactory to know that the feelings of goodwill displayed by Hindoos, Parsees, and others have been shown just as strongly in the Muslim quarters of Bombay. The followers of Islam form, with the floating population of Persians and Arabs, at least a third of the inhabitants of Bombay, and are

only too palpably divided, especially at such times as the Mohurru, into passionate sects. The Borahs, who do most of the retail business of the bazaars, and wander about the Mofussil from station to station—peripatetic shops, carrying their goods on the heads of coolie women—are Shiites. The more numerous Sunnis consider them all heretics, as also the Kodjahs, who are descendants of Syrian tribes, and have for their chief Agha-Khan, the actual descendant of Hassan, the Old Man of the Mountain, Lord of the *Hashisheen*, or "Assassins" of Crusading times. These jealous sectaries give constant uneasiness to the authorities of the city; but even in their special quarter the illuminations and decorations have proved brilliant and unstinted, and the welcomes warm—and, indeed, we cannot see that anything was lacking to the complete success of the Prince's first introduction to his mother's Oriental subjects. No wonder he is reported highly pleased with the warmth of his reception and the behaviour of the vast populace.

As a matter of course, the Prince paid a visit to Elephanta, the little island which runs midway between Bombay and the mainland, upon the sparkling waters of the harbour. The trip is charming, and demands no nautical qualities from the sightseer, for it must blow very hard indeed from the south-west to ruffle that lake-like expanse of shining sea which stretches between Colabo, Karanja, and the Tanna River. Setting forth from the Apollo Bunder, the great purple masses of the Ghâts rise full in front of the vessel; on the right is Karanja—as beautiful a tropical island as may be seen, covered with verdure glassed in the blue wave, neem and acacia and tamarind overtopped by areca and cocoa palms—busy with the catching and preparation of the delicate little fish known as "Bombay duck"—a *bonne bouche* which lovers of the piquant should try, as it is to be obtained in its dried state at any of our principal Italian warehouses.

A little on the left hand is Butcher Island, deriving its name, if local tradition may be believed, from the detested act of immolating the sacred animal, so necessary to the beef-loving European, which used to be performed there, out of sight of Bombay. Between lies Elephanta, so-called because of a colossal elephant in stone which used to stand upon its shores, but known to natives as Garapuri, or the Place of Caves. The shelving shores of the little island do not permit even a small boat to approach; so that the visitor, whether prince or ordinary tourist, must be carried to land in a more or less unromantic fashion. He is deposited at the foot of a long stair cut in the living rock, and leading by a broad and easy slope to a terrace, upon which opens the grim and black aperture of a cavern excavated in the hillside, and overhung with the wildest growth of creepers, tangled tropical weeds, and deepul-trees, with their aerial roots.

The flat roof of the cave is apparently supported by long ranges of squat but not ungraceful columns, which seem, by their form, to feel the weight of the mighty mass of rock superincumbent upon them. Inside, the daylight quickly fades away among their flattened capitals and broken shafts into an artificial evening, amid which the eye dimly perceives the figures of gigantic and imposing gods and goddesses sculptured upon the walls and architraves, until by and by, as the sight grows accustomed to the dusk, it rests, at the

extremity of the chief arcade, upon a form which looms, monstrous and wonderful, and absorbs attention. This is a colossal bust, representing a Deity with three faces carved, vast and solemn, out of the grey stone of the mountain side, and for ever filling the cave with the mystery of its changeless aspects.

The countenances are seven feet in length, with hair and head-dresses richly adorned—the middle one full-fronted, the other two in profile; and all of a certain majestic beauty, though the right hand visage expresses severe and terrible passion. The hand of this figure holds a representation of the deadly cobra, its *phut*, or hood, expanded, and fangs raised to strike; the head-dress is carved with snakes, skulls, and a little new-born child; the mouth is cruel, and the eyes ferocious. The left-hand God of the Three carries a lotus flower, and wears a smiling expression, with symbols of birth and growth engraved upon its cap and garb. The central form gazes forth with an air of calm and motionless divinity, neither moved by anger nor by pity; it is crowned with a royal diadem, and its breast bears necklaces of carved work to represent rich jewellery.

Upon the occasion of the Prince's visit, we learn that on the top of the highest eminence in the island had been prepared a huge fire, which flared to heaven as the evening fell, lighting the land and sea near and far. Lines of fire running down from the summit gave the hill the appearance of a volcano in active eruption; and, in addition to this, the long flight of rock-hewn steps, leading from the waterside to the entrance of the ancient cavern, was also marked with numberless lamps, flambeaux, and fires, casting a glow deep within the usually dark halls of the sculptured temple, and bringing into wonderful relief of light and shadow the mysterious forms within. A grand banquet had been prepared under the colossal three-headed deity at the extremity of the cavern, to which a hundred and sixty guests sat down, the Prince of Wales presiding.

The general effect of such a brilliant table in the ancient and subterranean shrine was, as may be imagined, of the most picturesque nature, and the solemn triple figure which gazes from the wall of rock had surely never witnessed such a scene. As the steamer returned with the royal party from the illuminated islet, the fleet lying in the harbour saluted with splendid effect, and hung out lamps from every spar and rope, while rockets hissed into the moonlit air, and every merchant vessel and country boat contributed lanterns, or lamps, or fireworks to the demonstrations.

The mystic triune sculpture which renders the Elephanta Cave so famous, and makes it a place of awe and religion still to all comers, though the priests have long ago abandoned the temple to bats and jackals, is called the *Trimurti*, or "Threefold God," and according to general belief it represents a Hindoo Trinity in Unity, the three forms being those of Shiva, the Destroying Principle; Vishnu, the Preserving God; and Brahma, the All-embracing Creator. The visitor to this strange subterranean temple, built with the chisel in the bowels of the mountain, and peopled with images of Parvati and Ganesha and Durga, in shadowy attendance round the central Triad, ought to read there—if he would catch the spirit of the spot—those verses from the *Raghuvansa*, which Dr. Muir has lately translated. The weird and awful sentiment of the Cave, and the

meaning of its allegory, is realized in these supplications: "Glory to Thee, who art the Creator of the universe, its upholder, and its destroyer; glory to Thee, O Threefold. As water falling from the sky assumes different bodies, so Thou, associated with the three qualities—Goodness, Passion, and Darkness—assume the three states, Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer, Thyself unchanged. Immeasurable, Thou measurest the worlds; desiring nothing, Thou art the fulfiller of desires; indiscernible, Thou art the cause of all that is discerned. Thou knowest all things, Thyself unknown; sprung from Thyself, Thou art the source of all things; though but One, Thou assumest all forms. Who comprehends the truth regarding Thee, who art unborn, and yet becomest born; who art passionless, yet slayest thine enemies; who sleepest, and yet art awake? The roads leading to perfection, which vary according to different manifested systems, all end in Thee, as the waves of the Ganges flow to the ocean. The remembrance of Thee alone purifies man. There is nothing for Thee to attain which Thou hast not already attained; love to the world is the only motive for Thy birth and for Thy actions. If this our hymn pauses in celebrating Thy greatness, the reason is our inability; Thy praise is not begun, but our power is ended." The question as to when these profoundly interesting sculptures were executed has never been settled. The cave-temple itself is certainly upon the well-known model of the Buddhist *vihara*, sublime examples of which may be seen at Ellora and Ajunta, and even upon the mainland, near Elephanta itself, in the little village of Kenhari. But the particular age when to the Buddhist shrine was added the Brahmanical triad is most doubtful, and probably very remote; for even Lassen's great authority must not make us fix it so late as the middle ages. It was cut, perhaps, during that period when the Brahmins of Canouj had driven out the Buddhists, and afterwards imitated their rock temples, and tried to reconcile within them the old polytheism, with the newer idea of one God left dominating in the Indian mind by the vanquished creed. It is true that the defaced condition of these strange carvings appears due more to the brutal iconoclasm of the Portuguese and Mohammedans than to the hand of time; and equally true that the first historical mention of a *Trimurti* temple is with regard to that made by Devaraja of Vigajanagar, on the banks of the Penar. But, ancient or recent, Buddhist, Jain, or Brahmanical, the sculptures of Elephanta fill the thoughtful beholder with strange meditations on the similarity of creeds, and the vain attempts of mankind to define the indefinable.

Poona, the capital of the Mahratta country, is another of the interesting places visited by the Prince. It lies above the range of mountains called the Ghâts, but is connected with Bombay by rail.

The first portion of this journey is made across the Concan, or low country, and passes through a rich and thickly-cultivated country, full of palm groves, mango and tamarind trees, and fruitful fields, with occasional ranges of hills clothed with bright tropical vegetation. Many towns and villages are seen, as to which the map will inform you, and of which the strange painted names in the stations in Marathi and Guzerathi would be very puzzling but for the English translation above, and the explanatory cry of the guards. The remark-

able portion of this line is reached when the train arrives at the foot of the massive mountains, which have appeared all the way from the coast, and which bar the further progress of the traveller. Taking, however, a long and early start for the ascent, the line is soon seen to be mounting, by cunning approaches and sudden zigzags, this immense "staircase" of rock, and the astonished traveller presently finds himself looking down upon villages and groves recently passed through, and occasionally reversing apparently his direction, until the train steams along high above the Concan, and the Duke's Nose, a curiously-formed mass of stone, announces that the top is nearly reached. The scenery along this route is really striking, and the whole journey surpasses in interest any climbing railway with which Europe is acquainted; while the change in the aspect of the country, after accomplishing the ascent and reaching Khandalla, is very marked.

Bombay has of course been the chief point, though, to which all native kings and princes came to welcome our Prince. Much of the display made by the good city must indeed have been spontaneous and sincere; for no municipal orders could have set it ablaze with festive glitter and gladness, from end to end of the island, if the hearts of the population had not been favourably disposed. We are informed that the general sentiment among the natives was, in truth, of the most cordial and good-humoured sort; and that the principal chiefs had been greatly gratified by the courtesy and kindly bearing of his Royal Highness. May he return in safety!

### My Friend who Fished.

ONE always tells an anecdote about anything which happened in America in a kind of hopeless, despondent way, for it is sure to be called "a Yankee yarn;" and whatever truth there is in it, no one believes you. "Give a dog a bad name, and then hang him," is a trite but true saying, and no matter how far the scene of a story may be laid from Yankeedom pure and simple, if it is American it is branded as fictitious, and the teller suffers accordingly.

Knowing all this, however, I am going to run the risk of being disbelieved in telling the following story, for all of which I can vouch as faithfully as a storyteller can:—

I was living down South some years ago—that is to say, in Georgia—long before the civil war began, and when, whatever may be said about slavery, our friend the darkey was, on the whole, prosperous, contented, not too hard-worked, and decidedly well fed and cared for. Certainly, he was a slave; but as a rule he did not know it, or if he did, he did not mind. He laughed hugely, sang merrily, basked in the sunshine, and hunted 'coons by moonlight.

That brings me to the ditty. Do you know what a 'coon is? Possibly you have some knowledge of the little gentleman; let me try and add to it. I won't bore you with scientific names, but simply tell you that it is a mischievous, playful animal, rather smaller than a fox, somewhat heavier in build, not so active, but so much like it that we may, with all respect to scientific gentlemen who class it as belonging to the plantigrade



section of the carnivora, call him the fox's American cousin.

I was, as I said, down South, and had dealings in cotton and sugar, doing a little bit of duck shooting for a change in the lagoons, where I also fished (?) for hideous little alligators, abominations for which I had a most wholesome hatred.

One day Pete, a gentleman of ebony countenance, opal eyeballs, and ivory teeth, a thoroughly merry darkey, who was my companion in many a fishing trip, came grinning up to me with something tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and on opening it out, there rolled out a furry-looking little animal, which proved to be a half-grown raccoon, one which, on arriving at maturity, was as tame and companionable as a dog. He was a handsome little fellow, in his dusky-grey coat, with ringed tail, and a patch here and there of white. But it is not of his personal appearance that I wish to tell, but his antics and tricks. In the former he resembled a kitten, in the way in which he would roll over, curve his tail, or seize my hand to pretend to bite it; in the latter, he was A1 in the cunning he displayed. Pete used to say it came natural to him; but I have my suspicions that it was my black friend who taught Dick, as I called him, to drink rum and water, and get hopelessly intoxicated thereon; to find oysters on the shore with their shells open, and, by one rapid dash of the paw, scoop out the mollusc without getting caught.

Another of Dick's games was land crab hunting; and he would chase the crawling objects to their holes, or hunt out the said holes, and then, inserting his paw, he would fish the crab out, seize him in his mouth, avoiding the nippers, and then—scrunch!—it was all over with the crab, while Dick sat blinking with his bright eyes in thorough enjoyment.

There was not much to be done with Dick during the day, when he would tuck his nose in the warm fur between his legs, curl up, and sleep like a top; and it was not until evening that he would become lively.

Take him down to a lagoon on a moonlight night, and Dick would be in his glory. He would scuffle out on to an overhanging bough, then thoroughly assimilate himself with it, by crouching so close that you could hardly make him out; and then he would allow his bushy tail to droop into the water, moving it very softly about, and waiting for a bite.

He would not wait long as a rule, for over and over again I have stood and watched him, till I have become aware of a slight movement in the water, when, with a spring that was like lightning, Dick would throw himself ashore, and in nine cases out of ten with a crab tight hold of his bushy tail.

Then there would be a slight scuffle, Dick would sit up on his hind legs, with the captive that had tried hard to regain the water, hold his prey in his fore paws, and crunch him up with the greatest of zest, before going to fish for another.

But they were not crabs which always came to Dick's fishing tackle. Before now a little alligator of some eighteen inches long has seized it, and been shaken off by Dick, who evidently did not wish for a nearer acquaintance. The other creatures attracted were a kind of turtle—alligator turtles we called them—hideous little creatures, with a very small carapace, and a long, snaky-looking head and neck, armed with quite a bird-

like, nipping mouth. I detested the things, placing them next to the alligators; but Dick liked them, for there seemed to be a good deal of succulent food contained between their shells. These fellows were very easily attracted to Dick's tail upon his fishing expeditions; they bit readily, but the result was not all that could be desired.

Dick would be crouching on a tree trunk, close over one of the silent, oily-looking, reed-fringed pools, when suddenly, as I watched, a snaky-like head would rise out of the water, followed by a lumpy shell. Then another and another would be thrust up, and the owners would silently paddle to the moving fur, look at it intently for a few moments, and then one would make a grab.

Evidently knowing his customers, Dick would wait patiently, to let him get fast hold before making his spring. Then off he would go for the shore or the shallows, with as big a bound as his muscles would sustain; but as a rule the result was only a loud splash, the turtle fell back into the water, and Dick had to resume his tactics, and generally without success, till a crab came, when, with a short bark of delight, the clever little animal would set-to and feast.

When, however, by chance, Dick did succeed in getting his prey ashore, there was no fight shown beyond one sharp snap made by turtle, one easily avoided by Dick, who would seize the reptile by the back of the neck, and drag the soft parts piecemeal from between the shells; for if he were not sharp over his work a task was in store for him, the turtle giving up all hope of reaching the water, and retiring within his hard, leathery carapace.

Dick afforded me many an hour's amusement; but one evening, when I had him out, he must have been seized with a desire for freedom. He darted off into the undergrowth—as I thought, in pursuit of something, and he never came back. Domesticity was all very well; but Dick's motto was evidently, "A life in the woods for me."

### Jack Hamilton's Luck.

#### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—GOOD NIGHT ALL.

WHAT do you think of my Luck? I am very well contented with it myself. If the black turned up pretty frequently at times, there has been a long and rarely broken run upon the red towards the finish. Cerise and I have had our troubles, of course. We have lost a couple of children—one rather sadly, by an accident; and the other two have left us, and got homes of their own. But they are dutiful and affectionate, and it is always a pleasure when we meet.

This manuscript lay for many years in my desk untouched. I wrote up to the point where my little waif consented to become my wife, and then put it aside; and my pen seems to go somewhat awkwardly now I am forcing it to give these final touches.

You see, I was out with the harriers the other day, and my horse put his foot in a rut, and came down on my right leg, which is bruised enough to confine me to the house for awhile. So I bethought me of the biography I had written, and got it out; and on reading it over, it seemed to me that if any one wished to publish



Once a Week.]

MY FRIEND THE 'COON. (See page 154.)

[December, 1875.





it, after the people who might be hurt by anything contained in it are dead and gone, he would find that the ending was rather abrupt and unsatisfactory. So that it may be well to add a detail or two.

We still live at Droitchester, and have done so, with an occasional spell of residence in London, ever since our marriage. Shortly after that event took place, Claridge broke through his family custom, and gave me a lease of the Rookery, which has since been renewed; and when, six years later, Bereton died, and Cerise got her fifty thousand, this model landlord built me a new house. For not only did our increasing family require more accommodation, but we were rich enough to give large parties, and have people to stay with us.

Claridge married Lady Emily Pussipor, after all; and, for all his cold, sarcastic talk, they have always lived very happily together. He takes more interest in politics than ever, and has a great deal of influence in the House, although he has never been promoted to place. But this disappointment has neither affected his appetite nor sapped his allegiance to his party. Our wives hit it off capitally, which is, of course, a great comfort. Whenever Parliament is not sitting, the Claridges come back to Worcestershire, and we are all as intimate as neighbours can be. There are two drawbacks to Claridge's happiness besides his limited success in statesmanship—he is subject to the gout, and has not got a son. But the gout only comes now and then, and never lasts long; and as for the disappointment about an heir, he consoles himself with the reflection that the young man would probably wish him dead, that he might inherit the property. He gets quite into a rage with the ungrateful, unnatural, imaginary *post-obit* borrower sometimes, when the gout is coming on.

Ellen married a brewer, and holds a very comfortable position in Croydon; has men servants and maid servants, and drives about in her own carriage.

When Tempest died, Mary went back to live with Mrs. Courtland. On that lady's death, she continued to reside at Bath, and has not married again. She comes and stays with us sometimes—a staid, grave, sweet-tempered woman, whose early troubles have stamped her features and character indelibly.

Mrs. Harwood lived with us while she lived at all, and Cerise cried bitterly when she lost her. I should have liked to put the simple word "Gumpy" on her tombstone, only people would not have understood it; would have thought it disrespectful, and smiled perhaps, not knowing the associations attaching to that homely nickname.

Mr. Hassack got a good living in Lincolnshire, a couple of years after he married Cerise and me. What became of him or his family afterwards I do not know; but I think of him sometimes in the spring, when the fish are rising freely. He stuffed the big trout beautifully for me, and the specimen adorns my library, in a handsome case, bearing a gold plate with the weight, length, and date of capture engraved upon it. I have never pulled such another out of the Droitchester stream.

By the bye, I was just going to make a final flourish at the bottom of this sheet, without mentioning that I met Broderip about ten years ago. It was on board a Rhine steamboat, and he was surrounded by a bevy of ladies, who hung upon his lips. No, no—I mean no harm; they were not attractive in appearance, and he had

a wife and daughter with him, though they were hustled rather into the background by the enthusiastic disciples. He had grown stout, and wore nether garments which showed off his calves, and had a coat collar which stuck up, and a rosette in front of his hat; and was always addressed as "the Dean." He spoke softly, deliberately, confidently, as men do who live in a female atmosphere; and evidently believed in himself thoroughly. He did not recognize me, and I took an opportunity of entering into conversation with him, some trifling service I performed bringing us into contact.

I asked him—I could not help it, for the life of me—whether he believed in such a thing as conscience. Of course he did!

"Oh," said I; "but I do not mean a theoretical conscience, but a practical one, which really makes a man wretched if he commits a crime."

"Why, the human heart is very apt to get seared," he replied, with a soft head-shake.

"Then you agree with me that remorse is not a common experience?"

"I almost fear—not."

"So that, if a man gained a good worldly position by traducing a friend and stepping into his shoes, you think that he would enjoy himself just as much as though he had never done a dirty and villainous trick in his life?"

He knew me then—but he did not turn a hair.

"Ah," he said, with pious unction, "we were sadly wild in our youth—sadly wild! But I hope your heart has been touched."

Which was turning my flank rather dexterously.

I have an enormous respect for the clergy of the Church of England, for I have come into contact with a great many of them, and never knew but one hypocrite amongst the lot. But certainly Charles Broderip did his best to bring up the average.

THE END.

## The Casual Observer.

WITH NOAH TO-DAY.

EVERY writer on London scenes gives his experience of a visit to Jamrach's Ark, so your Casual Observer follows the fashion.

Wapping Old Stairs have probably altered a good deal since Molly declared to Jack that she had never been false since their last parting; carefully abstaining, though, from all reference to a more remote date. Times are, in some respects, changed; and though east of London Bridge the waterman yet drives his trade, it is not to so successful a point as of old. The waterman's stairs have given place to steamboat piers; but Wapping stands where it did, and so does Ratcliff-highway. Molly is there, too; and if she be the Molly of whom Dibdin wrote, poor Jack need indeed have a cherub to sit up aloft to keep watch for his life from the vile, insatiate, flush-faced, high-cheekboned tigresses that make their lair in every court and alley. There must be something in a seafaring life that takes all that should support brain to make muscle. Brawny, open-chested, sun-tanned, honest fellows—how can sailors otherwise be so ready to walk into each open, garbage-baited trap?

But we leave philanthropists to deal with Jack, who

is in full force, strolling about in the riverside lanes, where slopsellers hang out their sky-blue suits of shoddy and stiff oilskins—where genuine marine-store dealers display oakum, cordage, and ships' lanterns—and those unfortunate sons of Hercules, the stevedores, hang about the dock gates, apparently more often out of work than in. Our journey is to Jamrach's; and after a brief introduction, we stand listening to the urbane words of a broad-shouldered, Teutonic-faced man, who speaks good English, with a foreign accent; and we know him for one who did not, in a time of peril, hesitate to throw himself unarmed upon a tiger that had escaped from its lair, and literally to hold it until assistance arrived.

The occurrence may be fresh in the memory of some readers—the tiger's escape into Ratcliff-highway, the seizure of a child, and then its owner's gallant battle for the recapture. But there is something else to look upon here, and the eye soon leaves the owner, to gaze upon the manifold curiosities he deals in: odds and ends sent by agents in all parts of the world, or brought by speculating captains, mates, and sailors, to find a ready market here. We were amongst the prisoners from our own woods and fields a few days since; but here we have the captives of the tropic jungles—from the great hot belt that extends round the world—parrots, grey, green, and shrieking; finches of every hue, twittering and chattering; in another room birds from Australia, notably gaudy-feathered parroquets—flocks of them, crowded together, and making an uproar that is almost deafening.

And here we learn the secret of a foreign bird's costliness: cages-full are collected and despatched, but the numbers that reach our shores alive, after an unfavourable voyage, are sometimes few indeed. Even here in their prison they die fast, and fifteen or twenty, defunct this morning, lie upon a box.

Another few yards, and we are in a perfect museum. Shells of the most beautiful pearly hues are heaped around; specimens of creamy coral and madrepore. Here are the tortoiseshell-spotted univalves of our chimneypieces; the huge conches, and delicate nautili. Upon the other side, tall vases from China, with many another curio from the same place; ivory carvings and works in copper.

Japan, too, has sent its quota in lacquer and carving. Stuffed animals, monkey mummies, the human-headed insignia of the Indian tribes; weapons of warfare, and defensive armour; pikes; blowpipes—perhaps the very weapons used to bring down the gorgeous birds whose skins lie in case and drawer before us—gorgeous, indeed; the *Trogon resplendens*, with its scarlet breast and yard-long tail of flashing metallic green; tanager and oriol, parroquet and finch of rainbow colours, and others, down to that tiny gem, the humming-bird. Skins innumerable—and all emitting that pleasant, aromatic scent that sets insect attack at defiance.

Down the middle lies a huge case, like the home of some enormous double-bass viol; but it is only the chest in which was brought over a patriarchal alligator from Australia, and there upon it he lies, a tremendous beast, with gaping jaws and a body some 20 ft. long.

But we are only allowed a passing glance, for there is the yard to see; and a few minutes after there assails us most strongly that peculiar zoological odour that, once inhaled, is never forgotten. Scraps of informa-

tion are accorded from time to time as to the expenses of this costly trade, and such an item as the following is let fall:—That for the freight home of four rhinoceroses, *via* the Suez Canal, sixteen hundred pounds was asked—but not given. The yard is only small, and the cages stand face to face; the proximity of some of the illustrious foreign strangers being anything but agreeable. For instance, just in front are, in all their tawny beauty, two magnificent lions—male and female—with none of the dull, caged aspect of the ancient prisoner, but lithe, well-fed, and active; while, when the male throws back his head and emits a roar like smothered thunder, it is easy to comprehend the owner's remark that he is compelled to carry on business in this vile neighbourhood, for they will not have him in the West-end.

Turning from the lions—a splendid pair of pets for those who have a fancy to spend £500—we are shown sleek, cat-like leopards, one of which seems bitten with a desire to get out of his cage, and is busy with that treacherous velvet paw outside. Yaks next—those curious, active bullocks from Northern Asia—capital objects for the acclimatiser. Antelopes, lithe and graceful; moufflons, big of horn; cranes from East and West—dangerous birds, should they take to making darts of their spear-shaped bills. One might be in Wombwell's show, for here is an old friend, the celebrated "pelican of the wilderness," with his stained breast, evidently longing for water; while, up above, some half-dozen eagles are uttering discordant shrieks.

A few steps up a ladder, and there is more of the zoological unpleasantry. Jackals are here, blue-nosed mandrills there; and, close by, a vicious-looking monkey, who, in default of being able to get at the visitors, savagely bites himself; while a neighbour, quite as large, holds out a black, not over clean, but still friendly, hand for a shake. The grasp is accorded, and received with a grin, it being evident that training has been busy with our friend; but the education is not far advanced, for directly after, heedless of the presence of strangers, he retires to a corner, and indulges in entomological research.

In the next cage a score of tiny monkeys are cuddling round a grave-looking animal, about double their size; while a step farther on is another, whose wrinkled brow, *retroussé* nose, and peculiar lower-order-Milesian aspect, will bring Fenianism to the mind. Angora cats, porcupines, vicious and vibratory of tail as they set up their spines; devils from Tasmania, evil-looking enough to warrant their name; wombats, fat, lazy, and slow to move, as they sprawl upon their backs; ichneumons, agoutis, snapping turtle—no tender dove—as its alligator-beak will tell.

Space fails, though, to tell of all the foreign strangers here; for Mr. Jamrach is a large dealer, and the far wilds of the most remote regions are searched to furnish the curious with objects new. In so costly and dangerous a trade, competition might be supposed to be out of the question; but it is not so; and so sure as a vessel bearing anything fresh arrives in the docks, there are others eager to purchase, to the great enhancing of the foreign visitors' value. Turning to depart, we are informed that, before now, as many as seventeen elephants have been in the yard at once; but there was, at the time of our visit, no representative in Jamrach's Ark.



## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER II.—IN PALL MALL.

"VOILA!—the pilot-fish and the shark!"

The words were spoken by an individual idly smoking a cigar on the steps of that gloomy-looking pile in Pall Mall known as the Peripatetics. He was the being that, go where he would, uneducated people would set down as belonging to the division Swell; for there was *ton* and aristocrat in the fit of his clothes and every curve of his body. Women would have called his black moustache and beard handsome, and spoken of his piercing eyes, high white forehead, and wonderful complexion; but Podger Pratt—that is to say, Frank Pratt—said more than once he had never seen a barber's dummy that was his equal. He said it in a very solemn way; and when it came to the ears of the gentleman in question, he denounced Podger Pratt as a disgusting little cad, and the next time they met at the club Captain Vanleigh asked Pratt what he meant by it.

"What did I mean?" said Pratt, in a serious, puzzled tone of voice. "What did I mean?—oh, just what I said. It's a fact."

Captain Vanleigh stood glaring at him, as if trying to pierce the imperturbable crust of solemnity on the speaker's face; but Pratt remained as solemn as a judge, and, amidst an ill-suppressed tittering, the captain stalked from the room, saying to his companion—

"The fellow's a fool—an ass—little better than an idiot!"

As for Podger Pratt, he looked innocently round the room, as if asking the meaning of the laugh, and then went on with his paper.

But that was months before the present day, when Captain Vanleigh, gracefully removing his cigar from between his white teeth, said—

"Voila! the pilot-fish and the shark!"

"The sucking-fish and the porpoise, I should say," remarked his companion, a fair young fellow, dressed evidently upon the other's model. "What a big fellow Dick Trevor has grown!"

"You're right, Flick; sucking-fish it is. That fat, little briefless barrister will fatten still more on Dick Trevor's cheque-book. Ah, well, Flicky, it is a wise ordination of Providence that those men who have the largest properties are the biggest fools."

"Ya-as, exactly," said Flick, otherwise Sir Felix Landells. "I dare say you're right, Van; but don't quite see your argument. I s'pose may call 'self a wealthy man?"

"No rule without an exception, my dear boy; you are one of the exceptions. Odd, though, isn't it, how we four have been thrown together, after four years?"

"Yes, 'tis odd; but I think it's doosed nice of Dick to look us up as he has. You'll make one of the party, of course?"

"Well, I don't know. Certainly, town is empty. These sailor fellows are rather rough, too."

"Oh, come down. Besides, it's in the country."

"Such an infernal distance!—but there, perhaps I will."

As they stood talking, there came slowly sauntering along the *pavé* a well-built young fellow, broad of

shoulder and chest, and fining rapidly down to the loins. He seemed to convey the idea that he was rolling up to you on the deck of a ship with a sea on, and he carried his hands as if it might be necessary at any moment to throw them out to seize belaying pin or handrail. He was well dressed; but there was a certain easy freedom in the fit of his garments, and a loose swing pervading all, much in contrast with the natty, fashionable attire of the friends, whom he saluted with a pleasant smile lighting up his bronzed face and clear grey eyes. His hair was crisp, curly, and brown, seeming rather at war with the glossy new hat he wore, and settled more than once upon his head, as he listened to the remarks of the little, dandy-looking man at his side—Podger, otherwise Frank, Pratt, of the Temple.

Pratt was a solemn, neutral-looking fellow; but none the less he was keen and peculiar, even though, to use his own words, he had been born without any looks at all.

"There's the wolf, Dick," said Pratt, as they approached the club. "Who's that with him? Ah, might have known—the lamb."

"You seem to have kept up the old school tricks, Frank," said Trevor, "and I suppose it gets you into hot water sometimes. Bad habit giving nicknames. We shouldn't stand it at sea."

"It breaks no bones," said the other, quietly, "and seems to do me good—safety valve for my spleen. How odd it is, though, that we four should be thrown together again in this way!"

"I was thinking the same; but I don't see why we should call things odd when we have shaped them ourselves. I was cruising about for days to find you all out."

"Well, it's very kind of you, Dick," said Pratt. "And let me see—I've won four pounds ten and six of you during the last week at pool and whist. Dick, you're quite a godsend to a poor fellow. Look here, new gloves—aint had such a pair for a month."

"By the way," said Trevor, "is Vanleigh well up?"

"He was," said Pratt—"came in for a nice property. How he stands now I can't say."

"And Landells?"

"Landells has a clear nine thousand a year; but I've seen hardly anything of them lately. Poole dresses them; and how could you expect such exquisites to seek the society of a man who wears sixteen-shilling pantaloons, dines on chops, reads hard, and, when he does go to a theatre, sits in the pit? By Jove, Dick, you would have laughed one night! I did—inside, for there wasn't a crease in my phiz. They cut me dead. I was sitting in the front row in the pit, and as luck or some mischievous imp would have it, they were placed in two stalls in the back row, exactly in front of me, so that I could inhale the ambrosial odours from Flick Landells' fair curls the whole evening."

"Snobbish—wasn't it?" said Dick.

"Just half," said Pratt. "Landells is a good chap at heart; but society is spoiling him. He came to my chambers the very next day, with a face like a turkey-cock, to ask me if it was I that he saw at the theatre. I looked at him out of the corner of one eye, and he broke down, and asked my pardon like a man. Swore he wouldn't have minded a bit, if Van hadn't been with him. It's all right, Dick; I can read Felix the Unhappy like a book."

"Well, gentlemen," said Trevor as they reached the steps, "it is settled for Wednesday, of course?"

"Well," said Landells, hesitating, "I—er—I—er—"

"Oh, you must come, Flick," said Trevor; "we've got all our old days to go over, and I've ordered the yacht round. Vanleigh, help me to persuade him."

"You might come," said Vanleigh, in a half-injured tone.

"Oh, I'll go, if you are going," said Sir Felix, hastily; and then, correcting himself—"if you both really wish it."

"That's right," said Trevor; "take pity on my seafaring ignorance. I shall want some company down at the old place. Pratt has promised."

"Indeed!" said Vanleigh, fixing his glass in one eye. "I thought last night he couldn't leave his reading?"

"Obliged to yield, like you, to the force of circumstances," said Pratt, "and give way to our old friend's overwhelming hospitality. But you needn't mind, Van, old fellow, I won't disgrace you. Look here," he said, taking off his hat, and speaking loudly, "new tile, fourteen bob—couldn't afford a Lincoln and Bennett; brand-new gloves, two-and-three; and I've ordered one of Samuel Brothers' tourist suits for the occasion."

"My dear fellow," said the captain, after a look of disgust at Sir Felix, "I really do not want to know the extent of your wardrobe. In fact, mine is at your service—my valet—er—I beg your pardon, Trevor."

"I say, don't take any notice of that solemn little humbug," said Trevor, laughing; "you know what he always was. I—oh, my God!"

The exclamation was involuntary, for just at that moment a Hansom cab was driven sharply out of the turning leading to St. James's-square, the horse shied—Pratt afterwards swore it was at Vanleigh's eyes—and in another instant would have stricken down a faded-looking woman, who seemed to be crossing towards the club steps, but for the act of a passer-by.

The act was as quick as thought. With a bound he caught the woman, swung her round, and was struck by the horse full on the shoulder, to reel for a few yards with his burden, and then roll over and over in the muddy road.

The cabman pulled sharp up, and came off his perch with a face white as ashes, in an instant, while Trevor and Pratt ran to the fallen pair—the former to raise the woman, and carry her scared and trembling to the club steps, where Vanleigh stood looking as scared as the sufferer, while Pratt helped the gentleman to rise.

"Take me away, please; let me go—away," said the woman, shivering with fear.

"Are you hurt?" said Trevor, with his arm still round her.

"No, no; not hurt—only let me go."

"I couldn't help it, gentlemen," began the cabman.

"No, confound you!—it was an accident, worse luck!" said the principal sufferer, "or you should have caught it sharply, Mr. Nine-hundred-and-seventy-six. Here's a pretty mess I'm in!"

"Very sorry, sir," said the cabman, "but—"

"There, that'll do. Is the lady hurt?"

"No, no," said the woman, hastily, and she glanced timidly at Vanleigh, and then at Pratt, who was watching her keenly.

Just then a four-wheeler, which Trevor had hailed, came up, and he handed her in.

"Where shall he drive you?" said Trevor, as he slipped half-a-crown in the driver's hand.

"Twenty-four, Bleak-street, Gordon-square," said the woman, in an unnecessarily loud voice; and the cab was driven off.

"Thank you," said the muddy stranger, holding out a very dirty hand to Trevor, who grasped it heartily.

"Worse disasters at sea," he said, smiling.

"Yes," said the other, looking hard in his face, "so I suppose; but then you do get an action for damages, or insurance money. I don't insure my clothes," he said, looking ruefully at his muddy garments, and then at those of the man who had served him. "I say, that was very kind of you, though."

"Nonsense!" said Trevor, laughing in the bright, earnest, middle-aged face before him. "Come into the club, and send for some fresh things."

"Thanks, no," said the stranger, "I'll get back to my rooms. I must have something out of somebody, so I'll make cabby suffer."

The cabman rubbed his ear, and looked blue.

"You'll drive me home, cabby?" said the stranger.

"That I will, sir, for a week," said the man, eagerly.

"We may as well exchange cards," said the stranger, pulling out a case, and putting a muddy thumb upon the top card. "There you are—John Barnard, his mark," he said, laughing. "Thanks once more. I'll stick your card in here with mine; and now good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Trevor, frankly; and they shook hands.

"I shall know your face again."

Saying which, after a curious stare in Trevor's face, the stranger climbed into the cab, the driver touched up his horse, and the two street boys and the crossing-sweeper, who had been attracted to the scene, were about to separate, when the latter pounced upon something white, and held it up to Pratt.

"Did yer drop this 'ere, sir?"

"No," said Pratt, looking at the muddy note; "but here is sixpence—it is for one of my friends."

Directly after, to the disgust of the two exquisites, Trevor, soiled from head to foot, was laughing heartily at the rueful aspect of Frank Pratt as he entered the hall.

"Look here," he said, dolefully, as he held out his muddy gloves. "Two-and-three; and brand-new today. Van," he added, with a peculiar cock of one eye, "have you a clean pair in your pocket?"

"No," said Vanleigh, coldly. "You can get good gloves in the Arcade; but not," he added, with a sneer, "at two-and-three."

"Thanks," said Pratt; "but I am not a simple Arcadian in my ideas. Oh, by the way, Van, here's a note for you, which somebody seems to have dropped."

Vanleigh almost snatched the muddy note, which was directed in a fine, lady's hand; and there was a curious, pinched expression about his lips as he took in the address.

"Ah, yes; thanks, much," he drawled. "Very kind of you, I'm shaw. By the way, Trevor, dear boy," he continued, turning to his friend, "hadn't you better send one of the fellows for some things, and then we might

walk on to the Corner, if you had nothing better to do? Try a suit of mine; those don't fit you well."

"No, I'll keep to my own style," said Trevor, laughing. "I don't think I could quite manage your cut."

Then nodding merrily in answer to the other's rather disgusted look, he sent a messenger to his hotel, and strolled off to one of the dormitories, while Frank Pratt went into the reading-room, where the others had walked to the window, took up a newspaper, furtively watching Captain Vanleigh and his friend, in the expectation that they would go; but, to his great disgust, they stayed on till Trevor reappeared, when Vanleigh, with his slow dawdle, crossed to him.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, dear boy?"

"Well, I was thinking of what you said—running down to the Corner to look at a horse or two. Things I don't much understand."

"I'll go with you," said Vanleigh. "You'll come, won't you, Flick?"

"Delighted, quite!" was the reply, very much to Pratt's disgust—the feeling of disgust being equally shared by Vanleigh, when he saw "that gloveless little humbug" get up to accompany them.

No matter what the feelings were that existed, they sent for a couple of cabs, and a few minutes after were being trundled down Piccadilly towards what is still known as "the Corner;" where that noble animal the "oss" is brought up and knocked down day by day, in every form and shape—horses with characters, and horses whose morals are bad; right up through park hacks and well-matched high-steppers, greys, chest-nuts, roans and bays, well-broken ladies' steeds, good for a canter all day, to the very perfection of hunters up to any weight—equine princes of the blood royal, that have in their youth snuffed the keen air of the Yorkshire wolds; mares with *retroussé* noses and the saucy look given by a dash of Irish blood. Racers, too, are there, whose satin skins, netted with veins, throb with the blue blood that has come down from some desert sire, who has been wont in fleet career to tear up the sand of Araby like a whirlwind, spurn it behind his hoofs, and yet, at the lightest touch of the bit, check the lithe play of his elastic limbs at the opening of some camel or goat-hair tent, where half a dozen swarthy children are ready to play with it, and crawl uninjured about its feet—the mother busily the while preparing the baken cakes and mare's-milk draught for her Bedouin lord.

**UNEQUALLY MATCHED.**—There was an American farmer who owned a little scraggy, cantankerous bull that could not be kept inside of any lot that was ever fenced in Connecticut. One day, just after the railroad between Hartford and Springfield was made, he broke out of his pasture, and made for the railroad. His owner saw the tip end of his tail disappear over the fence, and "put" for him the best he could. Just as he reached the railroad along came a train at full speed, and there stood his bull on the track, with head down, and ready for a fight with the locomotive. The old man swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Go it, you little cuss! I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment."

## Under another Name.

**I**N the good old days when Anne was Queen, it was a popular fancy for the hospitable to bring out a bottle of "strong waters," which they called "right Nantes," a cordial spirit that had been brought over by the French smugglers, and had never paid duty to the Queen. Nantes was popular in those days, and then Nantes seated on the Loire was forgotten; while now its neighbour, not many miles away—Saumur—bids fair to achieve a better and more honest, and therefore a more abiding, fame for the beverage that it sends, honestly paying its duty without fear. Do you know where Saumur is, after this relation of its proximity? Perhaps not; so let us hasten to say that it is a pleasant old town on the Loire, about half a day's railway journey from Paris. It is a feudal-looking old place, with its fine old castle on the hills that shelter the town, and give, as the French would call it, on the broad valley of the river Loire, with its artificial embankments to save the fertile adjacent lands from floods; for the river rises at times in a furious way, and we have known of late what a French flood means in the way of disaster.

But what of Saumur—for what is it famous?

Let Mr. Henry Vizetelly answer that in his "Wines of the World"—a book that every one should read, by the way. He speaks of it as a district that furnishes sound, wholesome wines, sufficiently light, and, what is largely in their favour, the reverse of sweet; while coming as they do from the South, they have the natural richness of the fully ripened grape. As a general rule, the less sweet a sparkling wine is, the better its original quality is likely to be, the flavour in this instance being altogether undisguised by adventitious aids.

Wine, then, is the great produce of Saumur; and not ordinary wine, but sparkling. Of course, soil has everything to do with the quality of a vintage. In one estate it may be famous and historical, and the wines produce large sums; while the next estate, less favoured by nature, gives to the vintages a harsh, heavy, flavourless wine, wanting in aroma and delicacy. But Saumur is exceptionally favoured. Its vineyards are upon hills of calcareous tufa, and the produce is some millions of bottles of a sparkling, delicate wine, a portion of which has gone for years past to the Champagne district of Epernay and Rheims.

Now the reader may very naturally say, "What for?" or "Why has it gone there?"

Ah, that is a question difficult to answer. Thousands of gallons have gone annually to the Champagne district; but if, good sir, you had tried at the wine merchant's for a bottle of sparkling Saumur, he would not have known what you meant. No such thing was in the market. If you had asked for Champagne, and paid a large price, well and good, you could have had it, and drunk it as Champagne, with a high-sounding label of Rheims or Epernay on the bottle, and you would not have known the difference—that is all.

But a word or two about the production of this wine, and its place of origin. The great limestone hills that have been mentioned, and which now grow the vines, are tunnelled to an enormous extent, until the cliffs are full of cellarage, where these sparkling wines are stored.

The first step is for one of the large proprietors to

buy from the peasants the juice or *must*, fresh from the wine-press, and without the skin and seeds of the grape; for though ordinary wines can be made by your little man, sparkling wines can only be effectively produced on a large scale. White and black grapes go alike to make the white wines; it is by leaving the skins of the black grape in the must that red wine follows.

The must thus bought of the little growers is then halved: half retained to add to next year's produce, and the remainder added to that of last year. Now comes a fortnight's fermentation, and change after change takes place till the May of the next year, when the wine is bottled. So far, it has been a white, simple wine. But to proceed. The bottles, well corked and tied down, are now left for nature's own chemistry to get to work, and the sediments fall. During this time the wine is still unfit for drinking. But now comes an ingenious plan followed in the preparation of all sparkling wines. By turning the bottles about, and changing their position, the sediment is got into the neck of the bottle, and when in course of time all is settled there, the strings are cut. Pop! out fly the corks, and with them comes the sediment; the wine is deliciously clear, and the final operation takes place.

This final operation is the adding to each bottle a little liqueur, which is composed of the finest old wine, cognac, and a small quantity of saccharine; and it is the addition of more or less of this latter ingredient that makes the distinction between a sweet or dry Champagne—the dry being almost exclusively prepared for the English market—your Frenchman likes his *sacré*. Next comes the wiring and tying down of those fat, bulgy corks, the labelling and sending off; and it is with that labelling that we quarrel.

The production of sparkling wine at Saumur is identical with that practised in the Champagne districts. As to the quality of the grapes, the vineyards of Saumur are above a hundred miles south of those of Epernay. The soil is good; why, then, should not Saumur Champagne be as good as that of Rheims or Epernay? There seems to be no reason whatever, and there is no doubt but that millions of bottles of this really excellent old wine have been drunk in England and Russia under other names.

However, if we have had nothing worse than Saumur given us for Champagne, we have been lucky. To use the old simile, the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and it would be wisdom on the part of those who have needlessly been paying a high price for second-rate Champagne, to send to Messrs. Gilbey for a basket of the "Castle Saumur," which they have the credit of having introduced to this country. It is a rich, dry old wine, of two qualities—the silver foil, and the gold foil. Taste it; place it before friends; compare it with others, and then judge without prejudice. For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that it compares most favourably with Champagnes of good brands, while it leaves the second-rates far behind. Medical men speak of it most highly for its stimulating and non-heady qualities, while as an aid to digestion it is invaluable. As a matter of course, if you prefer to pay nine and ten shillings a bottle for Piper, Heidsieck, Perrier Jouet, Ayala's Château d'Ay, or Giesler's "Extra," do so. You have your wine of choice brand, and let us hope it is genuine. Here is an honest, French, sparkling wine

that is really admirable, and would even deceive a connoisseur, to be had at 25s. and 30s. per dozen, in French baskets as imported. Truly, we live in an age of progress, and wine will soon be as come-at-able as beer.

### The Casual Observer.

#### DREAMING OF HAIR.

THERE was a sale of hair in the City the other day, and after my visit it set me dreaming—a dream that might have been the vision of waking moments from its resemblance to the matter-of-fact realities of every-day life.

In society, where nature could not be left to herself, but had to be toned down or supplemented, and softly waving by more than one fair cheek, kissing and caressing the peachy bloom, hung golden lops of hair. Resting, too, on more than one "creamy poll" were classic chignons that we are told are graceful—knots of hair that seemed old friends—tufts that one seemed to have seen in windows in the Burlington Arcade or Oxford-street, carefully secured upon white paper, and tilted according to the exuberant fancy of that man of many words, the hairdresser—chignons that proclaimed themselves false without the involuntary acts of their wearers, who must needs place doubting hands upon them at times, to calm the conscience that whispered of catastrophes in spite of pin and elastic—chignons that told tales by leaving a golden tinge upon whatever they touched, which seemed to say: Why not go farther in the antique, and use gold leaf and henna? why not paint the face as well as tire the hair?—chignons (dis) gracing the old as well as the young, and, in spite of the coiffeur's art and care in the construction, somehow managing to bring up in one's mind thoughts of the brown fronts one had seen put on by elderly ladies, when one was considered so small as to be unlikely to notice anything, but all the same seeing and hearing all—fronts of decidedly inartistic make, whose parting was a black silk path between two brown clusters of tabby curls, while the thing itself was held in by a black velvet band—the scrubby rear disappearing beneath some wondrous fabric of gauze, flowers, ribbons, and wire.

And still they passed, these fair ones, till, as I looked and wondered, one's cheek seemed fanned by the soft breath of Ocean, and, free and waving, one saw again the long masses of hair of nature's own tints hanging rippling in wave after wave down many a shapely figure, while the rude breezes dashed at them, lifting a lock here, a curl there, wafting the light, rich glory of womanhood where they would, ere unchecked they laid them down once more, and, butterfly-like, flew on to play with fresh sweets. Who would not be a wanton breeze, to trifle so unchid? True, one might arrive at such happiness by turning hairdresser, only the very idea is painful; while in this case one would be deprived of choice. But how, after all invention, Nature seemed to carry the sway, and, in her own simple, unfettered mode, laughed the man of pomade and fixture to scorn.

The faint glimpse of the seaside gone, and the aids to a fashionable appearance around me still; and then arose the thought, "From whence comes all this false hair?" and I saw—

The cold, cheerless, whitewashed wards, passages, and cells of a prison, with hard-faced, stern-looking female warders; and, clad in grey serge, a young, handsome, anxious-faced woman led out into a room, gazing eager-eyed from face to face, with eyes that resembled those of the hunted as she strove half in fear to make out why she was brought there. Imprisoned for her crime; but what was this new phase?

"Sit down."

Yes, she would sit down, and that quietly. But what for? How the keen eyes asked that question of face after face that looked stolidly on, as this fallen child of Eve sat wondering what was to follow.

What? A comb? Scissors? Can you imagine the horror that flashed through her mind? You, fair one, who will let those yellow locks of yours fall rippling over your shoulders to-night, and then hold them back, or draw them athwart your cheek, shake them like a veil over your bonny face, and peer in the glass from behind the tangled network, with a half-smile upon your lip, as in your woman's pride you glory in your greatest ornament—can you imagine her shudder, and the start from her chair, as she appeals to the matron?

"No—no—no! Please not that! I'll work, and be careful and clean, and do as you wish; but please, please, oh, please, don't cut my hair!"

Tears—prayers—of no avail, and hands press her back into her chair, resisting feebly, and ceasing not to beg that she may be spared the indignity. But a comb loosened, two or three pins drawn out, and down tumble the heavy masses around, as if to hide the convulsed face of the sobbing woman—yes, a woman still, though in some way a sinner.

Snip, a sharp, grating cut of the keen scissors, and a lock falls snake-like and writhing to the ground, as a sob, almost a cry, bursts from the woman's heart.

Snip again, and another lock falls, and the woman struggles imploringly to the matron's feet, sobbing, crying, begging that her hair may be spared, in the most heartrending tones, to deaf ears; then infuriated, half maddened, she fights desperately, till overpowered and forced back into the chair; when held there, the operation is completed—the long, heavy masses are shorn off—and, disfigured, raving, in some cases cursing and blaspheming horribly, the female convict is dragged back to her cell a worse woman than she came out; while the warder gathers up the rich tresses.

One source from which your false hair comes, fair daughters of England! Wear, then, the locks, and be happy!

The same scene enacted at our lunatic asylums, perhaps with, perhaps without the violence; though the rays of reason left must be few indeed when woman parts with her hair without a struggle. You may walk through the long wards of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, and see crouching figures sitting in the darkest corners they can find, with their faces turned to the wall as you pass; and sigh for their desolate lot, and shiver, too, as you look at the closely cropped head, and think of the wondrous change made by the cruel, scissors-armed hand. Plenty of noble "leeches" of hair from such sources as this—long tresses that shall rest henceforth upon brows that are not fevered, over brains that throb not, nor beat, nor seem obscured and dull.

Shall it be brought to light? Well, why not? Since

Fashion refuses not to wear it, why should its source be hidden? There is the demand, and there is the supply; and since hair is almost indestructible, and fetches its price, what wonder that in country, green-knolled, yew-grown yards, where your grey, wizened, parchment-skinned old sinner descends down black openings six feet by three—what wonder that when he comes upon places that have not been opened for many years, he chips up fragments of rotten elm board, and shovels together bones, laying them aside under a few shovelfuls of earth, till the sad ceremony has been performed, and he can throw them in once more—what wonder that he finds something that shall bring him the money for his tobacco, and that glass of ale he enjoys at the King's Head? Have we not had hair from mummy tombs in far-off Egypt? Why not, then, from our own country churchyards? A source this, fair ladies, for your flowing locks! And what does it matter that they were so late upon a grinning, sightless skull? Nothing! Doubt if you will, but you may prove it by going to the dealers; though they will not perhaps tell you that the long hair with the bulb attached, proving that it has been pulled out "by the roots," whilst here and there fragments of dry scalp are attached—they will not perhaps tell you that all this is churchyard hair!

Well, what does it matter? What want the dead with their flowing locks? Cannot the living wear them, and gallants admire and caress them again in the innocence of their hearts! These must be the thoughts of the hard woman who comes to the fever-stricken house when all else shun it but those who love too well to be chased away by the deadliest disease that stalks this earth. But there are duties that these loving hands, that have tended the smitten one so long and well, cannot perform; and now that all is, over, the hard, cool woman is busy "laying out."

Hush! who knows what she does in the silence of that death chamber? Who intrudes upon her duties? No one; and when those who loved the passed-away come to kiss again the cold clay, will they raise the head to see that the long, fair locks have been untouched? No; but advancing on tiptoe, softly press the farewell salute upon the marble brow, and turn tear-blinded away. No; perchance these fair locks, be they those of mother, sister, child, are not in that hard-lined coffin—are not far beneath the sod, or in that damp vault; but glistening in the sunshine or gas-light—once more decorating the head of beauty, or hiding the traces that time has made upon some womanly brow. And what matters, maidens and women of England? What want the dead with their hair, the only part that shall not become food for the worms or turn to dust? Pooh! what matters? Let us be handsome, and seek from art the embellishments it can give. Give us caustics that shall turn our hair of a golden rust colour; caustics that shall bleach; artful combs, bearing long, silky tresses; brilliantine, gold-dust, and dredgers. Let us be handsome and happy while life lasts, and what matters from whence comes the hair?

Heavy-eyed, sorrowful-looking, broad-fronted peasant girls these, with their stiff white caps in their hands, waiting, sheep-like, the shearing of the dealer, who gives them for their locks—what? Money? Oh, no; some common article of dress—a handkerchief gaily coloured, perhaps. A few sharp clips, and he has



it all off close, and, as he studies length of hair, he troubles himself but little concerning the cropped appearance of these female Absaloms, who allow themselves from time to time to be polled. A few dexterous clips, the "leech" of hair bound up and cast into a basket, and the stiff white cap returned to its place; while the hair merchant goes on rejoicing, the dull, heavy-eyed boor whose coarse hand weighs and sorts the flowing locks, while he bargains, and chaffers, and depreciates till matters are satisfactorily adjusted. But then, some people must always be poor; and what matters about such an ornament as long flowing locks to a peasant girl, when her betters demand them for their own adornment, and offer money in exchange? while if the money is absorbed by the dealers, why, the peasant girls ought to make better bargains.

"Ave Maria" sounds sweet and solemn from the cloisters, rising and falling—

"And the nun's sweet prayer was heard the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle."

We cannot see within; but we can recall pictures of Sister Bertha or Sister Ursula, clad in long black gown, while a white band crosses her forehead, and hides every trace of her hair, day after day, month after month, year after year, until it grows grey, or falleth like the leaves of Vallombrosa, as she keeps to her mistaken vows, dreaming not that she could devote herself more fully, and serve her God better, fighting the good fight of life, either as the mother of many children, or as one of the tender, loving sisters whom men that cannot look beneath the surface pass by in their search for fairer flowers. Holier sisters these than the purest vestal of the cloister, clad in her long, black robe, telling her beads, repeating her *paters* and *aves*, and shunning the fight of life. There are no flowing locks here for the sun to shine upon, sending ray and shadow toying through the maze; no long dishevelled sea-damped tresses for the wanton winds to waft about; but all closely hidden, or, as some say, closely cut off, and sold in aid of charity. Is it a charity to disfigure the person for another's sake—to mar the form made in the image of God? Long hair is a glory to a woman, but yet surely only when it is her own; and—well—nuns have strange ideas of their own, and fashion is a tyrant aided even by religion.

Shall I go on—shall I bring up a few of the other sources that I saw; sources from which our fair ones derive their flowing locks—their chignons? Better not; for this should suffice, and, like myself, they may think of my dream, and muse upon it, feeling, perhaps, content in mind that gregarines are rarities that cleanliness will banish; but still, perchance, wondering what was the early fortune of the lock they purchased so quietly, and keep so secretly, even though it is plain to see that its growth was upon more than one head, and that the shades match badly with the real growth.

And don't we wear wigs? Well, yes; some of us, who dread to look old, feeling ashamed of the crown of glory, or the benevolent bare crown. We have our weak ones, 'tis true, and in plenty; but surely the ladies will allow that we do not carry caprice to such a pitch. Fashion your hair, oh fair ones, as ye list; for, however ugly the mode, there is something in the face that will redeem it to a certain extent. Wear chignons, porters' knots,

rolls, saucissons, pile, plait, curl, frizz, what you will; but give us the genuine article, and quash the counterfeit.

By the way, Nature has been chary with me. Can any one give me the card of a clever artist, whose hand should supply me with whiskers of the Dundreary cast, and at the same time so true to nature that their wearer should not be taken for a sham?

### Angling Matches.

AN anecdote is told of a fishing match which took place in Sussex, on a river rendered somewhat difficult to fish by reason of the rising and falling of the tide, the peculiar objection being that during ebb the receding waters must be followed up through deep mud.

One competitor was bewailing his hopeless chance of winning the tea-pot which was offered as a prize, his only take being a diminutive eel weighing a little over 3 oz.

Presently some spectators, on a tour of visits to the competitors, arrived, and inquired after the nature of his sport.

"Oh, I am completely out of it—this small eel being all I have taken."

"There we differ with you," encouragingly replied the visitors; "for this and another eel of about the same size are all we have seen taken to-day."

The hopes raised were, however, dashed to the ground, for the other eel weighed a bare eighth of an ounce more, and took the prize. In the late Sheffield contest, 4 lbs. 15 oz. won a prize of forty guineas. The smallness of the takes is, perhaps, to be explained by the fact of the competitors forming a line on the bank to a distance of three and a half miles, the fish being rendered powerless to feed from sheer perplexity. Fancy a fish coming suddenly upon an array of food hanging in mid-water as far as the eye can reach, looking to a human eye like an endless street of butchers' shops. Fancy, I say, a fish coming upon such a scene. Here a bunch of gentlemen attracts its attention; but, before it has made up its mind, a lively brandling wriggles itself into notice. Then a choice piece of graves tempts the palate, only to be supplanted by a wasp-grub; until the bewildered creature attempts to fly the scene, but in vain. Turn where it will, food still meets its view; for miles nothing but food, food, food.

### A Fertile Subject.

IF any one learned in agricultural matters were to say, "What shall we do for tillage when guano is exhausted?" surely the proper response would be—

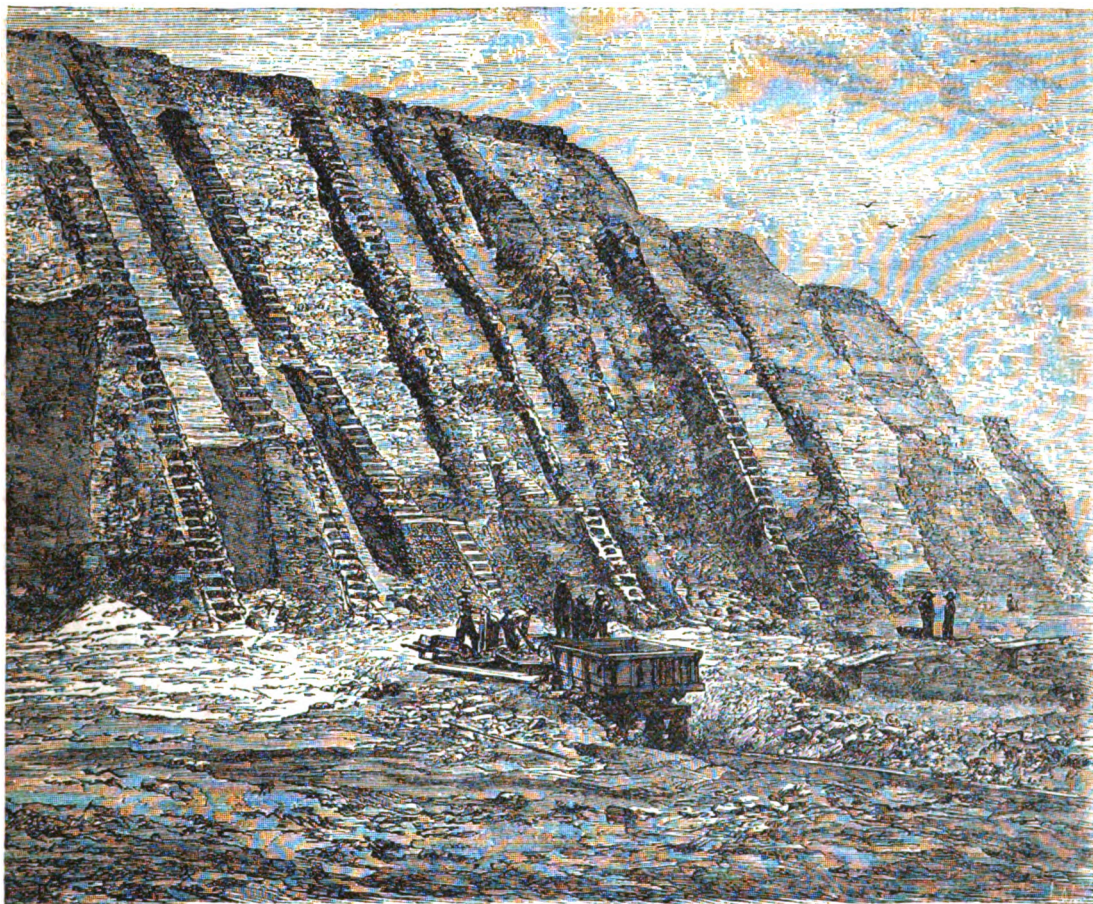
"My dear sir, what did you do before guano was discovered?"

The fact is, that agriculture of late has become somewhat of a *dilettante* art, and model farms that rarely pay are the order of the day. Certainly, the honest old farm, with its broad hedgerows and waste, was a thing to be condemned; but, unfortunately, we have now gone to the other extreme, and fancy farming, with fancy cows, fancy pigs, agricultural machines that can

do everything but speak, are the order of the day. Everything about the farm has been improved except Giles and Gerge; and they take their few shillings a week, live in anything but a model cottage, and patronize the "booblic-house," where a man can get honestly drunk for a shilling.

Again, with respect to the soil, fancy fertilizers are the order of the day. Chemicals are used largely with more or less success, and the earth is supplied with the salts it seems to require. But however cleverly this may be done, it can never equal the natural process

affairs in Peru early last month, pending the conclusion of the guano contract. It appears that at that date the commissioners in Paris, finding the terms imposed by the Société Générale too onerous, telegraphed over to the Government for advice, and received for answer a refusal of the conditions. This statement goes far to explain some of the varying rumours here as to the progress of the negotiations, and the risk of a rupture at some stage. Meanwhile, this correspondent states, the delay was doing serious harm; the railway works were suspended; the discharged workmen were so



LOADING GUANO.

by which the strength of the soil is restored. And this is why guano jumped at once into such notoriety for its strengthening powers, and became a marketable commodity on the instant.

The subject of guano has become of great interest from the fact that it is supposed that the supply is nearly exhausted, and there has been a panic fall in Peruvian bonds.

The Lima correspondent of the *Panama Star and Herald* gives a gloomy account of the condition of

numerous as to keep the police constantly employed; the streets were thronged with beggars; and the banks, awaiting the coin they hoped to obtain from the Government, were refusing all discount. Much, however, was hoped from the report of Captain William Black, of the Peruvian navy, who, with a corps of able engineers, had gone north in the despatch boat *Mayro* to examine the guano deposits. This survey was to commence with the Lobos Islands, coming down to Pabellon de Pica and the Bahia de la Independencia, and

the intention was to investigate the entire coast to the most southern part of Peruvian territory.

But the commissioners are understood to be confident that the sale of guano will be increased from 350,000 tons a year, the quantity recently disposed of, to 500,000 tons; but if any good grounds exist for this belief they should be made known, since the difference means an addition of £945,000 to the net annual amount available for the service of the loan, and so far reduces instead of extending the arrear. Authentic information should be given on these points; and there is the less occasion for reserve, as, when the contract reaches Lima, it will be placed before the Legislature, and will thus become public property.

There are others, though, who throw great doubt upon the supply lasting, for the estimates of its duration have been formed upon very cursory examination, and more should certainly be done.

And now, at a time like this, when the supply of this fertilizer is of so much importance that it affects the money market of two great capitals, it will not be out of place to look a little into the history of guano.

As a matter of course, all readers are well aware that guano is the deposit of certain sea birds which resort to the coasts and islands of the rainless shores of Peru. It was not until 1804 that guano was first brought to Europe by Humboldt, who placed specimens in the hands of good chemists for analysis. Many years elapsed before it became general, for civilized peoples move slowly; but it is worthy of note that the Peruvians, before the Spanish conquest, were so well aware of its value for fertilizing purposes that, in the time of the Incas, the islands where the sea birds congregated were protected from disturbing visits during the breeding season, so that the deposit might be largely increased, and preserved for future use.

The Chincha Islands have been the celebrated store-houses of Peruvian guano. They lie about a dozen miles from the coast of Peru, and are very small tracts of land, being only about six miles in circumference, and they are in places covered, or used to be, with a coating of the valuable deposit. This runs up the granite slopes in places to a height of a couple of hundred feet, and the deposit varies from three inches to twelve in thickness.

According to Humboldt's theory, the deposit must have been going on from the most remote periods, for the thickness deposited in three hundred years only amounts to a few inches.

But of course this must depend on circumstances. Few birds, little guano.

Time back, guano was worth about £13 per ton, and the extent to which it was adulterated was terrible. This difficulty has, however, been to a great extent got over, the tests for detecting the fictitious elements being many and easy of application.

It is perfectly wonderful how full guano is of ammonia. We have seen the salt in great crystal-like lumps, which are turned over by the spades of the men engaged in loading the barrows or the little trucks, which, as in our illustration, are run down tramways upon the steep slopes of the island, emptied into larger trucks, which in turn run off to the end of a staging, where, tilted down a shoot, the malodorous cargo is sent down into the hold of a ship lying at anchor.

This guano digging and loading is not unhealthy; but it is most unpleasant work for those engaged in it. There is a nauseous, thick dust rises as every truck-load is shot down into the vessel. This dust covers everything, and for days the men cannot get the strong ammoniacal odour out of their nostrils, perhaps not all through their voyage; for, in spite of all battenning down of hatches, the perfume invades perhaps every corner of the ship.

As it is easy to understand, when it is taken into consideration, how the guano is deposited, it is only a matter of time how long it will last; and, unfortunately, we are daily discovering, as travelling facilities increase, that ours is only a very little world, and the prospects of discovering more are very small. Guano deposits have been found on the coast of Africa, but not equal to the Peruvian; and now the question arises, how much more is there to be obtained; and so serious is this question, that shares and stocks have been largely affected.

The chemists have set to work to make an artificial guano; and out of bone-dust, sulphate of ammonia, pearl-ash, common salt, and sulphate of soda, they have contrived a very good substitute, though it is far from equalling the genuine.

The uses of guano are principally for the fertilizing of grasses, clovers, rye-grass, and the like. It is valuable for wheat, and has its effect on turnips. Beans and potatoes, too, are largely increased in size and quantity by the addition of this powerful manure, which from its origin—the birds feeding on fish—is largely impregnated with ammonia and phosphorus. Certainly, we did without it before; but when once man has been accustomed to a luxury, it is hard to give it up. Guano is one of the luxuries of farming, so let us hope that ere long the Peruvian guano bonds will be as healthy as the supply of this powerful fertilizer is lasting and deep in store.

### Dark Days in December.

"NOW, don't you go sermonizing any more about the improvidence of the working classes, because it's a thing that you don't understand any more than a child!"

I was not speaking to anybody present, you know, but to a somebody who wrote "M.P." to his name, after smiling, and carneying, and carousing, all amongst the people somewhere, until he had got them to believe that he would be the very best man under the sun to represent their interests; and, last of all, when he'd got into Parliament, for him to go and preach and talk for two hours, spinning it out by the column, upon a subject that he didn't understand, nor nobody could understand, except those who've been amongst it all.

Soon as I'd said those words, I crumpled up the paper all cross-like, and pitched it aside.

"Won't do for me," I says.

For look here: what so many of your great philanthropists—that's the right word for them as come and sit upon us, and fill us full of moral lessons, isn't it?—what so many of your great folks call improvidence is, after all, nothing else but misfortune.

Now, just take me, and I'll show you, fairly as I can, how things are. Say, at my trade, I earn five and



twenty shillings a week. Well, what have you to say to that?

"Oh, my good man, you ought to save fifteen out of that, and be well off at the year's end."

Just so—that's the way with everybody; and how easy it would be to go on saving if everybody was right. But then, you see, that same everybody goes and reckons that a whole year is composed of fire weather, and never gives a thought as to the fact that the trade climate in England is, as much as can be, like the weather climate—that is, with four rainy days to every two fine.

There was a time when, in our trade, there came a regular storm—not a rainy day or two, but a regular downpour—and from half-dozens being discharged on Saturdays, it came to tens and twenties; and every time I went up to the office it was all in a shiver-like lest I should be one of those who were to be struck off.

You see, it was a particular time just then, for, after twelve months of anxiety, I had won a race that I had been running with one Dick Green, an old fellow-workman of mine. You see, we had been both struck at the same time and same place, and, to speak plain, trying to win the same heart. Somehow—I don't know how it was, unless she could read how true I felt towards her—Lizzy gave her hand to me; and at the time I am talking about, she'd been my busy little wife for six months.

Dick Green looked rather queer at me when he came to know that we were married, and for a fortnight he wouldn't speak. But that wasn't my fault, for I was that happy I could have made friends with even old Ben Gregg, who was the worst enemy I'd ever had in my life—being over me, you know, when I was an apprentice, and having a nasty habit of hitting me on the head with his file.

But being, as I said, so happy, I didn't like to see Dick so down in the mouth. I was sorry for him, too; for, poor fellow, it was very hard for him to lose such a prize as I'd won.

"Lizzy," I says, one morning when we were at breakfast—and such a breakfast! We only had one room up a court; but you should have seen what a palace Lizzy made it, and how gloriously clean and nice my meals used to be put on the table, after so long having been used to a dirty coffee shop, or to eating my dinner on the work bench amongst the tools and steel filings and dust, with a half-sheet o' paper for a table cloth, and a bit o' salt in an old pill-box.

It wasn't any saving, though, neither; for, let alone my being doubled by getting married, I used to eat with such an appetite myself, that it was quite awful. What a happy time that was; and yet, if you will believe me, I never went to sleep of a night with that little head nestling on my great, ugly, muscular arm without trembling—without feeling that it was all too bright and sunshiny to last, and that there was a dark cloud somewhere waiting to send a shadow over our lives, and to come down in storm and bitterness.

But, there! it all used to be forgotten in the morning; and off I would be to work, back to breakfast—for our court was close to the factory; and there was the meal all ready, and the place, as I said before, like a palace.

So "Lizzy," I says, "Dick Green seems awfully cut

up about—you know what: he don't speak now. What do you say to our trying to make it up?"

Lizzy turns very red, and looked a bit confused, as she says—"How can we make it up?"

"Well, I was thinking, suppose we ask him up to dinner on Sunday, and then we could sit and smoke our pipes after, and talk of old times; for I don't like being bad friends with an old mate."

"I don't think I'd do that, Harry," she says; and her face seemed to be troubled like.

"Nonsense," I says, in my stupid, thick-headed way. "It's all right, little one; and let bygones be bygones. I sha'n't never think anything about the past."

And I laughed and joked her, and asked her if she thought I should be jealous; when her face grew more troubled, and she said it was a subject that should not be joked about.

Next day I speaks to Dick, and though he was a bit rough, I wouldn't take any notice of it; and when at last I asked him to come and have a bit of dinner with us, and said that Lizzy would be glad if he'd come, and held out my hand, he turned sharp round, looked me full in the face for a few moments, and then said he would come.

Sunday came, and so did Dick Green; but somehow that dinner did not come off so nicely as I should have liked. I almost felt cross, for Lizzy was not as I should have liked her to be; but when we had our drop of ale, and sat smoking our pipes at the window, gazing out at the glorious prospect, ten feet off, of a gal nussin' a baby at the opposite window, things seemed to go a little more smoothly.

That did what I wanted, though. Dick grew quite friendly, though not in the open way that I should have liked—but I set that down to my own disagreeable way of looking at things; and last of all, I got to be sorry that I had ever tried to be friends again, for he took to coming much more often than I wished; and I can't say as I liked finding him there twice when I went home.

The last time, I couldn't help it, I spoke to Lizzy about it when he'd gone, and she laid her little hand on my shoulder, and said she'd much rather I'd ask him not to come; when I kissed her, and called myself a disagreeable brute for feeling as I'd done.

I might have put a stop to Dick's coming, or I might not—I can't say; but it was all put aside by the changes going on at the works, for the very next week Dick Green was amongst the batch discharged, and that ended it—for the time.

I said that I was all in trouble about the changes going on, and trembling lest I should be one of the next; for, you see, instead of being well forward, I was a little behind. Not that you must think I was careless, for that wasn't the case; it was the getting married had made me short, for we had been buying furniture, and pots, and pans, and kettles every Saturday night, till I used to wonder how big a van it would take if ever we had to move.

I never told Lizzy a word of what was going on, for I says to myself, What's the good of making her miserable? but, at last, all that I had expected came—I was paid off, one of the very last, too; and, on the Monday morning, when, like from regular custom, I walked round to the works, hang me if the great, stupid, soft tears didn't come into my eyes when I saw

the gates closed, and the whole place one great, black, dreary desert. There was no hissing of steam, no whirring of wheels—no “thud, thud, thud” of the great Nasmyths on red-hot iron—nothing but silence, without so much as a puff of smoke from the great furnace shafts. The fires were out—the works were closed!

I hadn't told Lizzy—I never felt the heart—all Saturday night and Sunday, and I left her that morning singing as blithe as a lark. So I hung about till breakfast-time, and then went back to break it to her, and break it I did.

“Lord bless you, there's nothing like a good wife to give a man strength,” I says—“doubles him directly.” And then we laid our heads together to fight the world; and after a bit of talk, we settled that it would be a pity to break up our little home, and though we were half heartbroken at having to separate, there seemed to be nothing else for it. You see, we had a bit of credit where we were, and Mrs Chadds, our landlady, was easy, and it seemed like taking Lizzie away from home and friends; so we settled it all that she should stay, and I was to go on tramp down to the big towns northward, to try and get work.

It never rains but it pours, men say, and now it was as if the big, black cloud had come with a vengeance, and I shivered as I stepped out into our court on as black and dreary a foggy morning as ever made a man miserable. We'd got it over—that parting; for I wouldn't let her come out upon the stairs where the other lodgers could see her, and my head seemed filled with the picture of her sitting of a heap-like upon the floor, and I was obliged, when I tore myself away, to take her poor arms from round my neck, and run away.

If there's any one thing that will take the respect out of a man who is willing, it is tramping from town to town in search of work. There's a something degrading in it, without being snubbed and snarled at by foremen and masters, who look you up and down as if you were a thief. And after all, perhaps, no wonder, for one gets into a queer, low way, specially if a man's situated as I was, trembling for every penny I spent, as I thought of her sitting watching and waiting at home for the good news that, as weeks passed on, I could not send.

Home! There, that word, and the thoughts of what there was there, kept me up at many a despairing time, when, after thirty, forty, or fifty miles tramp, I came almost penniless to a town to get the same old answer—“Full of hands, and refused scores.” Tramp, tramp, tramp, day after day, growing harder and more bitter, and cursing the state of things that made a man, who wished to work and live honestly, waste all his nerve and muscle upon the road—watched by the rural police—scowled at by the cottagers he passed; for if ever a man did look like a scamp, I did.

And no wonder, when I was walking the shoes off my feet—when I was covered with the dust of hundreds of tramped miles—when my hair and beard grew long because I couldn't pay for having them cut, and my face was hollow and gaunt with hunger and exposure—sleeping where I could, and glad of a clear river or brook, for the sake of a wash.

It was the old tale—no work; and at last, half mad with disappointment, I turned my steps homeward.

I had not had the heart to write for weeks, and at times I hadn't had even the penny to pay for the

stamp, because I wanted it for bread. I had not heard from Lizzy either, for I had been going about at random: here to-day, there to-morrow—anywhere where I thought there might be work.

It was a weary tramp that, but at last I got to London one evening, and then I waited until it grew later, because—in my dirty, ragged state—I was ashamed to be seen. For it was not the dirt of a man's trade, but the filth that clings to a scamp who prowls round the country; and, besides, there were many about the court who had known me in my better days.

It was nine o'clock when I slipped down our court, and glanced up at the window—to see it dark.

“Poor lass,” I says, “sitting in the dark to save candle.”

There was nothing to hinder me, so I slipped upstairs—ours was the first floor front—and tried the door—fast.

“Gone out marketing,” I says.

And, worn out, I sat down, and leaned my cheek up against the panel, and waited for a good hour, when I heard steps behind me, and an upstairs lodger came down, candle in hand.

“The missus gone out, Mrs. Winkus?” I says.

When she gave a start, a half-scream, and ran back upstairs.

“Don't know me,” I says to myself, bitterly; and then in a weary, dull sort of way, I got thinking that Lizzy would know me fast enough, changed as I was; and then I began to be troubled at her not coming back; and first one thought, and then another, came into my mind—terrible thoughts at last, about what women had been driven to who had been left penniless in London. I had left her money, and she had things to sell; but I had been long away; and of late I had not written, and her letters, perhaps, that she had sent to me had remained unanswered. Had she, too, turned despairing?

I was weak and low, and a cloud seemed to swim before my eyes. I turned dizzy, and a cold sweat came out on my forehead as I staggered down to the back parlour, knocked, and some one said “Come in!” and I stood before Mrs. Chadds, our landlady, who set up quite a shriek as she saw me.

“It's only me—Harry Jones—Mrs. Chadds,” I says, huskily. “I've come back. Where's Lizzy?”

And as I asked the question, I seemed to see in a misty vision one of the bridges by night, and on it a dark, thin, hurrying figure, and there was a faint shriek.

But that shriek was poor old Mrs. Chadds—a good, old, motherly soul—as she came and laid her fat old hands on my arm.

“Ah! Harry—ah! My poor, dear lad!” she says; and the tears were running down her cheeks.

“Wh—what?—what is it?” I says, catching at my throat, for I felt as if I was choking.

“Oh! oh! my poor soul—my poor lad!” she sobs again.

“Lizzy! where's Lizzy?” I gasped; and I held her arm so tightly that she winced.

“Ah, my poor lad—she's a bad—bad, false creature, and—”

“It's a lie—a lie—a damned, false lie!” I roared; and in my madness, I shook her till she dropped sobbing on her knees at my feet.

“It's true—it's true, my poor boy,” she groaned; “she



went off a week ago. He came one night in a hurry, and, ten minutes after, with her shawl and bonnet on, she hurried with him out of the house, and I haven't seen her since."

"Who—who was it?" I gasped out, for two hands seemed pressing my throat, and my heart was as if on fire.

"Dick Green!"

That name seemed like lightning on my brain, for there was, as it were, a bright flash, and then a crash, as if something had struck me, and then all was darkness; till in a strange, misty way I found myself trying to get up, while Mrs. Chadds was bathing my face with water.

"Lie still, my poor soul," she said, sobbing. "Here, drink this;" and I remember smelling that it was gin; but I put it away, and, staggering to my feet, I got to the door, waved her off, and made my way into the street.

For there was like a voice busy in my brain, ever whispering, "Fetch her back—fetch her back!" And I meant to save her from him, with God's help, that she might go home to her father.

If I could have met Dick Green then, by the God that made me I would have strangled him, and crushed my boot down upon his head as I would upon some foul snake that had bitten me; while, as for her—there was only one thought, and that was of my past love, and of what she was—I would not have hurt a hair of her head, for it was his doing—and mine.

"I ought never to have left her," I said always. And I said it for six weary months, as I went from place to place, working, and trying to find her, but in vain. I went all over England in those days; for I knew that I should hear of Dick Green somewhere; and then—the blood used to come into my eyes as I thought of him, and my teeth would get firmly set; but, for all my searching, we never met.

I took but little count of time in those days; but it must have been after seven months that one night I stood again in our court, and thought I'd ask Mrs. Chadds if she had any news, and what she had done about the furniture, for she was as honest as the day. I felt very low; for, as I glanced up, there was a light in what used to be my window, and I thought of some happy couple living there as I had lived in the days that seemed to be years and years ago.

"Any news for me, Mrs. Chadds?" I says, as I went in softly to her room; when, old as she was, she leaped at me, and threw her arms round me, holding me tightly as she shrieks out—

"Lizzy—Lizzy! he's come at last!"

A great trembling came over me, and that dizziness again, as I heard a rush on the stairs—a step I knew—and the next moment the door was dashed open; and as I stood cold as a stone, one of Lizzy's arms was round my neck, and with the other she was forcing something to my breast—something soft, and round, and tender; and as I looked down, two little blue, wondering eyes stared up into mine, and a baby smiled in my face.

I groaned as I tried to push her away; but, no! as Mrs. Chadds took the baby, another arm was round my neck, a pair of lips were covering mine with kisses, and laughing, sobbing, crying, all at once, Lizzy whispered—

"Harry—Harry, darling, how could you think it of

me! My own—own husband. He told me you were lying injured at a factory where you worked, and that you had sent him to fetch me to see you before you were taken to the hospital; and I believed him, and went, till I found out by his manner that he was a liar and a cheat. And, oh! Harry—Harry, darling, these long—long, many months!"

She broke from me then, before I could stay her, for the scales had fallen from my eyes; but she was back directly, with her little one, so proud and motherly; and in that one moment all the past was forgotten, and I was down upon my knees, with my face buried in her lap, crying—yes, I, a great, strong, six-foot fellow, crying like a child.

How she must have worked, poor little thing, to keep home together; but she had done it—God bless her, and forgive me for my doubts!—toiling day and night with her needle. The neighbours had helped her through her trying time, when the little one was born, as poor neighbours will. But there, the black cloud came, and it passed away; for, upon presenting myself the next day at the old factory, I was took on again directly, for I found all things in full work; but it was after twelve months' stoppage.

We let the past rest, Lizzy and I, never even thinking of it; though it is hard work sometimes, when I am tossing that kid up and down, to keep from brooding on the days when he was born.

## Things New and Old.

### A Norwegian Whalery.

On a small island opposite to the town of Wadsö, in the extreme north of Norway, there exists an establishment, the like of which is probably not to be met with in any part of the world. Its most appropriate designation would be, perhaps, a slaughter-yard for whales; and Mr. Foyn, its proprietor, conducts the business of capturing and cutting up the monsters in a manner peculiarly his own. Instead of fitting out the usual-sized vessels intended to make long voyages, and bring home only the most useful parts of the animal, Mr. Foyn employs small—150 to 180 tons—screw steamers, shoots his fish with a cannon, and has them towed back, one by one as they are captured, to the shambles at Wadsö.

As the fishing grounds are within easy reach of the latter, the steamers, as a rule, secure and return with a prize within twelve hours' time. With respect to the cannon employed, it is a gun having a chamber about 4 ft. long; this is mounted on the fore-castle of the vessel, and, being very accurately balanced, can be easily moved to allow an exact aim to be taken. The projectile in use consists of a long iron bolt, having at its extreme end four harpoons, bound round with a line so as to lie flat, and close to the harpoons a 5 lb. to 6 lb. shell. As soon as the steamer has approached sufficiently near to the fish—and whales off that part of the coast are not over-shy, allowing a vessel to come within shot—the bolt is fired off, and, if well directed, penetrates deeply into the flesh and blubber of the animal. The whale then naturally rushes off at a furious pace, thinking thus to elude his pursuers. Unfortunately for him, however, no step could be more suicidal, for the effect of his rapid movement is to

make the bolt slip back a little, thus setting free the four harpoons from the lines, and by means of a mechanical arrangement causing the shell to explode. This generally proves the *coup de grâce*, killing the fish outright; but occasionally the animal is not sufficiently hard hit, and its capture in that case is not so easily effected, as it dashes away at a tremendous speed, dragging the steamer after it.

#### A Chance.

The following appeared a few days since in the advertising columns of a daily newspaper:—

**TO BE SOLD.**—To Lovers of Poetry, Printers, and others.—Just written, not yet published, *THE RISE and PROGRESS of LOUIS NAPOLEON, Third Emperor of the French*: The way he went to France, the great good he did for France, and the position that France now holds through his advocacy. The Reflections of Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon the Third, of her time in Paris, while staying there, and of her leaving, and since she has left. The Promising Prospects of the Prince Imperial. The Rise and Progress of S. C. Lister, of Maningham, near Bradford, from the beginning of his trying to seek, make, and construct, with endurable patents, the wool comb called the nipping jaw or Lister nip, which is all but human in its motion. Also a full Explanation of the New or No. 2 Square Motion, that was fitted up in France, that has caused so much controversy of late in the newspapers, written by a fitter, an eye-witness, working there all the time the practical experiment was going on; telling who designed it, how it was fitted up, the reception that it got when it was fitted up, how it was treated, and who set it to work after it was fitted up, and how it was treated after it was tried, which has not been answered yet. The Bradford Election of 1869. The Opening of the Bradford New Town Hall. The *Saltaire*. All written in Poetry, by two persons who have been in France from eighteen to twenty years, who have watched the rise and progress of France, and are no strangers there.—Address John and Margaret Firth, 19, Southgate, Bradford, Yorkshire.

#### Far North.

In calm weather the scenery of the Waigat is very lovely. Icebergs rest quietly on the glassy surface of the sea, and the sharp, serrated outline of the Noursoak range stands out in clear relief against a bright golden sky, while the grand precipices of Disco have a ruddy reflection on them from the midnight sun. There is certainly no better place for studying the formation and movements of the icebergs, which can be seen drifting in hundreds out of the glacier-discharging fjord, and floating in imposing masses down the strait, grounding and again afloat, calving with loud discharges, and breaking up with a noise like thunder. On one with lofty peaks, and much worn, a thin reddish band was observed running diagonally across and passing through the berg, being on both sides. These discolourations in bands are not uncommon. They must be layers deposited on the surface glacier by dirty running water, and when seen on a berg, they show the angle at which it has fallen over. Again, a line of clear sapphire blue is frequently seen to cross the white mass of an iceberg, which also passes through it and appears on the other side. When the berg breaks up,

this transparent blue ice separates from the white opaque mass, and the two kinds may be seen floating on the sea, and washed up on the beach. When the berg was a portion of the mother glacier, a rivulet must have spread over the surface at one time, and been frozen, forming the hard, transparent layer of blue ice. Afterwards snow has fallen, and been compressed above it, and thus a blue line or a brown line, according as the rivulet was clear or dirty, is formed, which appears in the iceberg when it becomes detached. Off the Ritenbenk coal cliffs there is an incessant rumbling noise through the night, a combination of the roar of many waterfalls pouring over the basalt summits, of others dashing down the cliffs, of the grinding of ice on the beach, and of the calving of bergs in the offing. The shores of the Waigat consist of cliffs alternating with swampy deltas, and are quite different from the outline laid down on the chart.

#### A French Criminal.

Transportation does not appear to work better under French guidance than it did with us. Thus, we have a story from the penal establishment of Belle-Ile which seems to be quite as uncomfortable for warders as for prisoners. A certain Colombier, undergoing there twenty years' hard labour, has just been condemned to ten more for attempting to murder a *gardien*. In the French penal colony the prisoners enjoy unlimited freedom of conversation, and considerable liberty of action. Colombier, for example, passed his leisure time in quarrelling with every one near him, and accumulating knowledge as to the manners and customs of New Caledonia. Occasionally he had a fight. His particular desire, often expressed, was to bathe himself in somebody's blood—a warder's for choice, but a comrade's if more convenient. His arguments were now enforced with an iron bar, and then with a *sabot*. To a warder who made him march in front he was not sparing of praise, for, said he, "I'd have settled your affair otherwise." Certain prisoners and *gardiens* he daily marked out for slaughter. No one seems to have taken much notice, though that iron bar and *sabot* naturally commanded attention at the moment. One day the *gardien* Buhler "invited" him not to lounge in the doorway of his cell, as that impeded the warder in doing his duty. Thereupon Colombier perceived with clearness in whose blood to wash his hands, and said as much with the frankness that characterizes him. He fastened back the blade of his knife with a piece of string, sharpened it, and prepared. Presently Buhler took the convicts out for exercise. Colombier knocked him down with that famous *sabot*, and began to stab him. Taking the warder's sabre, he defied approach. Other warders do not seem to have been present; but some of the convicts hustled him into a courtyard, and fastened him there. Sword in hand, he challenged others of his companions to come and be bled. In process of time more *gardiens* arrived, and Colombier was mastered. Buhler did not die, and he gave evidence at the trial. The convict wild beast gets ten years more at Belle-Ile, instead of that trip to New Caledonia for which he longs. Fresh experiences of the iron bar may be awaited, and, as the story came out before the Court, it seemed to those present that the system of management at Belle-Ile is deplorably bad.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER III.—FIRST ENCOUNTERS.

"CLEAN yer boots? Brush down, sir?"  
 "Why can't yer leave the gent alone? I spoke fust, sir."

"Here y'are, sir—out of the crowd, sir."

Sixpence to be earned, and a scuffle for it, with the result that Richard Trevor stood a little out of the stream of passengers, stoically permitting a gentleman in an old red-sleeved waistcoat to "ciss-s-s" at him, as he brushed him most carefully down with an old brush, even though he was not in the slightest degree dusty.

"Now, look here, Dick, if I'm to go trotting about at yer heels like a big dog, I shall bite at everybody who tries to rob you. I sha'n't stand by and see you fleeced. Is there something in salt water that makes you sailors ready to part with your money to the first comer?"

The speaker was Frank Pratt, as he drew his friend away towards one of the omnibuses running that day from Broxford Station to where a regular back and heart-breaking bit of country had been flagged over for the steeplechase course.

"You shall do precisely as you like, Frank," was the quiet reply.

"Very good, then—I will. Now, look here, Dick; you have now, I suppose, a clear income of twelve thousand a year?"

"Yes, somewhere about that."

"And you want to fool it all away?"

"Not I."

"Well, there was a specimen. You gave that fellow a shilling for brushing your coat that was not dirty."

"Poor devil, yes! He tried to earn it honestly, and we don't get such luxuries at sea."

"As honestly as Van earned forty sovs. of you after we left Tatt's yesterday."

"Don't understand you, Franky," said Trevor, with a twinkle of the eye, as he allowed himself to be caught by a shoeblack, and placed a slightly soiled boot upon his stand.

"Tut!" ejaculated Pratt. "There you go again. What a fellow you are, Dick! What I meant was that horse of his. You gave him a cheque for a hundred for it."

"Yes, I did, Franky."

"He gave sixty for it last week."

Trevor winced slightly, and said, quietly—

"Dealer's profit; and he understands horses. Try another cigar, Frank."

Pratt took another cigar, lit it, and said, quietly—

"Now look here, Dick, old fellow, I'm afraid I'm going to be a great nuisance to you. You're so easy-going, that with this money of yours—to use your sea-going terms—you'll be all amongst the sharks; every one will be making a set at you. 'Pon my soul, I've been miserable ever since I won that four pound ten. The best thing we can do is to see one another seldom, for if I stay with you I shall always be boring you about some foolish extravagance, and getting into hot water with the friends who take a fancy to you."

"My dear Frank," said Trevor, smoking away in the

most unruffled fashion, "you will oblige me very much by letting that be the clearing-up shower as far as talk of leaving me is concerned. It is quite right. Here have I been to sea, middy and man, for twelve years; and now I come back to England a great helpless baby of a fellow, game for everybody. You think I'm a fool. Well, I'm not over-wise; but my first act ashore here was the looking-up of a tried old schoolfellow, whose purse I've often shared, and who never once left me in the lurch—and," he added, slowly and meaningly, "who never will leave me in the lurch. Am I right?"

Frank Pratt turned one sharp, quick flash upon the speaker, and that was enough.

"Thanky, sir," cried the shoeblack, spinning up the sixpence he had received.

And the friends turned towards one of the omnibuses about to start for the course.

"Beg parding, sir," said a voice, "just a speck left on yer coat, sir!" And the man who had received the shilling for the brushing began to "ciss" once more. "That 'll do, sir! That's the next 'bus, sir! Good luck to you for a real gent, sir," he added; and then in a whisper, "Back White Larse!"

Trevor turned sharply round, just time enough to encounter a most knowing wink, and the man was gone.

"Dick, I'm afraid that's a trap," said Pratt, gazing after the man. "Better not bet at all; but if you do, I don't think I should go by what that fellow says. Well, come along. Eh? what?"

"Consequential-looking old chap in that barouche; I said," and Trevor pointed to where a carriage had drawn up by the railway hotel, the owner having posted down from town—"regular type of the old English gentleman."

"Now, if we are to get on together, Dick," said Pratt, plaintively, "don't try to humbug me that way. Don't hoist false colours."

"Humbug you?—false colours?"

"Yes, humbug me. Now, on your oath, didn't you think more of the two ladies in the barouche than of the old gentleman?"

"Without being on my oath—yes, I did; for I haven't seen a pretty girl for three years. Get up first."

"After you," was the response.

And directly after the friends were mounted on the knifeboard of a great three-horse 'bus, brought down expressly for the occasion.

The vehicle was soon loaded in a way that put its springs to the test, for the exact licensed number was not studied upon that day. There was a fair sprinkling of gentlemen, quiet, businesslike professionals, and decent tradesmen with a taste for sport; but the railway company having run cheap special trains, London had sent forth a few representative batches of the fancy, in the shape of canine-featured gentlemen "got up" expressly for the occasion, with light trousers, spotted neckerchiefs, velvet coats, and a sign in the breast of their shirt or tie in the shape of a horseshoe pin. It was impossible to sit in such company without wondering whether the closely cropped hair was cut at the expense of the country; and when a quiet, neutral-looking man, sitting amongst them, accidentally clicks something in his pocket, you may know all the time that it is the lid of a tobacco-box, or a few half-pence, but you are certain to think of handcuffs.

You cannot pick your companions on an omnibus bound from a little country station to the scene of a steeplechase, and Richard Trevor and his friend soon found that they were in luck; for in addition to the regular racing attendants, London had sent down a pleasant assortment of those sporting gentlemen who used to hang about London Bridge Station on the morning when an event was to "come off," police permitting, some forty miles down the line.

In the hurry of climbing up, Pratt had not noticed the occupants of the vehicle; but as soon as they had taken their seats he was for descending again, and he turned to whisper his wishes to his friend.

"All comes of being in such a plaguy hurry, Frank. Always take soundings before you come to an anchor. Never mind now, though the onions are far from agreeable."

The words had hardly left his lips, when a man on his left turned sharply, and asked why he hadn't ordered his "kerridge," subsiding afterwards into a growl, in which the word "sweeps" was plainly to be made out.

This acted as the signal for a little light chaff, and remarks began to fly about the dress of the friends. Moses Brothers and Whitechapel bags were mentioned, counter-jumping playfully alluded to, and permissions to be out for the day; and then a battery of exceedingly foul pipes came into play, emitting odours resembling anything but those of Araby the blest, and driving Frank Pratt to ask his friend, in self-defence, for a cigar.

"Giv's that there light," said a gentleman on his right—a gentleman in velveteen coat, tight trousers, and eyes of so friendly a nature that they seemed ever seeking each other's society, and trying to burrow beneath the bridge of their owner's flat nose. He had no whiskers or beard, but a great deal of mouth and chin, spotted all over with tiny black dots. His massive neck was swathed in a great belcher kerchief, with ample but useful ends; for besides supplying warmth, one was used occasionally to supply the lack of nutriment, and be nibbled by the owner's great horse teeth.

Trevor took the vesuvian from his friend, and politely passed it to the man, who leered, grinned, stuffed it into his pipe-bowl, holding it there as he puffed for a few moments, and then, winking at a companion, he pitched the little incandescent globe upon Pratt's light overcoat.

Pratt started, flushed angrily, and brushed the vesuvian from his coat, but not until it had burned there a round black spot. But he said nothing; his face only twitched a little, as he began to make remarks about the country they were passing.

"Hillo!—eo—eo!" came from behind, as the 'bus slowly lumbered along; the driver drew a little on one side, and the open carriage, with its post-horses, that they had seen by the railway hotel, began slowly to pass, with the two young men eagerly scanning the occupants.

"Look at that old cock in the buff weskit," said some one on the omnibus—a sally which was followed by roars of laughter, as an elderly gentleman, of portly, magisterial aspect, started up from the back seat, storming and frowning in utter astonishment at so ribald an attack on his dignity.

"Going to ask us to lunch, guv'nor?" laughed a third.

"That's Brigham Young and his three wives," cried some one else.

"Tell the postboy to go a little faster, Edward," the old gentleman called out to a footman on the box.

"Do you hear, Edward? Why don't you go on faster, Edward?—eh, Edward?" cried the first speaker, while the old gentleman leaned forward to speak to one of the young ladies opposite, who was evidently somewhat agitated; while, to make matters worse, the omnibus driver had whipped up his horses, and the great vehicle kept on thundering along abreast of the barouche.

This fresh movement was the signal for a volley from the fellow on Trevor's right; and he now made himself especially conspicuous, kissing his hand, and evidently goading the old gentleman into a state of apoplexy. A scene was evidently brewing, and something unpleasant must have inevitably occurred, had not, almost at one and the same moment, Pratt whispered a few words in French to his friend, and the postboy given his horses a few cuts, which made them start forward with such energy that the barouche was soon out of sight.

"You're about right, Frank," Trevor said, leaning back; "it is not worth notice."

"P'raps you'll just use about as much of this here 'bus as you pays for," said the man seated *dos-à-dos* to him, and whom he had slightly pressed.

Trevor started forward; for the remark was unpleasantly made, and qualified with offensive adjectives. Pratt looked anxious, and would gladly have finished the distance on foot; but to stop that omnibus, and get down, would probably have made worse of it—especially as Trevor only smiled, and sat up quite erect.

"He've been taking more than his share of the 'bus ever since he got up," said that black-looking gentleman on the right, pressing closer to Trevor. "Keep yer own side, will yer?"

Very pale and quiet, Richard Trevor edged a little more towards his companion; but this was only the signal for renewed insult, the knifeboard being in possession of the fellow's friends.

"Where are you a-scrowging to?" said the fellow on Pratt's left.

And then, acting in concert, he and his companions forced the little barrister closer to his friend.

"Here, let's speak to the driver," said Trevor, quietly; but there was a dull red spot in each cheek.

"No, no!" said Pratt. "It's not much farther; don't let us have a row."

"Mind your pockets, then," muttered Trevor.

"Ah, just as I thought," said the fellow who had been ringleader throughout. "They're a talking about pockets—button up, gents."

Here followed a roar of laughter, and a few more witticisms of a similar character were fired off. Then, seeing how patiently the two friends bore it all, a fresh crowding was tried, and one of the most offensive of the fellows called out to the man in velveteens—

"Why don't you leave off, Barney?"

"Taint me," said Barney, grinning hugely; "it's these here two swell mob blokes."

There was another roar of laughter, which culmi-

nated in a shriek of delight when Barney of the black muzzle removed his pipe from his mouth, and designedly spat upon Trevor's glossy boot.

The young man started as if he had been stung; but there was a quiet, firm pressure of his arm, and he said, in French—

"Is it much farther to the course?"

As he spoke, he quietly drew a white cambric handkerchief from his pocket, carefully removed all trace of the disgusting offence from his boot, and threw the handkerchief into the road, following it up by lighting a fresh cigar.

"My! what a pity!" said the fellow, sneeringly, as he watched with curiosity the young man's action. "I am sorry. Wouldn't you like the handkerchief again?"

And he pointed to a boy who had just picked it up from the road.

The pressure was again upon Trevor's arm, but he did not speak, and the only movement was a slight twitching about the muscles of the face.

What more insult might have followed it is impossible to say, for the omnibus now stopped at a gate, and the occupants began to scramble off. Trevor rose, and waited for the gentleman called Barney to get down. But he remained; so Trevor stepped over him, and Pratt was about to follow, when the fellow thrust out his legs, and the young man tripped, staggered, and would have fallen from the omnibus but for the strong arm of his friend.

"Get down first," said Trevor.

"No, no—never mind," said Pratt, catching his arm.

"Get down first," said Trevor, as if he were on the quarter-deck.

"There's nothing to be gained by it," whispered Pratt.

"I'll come directly," was the reply; and facing round upon the fellow, who had risen, he looked him full in his closely-set eyes, face close to face, as he said, quietly—

"I think I shall know you again, my friend."

Before the fellow had recovered from his surprise, Trevor stepped lightly down, took Pratt's arm in an easy-going, affectionate way, and the friends joined the string of people crossing the fields.

"Thank goodness!" said Pratt; "I do hate a row. You must be on the losing side. Lost anything?"

"No," said Trevor, thoughtfully. "But if that fellow had been at sea with me, and behaved like that—"

"You'd have had him flogged?"

"No," said Trevor, "I'd have pitched him overboard."

"Overboard?"

"Yes," said Trevor, with his face once more all smiles—"and fished him out!"

A NEW electric motor, the invention of Mr. C. A. Hussey, of New York, is at work driving a sewing machine. The engine, which is quite small, is operated by five Bunsen cells, and its movements are controlled by a simple device by connecting or disconnecting a greater or less number of elements. The machine is driven at the rate of 560 stitches per minute. Mr. Hussey's engine combines several new and excellent improvements.

## The Casual Observer.

### DINING OUT.

SOMEBODY once asked Diogenes when a man ought to dine, and the dirty old rascal replied—

"If you are rich—when you like; if you are poor—when you can."

By the way, that is a very disrespectful way of speaking of a venerated philosopher—"dirty old rascal." All the same, though, he deserved it—always supposing that he lived in a tub, and was as cynical and queer in his habits as history says.

Not that for a moment I have faith in history, unless taken *cum grano salis*; for if ever there was a brazen-faced, fibbing hussey, Clio was that unpleasant damsel of the false pen. Years ago, one did believe that Robert Bruce learned perseverance from a swinging spider; that King Alfred burnt the cakes of the neatherd's wife, and afterwards disguised himself as a Christy Minstrel, and played the banjo to the Danes—but no, to be accurate, it was not a banjo, only the barbarous Saxon representative of that stringed instrument; and a great many other sayings and doings believed we of the antiques, particularly admiring the words of the chained Caractacus. But now, where is the ancient faith?

Alas! it is gone, like the coppers spent in dining with Duke Humphrey.

Properly speaking, dining with the great noble means to fast; but my repasts, during a search for knowledge, were so near to daily famines, that they may very well be classed as ducal dinners; for my dealings were amongst those belonging to the latter class named by the cynic, and I wanted to see how those dined who dined when they could.

I might have gone to Norton Folgate, and seen an Australian meat feast at a penny a-head, or twopence with extras; but Norton Folgate is not ubiquitous, and London is large. I wanted to see many diners and many dinners. I wanted the variety that is said to be charming. The variety I had—the charm? Well, here is what I saw about one o'clock in the day.

The first meal was partaken of by an old applewoman in a street down east—I say applewoman, because that was her professional rank, though at the present time her trade was in cherries and gooseberries, supposed to be ripe. Trade was low with the old lady, who was seated, tucked snugly in a round sieve basket, like an old hen, patiently awaiting chicks; but the poor soul had been trying to hatch a dinner which did not chip the shell, so she prepared her meal by carefully placing some very dry tobacco dust in a blackened pipe bowl, illumined it with a match, and sat and smoked, enjoying her repast for a cost of about the sixteenth of a penny. As to nutriment—well, you can't expect much support for so small a fraction; and it was the best she could muster.

The next was a Sybaritish feast in comparison, by a very Apicius amongst his set; but though eaten on a doorstep, the devourer was not Trotty Veck. There was no downy, peach-cheeked maiden to bring it, tied up in a basin, with two knots in a handkerchief, and steam escaping from beneath a covering plate—bless you, no! It was not tripe; but there was steam, and that attracted me to the spot where a ragged urchin



was slicing off portions, with one finger, from what appeared to be an unctuous mass of hot boiled beeswax, dirty and old. The table was the boy's knee; cloth, napkin, and dish were combined in a piece of very inky playbill, on which were conspicuous the letters "L A M;" but they bore no reference to juvenile mutton, since the words "Surrey" and "Theatre" made the absent character appear to be C, in front, and not a final B.

"Wot is it, guv'nor?" said the boy, with his mouth full of the rich, yellow preparation. "Why, pease pudden; and jist aint there lots o' drippin' in."

"Where do you buy it?"

"Round the corner. This here was all for a haporth; only I've eat some."

Poor Jack, or whatever his name might be, was in a fair way to eat the rest as, leaving him—wondering what he would have thought of a man turning, *sans* appetite, from a well-dressed dinner—I went round the corner.

A regular temple, with hungry worshippers outside, flattening their noses against the window, to gaze with covetous eyes upon the fountain of steam within—a hissing, noisy fountain, which makes the windows weep great misty, blurry tears, and dims the prospect of the pewter desert within. But there are oases in this desert—oases of the unctuous mass of pudding, "with lots o' drippin' in." A man with rolled-up shirt sleeves, and red, moist face, wields a large iron spoon; strung-up squares of printed paper are at his elbow; and as customers flock in, and deposit their halfpennies, "squish, dab!"—masses of the greasy compound are dug out with the iron spoon, and, placed upon paper, borne off in triumph by sufferers from the vacuum nature is said to abhor.

But there are some strange customers here at times, and some strange dodges practised. A sweep enters to ask for a "haporth o' pudden," but does not deposit his coin. The pudding is placed in paper, handed over, and then taken up contemptuously by the buyer, who dabs it about in his sooty hands.

"D'yer call this here a haporth?" he asks, indignantly. "I aint goin' to give a 'apeny for this here, I knows."

The result is that, as the pudding has acquired so much carbon that it would be useless—unsaleable—Doublesmut goes away grinning, with an extra piece in.

A few streets farther, and another steaming window is in sight, with a repetition of hungry nose-flatteners, steamy tears, and the moist man who presides. But there is no pease pudding here; but black iron trays, with, simmering in fat, an imitation of Yorkshire pudding, of artificial yellow, and this is cut in penny squares. Another luxury is here, too, in the shape of young bolsters, boiled, and cut in slices to reveal that they are "duff"—plum "duff"—with raisins spotting them at wide intervals, and shouting to one another like little boys lost in a wood. Highly patronized are these slices, and so solid are they that paper is as needless as a knife and fork.

Again a journey, and fresh diners; a group beneath a railway arch; an *al fresco* repast of bread and cheese, two pen'north fairly divided amongst four; and not a dozen yards off more halfpenny dinners, consisting of the last of last year's potatoes, baked or steamed in

yonder can—good-sized "fruit," clean, cut open, buttered (with something), peppered, salted; but a dinner better suited for January than melting June.

One in cash indulges here in a penny loaf and a saveloy, his dining-room a recess of one of the bridges, and his countenance betokens content; while his *vis-à-vis* is another diner, an epicure, whose appetite for the lordly flesh-pots of Egypt is being gratified with—what? A ha'porth of very limp, pink, stale shrimps, and an Abernethy biscuit!

Wondrous are the temptations spread for those who have money, and would dine. A boy here feasts on stale pastry, or broken biscuits and counter-sweepings, in his cap; a lad there "goes in" for one of those tiny saucers of cold, pickled welkels, peppered with dust, and swimming in liquor, gravy, juice, or whatever it may be. And wondrous things those welkels must be, combining all the qualities of glue, gristle, succulence, and suavity; or, so repulsive is their aspect, they could never be eaten.

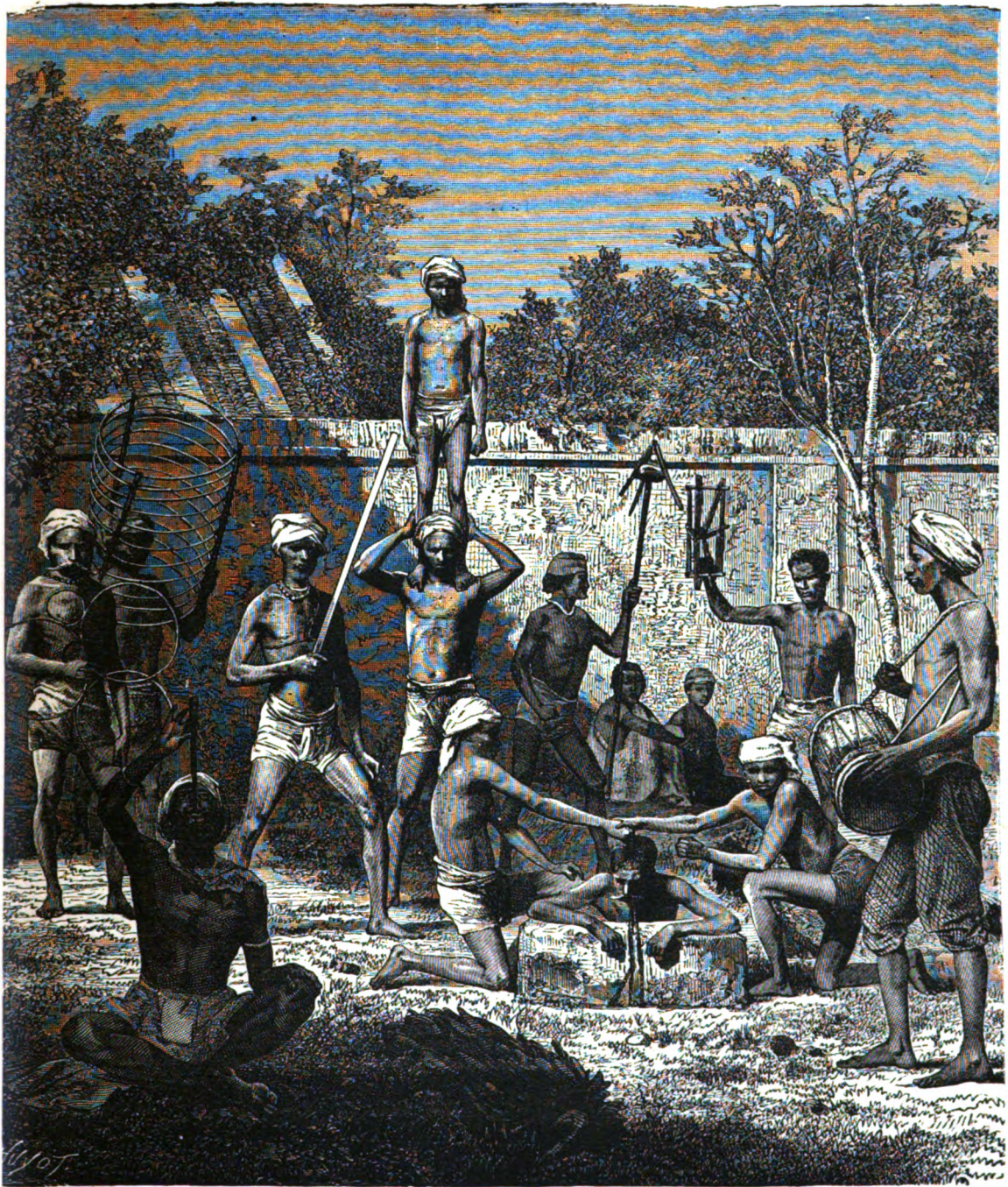
For the wealthier in their class, there are stewed *cells*, too—slimy segments floating in a hot preparation of what might be the washings of Willing's paste *candy*, but they are eaten and enjoyed. Hot mussels, also, in their season, and periwinkles, with a gratuitous pin.

Have you more than a penny? A glorious perspective opens out before you of all the delicacies of the season, commencing with trotters—the harmless *mutton*, or the succulent swine; "faggots," cow-heel; preparations hot, whose construction is unknown to those who eat; while, club your pence, and you may attain to the glories of Osmazome and James—that is, of baked sheep's head.

But enough; the luxuries begin to cloy upon the palate, and one must give the cold shoulder to those who are penniless indeed—merely endorsing the truth of the saying that one half of the world knows not *how* the other half lives; for there are thousands in this great wilderness of London who daily dine with *Daisy* Humphrey.

### Hindoo Jugglery.

ALL visitors to India spend an hour or so with the Hindoo conjurors and snake-charmers, of whom Bombay possesses many skilful and extraordinary specimens. The professions of juggler and charmer are very often united in the same persons or company, and no doubt the Prince of Wales saw something to astonish him, even after the puzzling performances of the *Houdins* and *Maskelynes* of Europe. There is certainly much that is highly curious in these snake-charmers of the East; nor has any one yet thoroughly explained the method of many of their tricks. The men themselves, always of low caste, possess an amazing command of the deadly varieties of reptiles, which they bring in flat wicker baskets to the door of any one who will pay a trifle for the exhibition. They lift the *lila*, and out glides the dreaded cobra; but at a pluck of his tail, or a light touch with a stick, the "living death" rears his head and neck, puffs out his hood, and dances time to the sound of the *tumbi*, a rude instrument which the samp-wallah blows upon, being a gourd stuck over with the red and black seeds of the *abrus precatorius*, and fitted with a double reed. The grey, horrid eyes of the serpent fix themselves steadfastly upon the man's



Once a Week.]

**HINDOO JUGGLERS.** (See page 172.)

[January, 1876.





gourd, or turban, and the creature nods backwards or forwards, this way or that, with an obedient movement which follows every bend of the charmer. Armed with the same rude musical instrument, these men profess, as is well known, to be able to draw venomous snakes from their holes; but it may be doubted whether the reptiles come for the playing, or even hear it, since the auditory apparatus of the cobra is imperfectly developed, and in Burmah as well as Egypt they play the same trick with this snake, not only without any such music, but when the fangs are not extracted, as they almost always are in the case of these tamed reptiles. The majority of cobras carried about by these men will be found not only fangless, but with the fang-gum cauterized, so that the poison teeth cannot grow again. At the same time instances are common enough, like those quoted by Forbes in his "Oriental Memoirs," to show that many of the charmers are not at all afraid to handle new-caught and deadly snakes, as indeed everybody must confess who has watched them at work in an Indian garden. Mr. Nicholson, in his excellent book on Indian ophiology, has very truly pointed out that even the deadliest snakes may be taken up with impunity by those who have nerve and quickness of touch. Unless frightened or hurt, they are remarkably slow to exercise their power. They seem to have an instinct which warns them to economise it for a real extremity; for once spent by angry striking, the cobra, it seems, must have time to collect his lethal force—not, however, his venom, for he ejects but a drop of that at each stroke. Mr. Nicholson says: "I have often envied the nerve of a man here who puts his hand into a narrow-mouthed basket containing several fresh cobras, and picks out the one he wants, without the slightest objection on the part of the snake beyond a furious hissing." The great thing is, in fact, not to terrify the terrible *naga*; and half the mystery of the business stands explained when this odd amiability in the deadly cobra is understood, and the perfectly collected manner of the charmers is also observed. The snake, judiciously handled, seems to know he will not be hurt; and even when he emerges, indubitably fresh and fatal, from his hole, it is a lesson which Rarey would have treasured to see how the charmer presses his head quietly to the ground, and takes him up calmly and smilingly, hissing and expanded, though one-sixteenth of an inch of that curved needle-tooth driven in earnest is death beyond hope.

In illustration of this curious good temper in poisonous snakes, we may mention that the Hindoos have little or no fear of them. It is considered rather lucky to have a cobra in the chuppur of the hut, and the children put out milk and eggs every night for "their uncle," who keeps down the rats, and will live a whole season about the place without doing any kind of harm. Religion and legend combine to protect these reptiles in India; and, besides all the mythology which clusters round the great serpent of Vishnu and its antique worship, Hindoos believe that cobras guard all kinds of underground treasures. They account for shooting stars by saying that when the serpent finds buried gold, he curls round it and gradually changes it into a gem, which he finally bears away to the Nagas, the strange serpent race living in the north. The track of the shooting star is the effulgence of the transported jewel. The lunettes on the cobra's head are, by these Indian

legends, the marks of Krishna's feet. When you find the snake's jewel, you may tell its value by putting it upon the surface of water and pouring gold dust over it; for the gem will not sink till an immense amount has been thus deposited.

If this singular mildness of disposition in the dreaded *nag* accounts, as we think it does, for a good deal of what seems otherwise wonderful in the snake-charming witnessed by the Prince of Wales, many of the conjuring tricks performed by the samp-wallahs may, perhaps, be also explained by their knowledge of a way by which the snake may be pinched between the fingers into temporary paralysis. This, if true, as is alleged by some among them, might cast light at once upon the feat exhibited by Egyptian jugglers at the court of Pharaoh, and also upon a very common piece oflegerdemain which the Bombay snake-tamers show, and which is described by M. Rousselet in his charming volume upon "The India of the Rajahs." He writes: "The juggler, having no other garment on him than the lingouti, chooses a serpent of a harmless species, and places it ostensibly in a basket, which he covers with a lid. He then rises and flings his arms about, the while muttering some cabalistic words, which his companion accompanies on a tambourine. Suddenly he arms himself with a flexible wand, which he whirls for some minutes above his head, and then suddenly throws down at our feet, where it arrives in the form of a serpent. In spite of the closest attention on two repetitions of this feat, I could not detect the moment when the wand was exchanged for the serpent." That is an example of the marvellous adroitness of these Nats and Madari, or Snake-people, who are thought, by some authorities, to be identical with the gipsies of Europe. Mr. Nicholson, for example, points to the word *Sarpengro* in the Romany language, which means the same thing and is almost identical in spelling with *Sarpendren*, one name of the great serpent Vasuki, in the Indian mythology. It may, therefore, be that in the Bombay snake-charmers the Prince of Wales saw the relic of a nation and of practices infinitely more antique than Agha Khan's ancestor; and, certainly, it is curious how religious myths have made the serpent as little dreaded by the Hindoo people as he is detested and feared by the European races who believe that in Eden, as Burns puts it, "he gave the infant world a shog maist ruined a'." It is a curious point, however, that one of the signs of the decaying influence of the Hindoo religion is seen in the lessening veneration shown for snakes. For a slight reward, the agricultural people now kill them with much readiness and industry.

The conjurors of India are yet more remarkable than the snake-charmers, and nothing done by professional imitators here can rival the neatness of the best tricks shown by these naked and laughing vagabonds. With absolutely no paraphernalia, and only the doorstep or the gravel path for a platform, they deceive every sense, and can outwit the most practised observer who has not bought the secret of their art. The best illusions of our "prestidigitateurs" are borrowed from them: the famous basket trick; the fish or ducks produced in water from nowhere; the child or man suspended in the air; the tendrils which creep along the ground at a sign, and the chatties which roll hither or thither untouched, or without fire emit smoke, or are suddenly

full of water and as suddenly empty—all these *tours de force* will be shown without a rag of garment to aid the deception, or any apparatus but a few old baskets and red and white cloths. No doubt the Prince of Wales saw the always astonishing coup of the mango tree, which is made to grow out of nothing, to bud, to put forth leaves, and to produce fruit before the amazed eyes of the spectators. And if these tricks have, no doubt, some very simple explanation, there are others occasionally shown which have never received the attention they deserve—feats some of them ordinarily witnessed by Anglo-Indians and others, some testified to by reputed writers, such as the things related by Jacolliot as seen at Benares. Among similar strange exhibitions there exists, we believe, the solemn Government record of the feat shown by a fakir of Kangra in the Punjab, who, in the presence of Runjeet Singh's court and the British resident, allowed himself to be buried alive, having, it was said, learned some secret way of suspending respiration. According to the account, this man was interred, and wheat was sown over his grave, which grew, ripened, and was reaped under a guard, after which, the earth being reopened, the fakir was taken forth, and by processes directed by his friends, restored to active life. "Judæus Apella" and others may find it all seriously related in official documents; and, in any case, such an instance shows what some of these Hindoo conjurors pretend to effect. In truth, the juggling performed by some of the Bâzigahs of the North-West is so astounding that the mere description of it would appear too incredible, letting alone any attempt at explanation.

**THE LESSER EVIL.**—A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend's until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend:—"Please take your boys home, and send down the earthquake."

**ESCAPES.**—Since Dr. Rastoul's, there have been five more escapes from the Mont d'Or, in New Caledonia. At the Peninsula Ducros six Communists got hold of the commandant's own barge, and they have been no more heard of. The last evasion announced is quite as sensational. The mail was starting from Nouméa for Fridjis at eleven a.m. Two hours before, a well-dressed gentleman hurried into the office of the director. He carried a carpet bag, an umbrella, and a rug. Important business, he said, called him to Fridjis. He had just landed from La Brousse, his name was Leloup, and all the island knew the respectability of that cognomen. M. Leloup showed how impossible, in his case, was compliance with that rule which orders the name of every person leaving Nouméa to be posted forty-eight hours before. He begged permission to escape this formality. It was granted to a man so respectable, with the order of embarkation. Half an hour after the mail boat had left, M. Leloup was found to be a convict. The *Cœtlogon* instantly lighted her fires, but before she could raise anchor the mail boat had four hours' start. The prisoner got safe to Fridjis, where he has opened a shop forthwith. It is almost feared at Nouméa that another inquiry may be ordered, so frequent have been escapes of late.

### A Land That's Little Known.

**S**PEAKING generally, the very worst way to obtain information about a strange land is to take up a volume of travels; for it is probably written by a man who has run hastily through a country, taken hurried notes, and then, in the snug chair by his library table, on his return home, he has set himself to produce the work that is to be suitable for Mudie's list. Exception must be made here, though, in favour of Mr. Drew's book about Kashmir,\* or, as we always used to call it, Cashmere, a name always associated with shawls of delicate texture and blended colour. For Mr. Drew is a scientific man, a student of nature, geographical and geological; and he writes of Kashmir as one having authority, after a considerable time spent in the service of the Rajah of that country. To many readers, it may not be impertinent to remind them that this little-known country lies to the north-east of the district known as the Punjab; that it is drained by the early waters of the Indus, after their rise on the northern slope of the Himalaya Mountains; and that its eastern boundaries are formed by the Chinese empire.

Mr. Drew's work blends together many points of interest, for in it he treats of the country geographically and politically, and does not despise the small things generally overlooked by eminent writers—to wit, the anecdotal history of a people, with their manners and customs. In it we look face to face upon the inhabitants of the regions he describes, for there are photographs of Dords, Brahmans, Dogras, in addition to woodcuts, and a thoroughly liberal supply of maps to make such a work of tenfold value.

It is pleasant to read how intercourse with the British has influenced these people in their manners and customs. Infanticide, once practised to a great extent, has all but died out; and Suttee—or, as Mr. Drew writes it, Sati—has absolutely passed away. No light change this, when it is taken into consideration what really occurred during the Sikh troubles, not so many years back, when Suchet Singh was killed near Lahore. This monarch had no less than eleven wives, with women and attendants numbering in all three hundred. These, the writer was assured, all performed Sati—that is, gave themselves up to be burned at various funeral piles. In another instance, twenty-two women were burned with a deceased ruler—the ceremony taking place without so much as a shriek being heard from amongst the flames.

Instances are quoted, though, of women being unable to endure the torture, and trying to escape, but only to be forced back after being cut down with swords by the people around—that is, by their husband's relatives and their own.

The other religious ceremonies of these people are treated of in a most interesting manner; their gods, temples, and pilgrimages are all described in turn, especially that to Parmandal, a place that the Hindus resort to for the purpose of obtaining a moral cleansing by bathing in its waters.

It is a wild country—a land of mountain and plain, rocky torrent, snow, and avalanche—a place of glacier and moraine, where the geologist has plenty of room

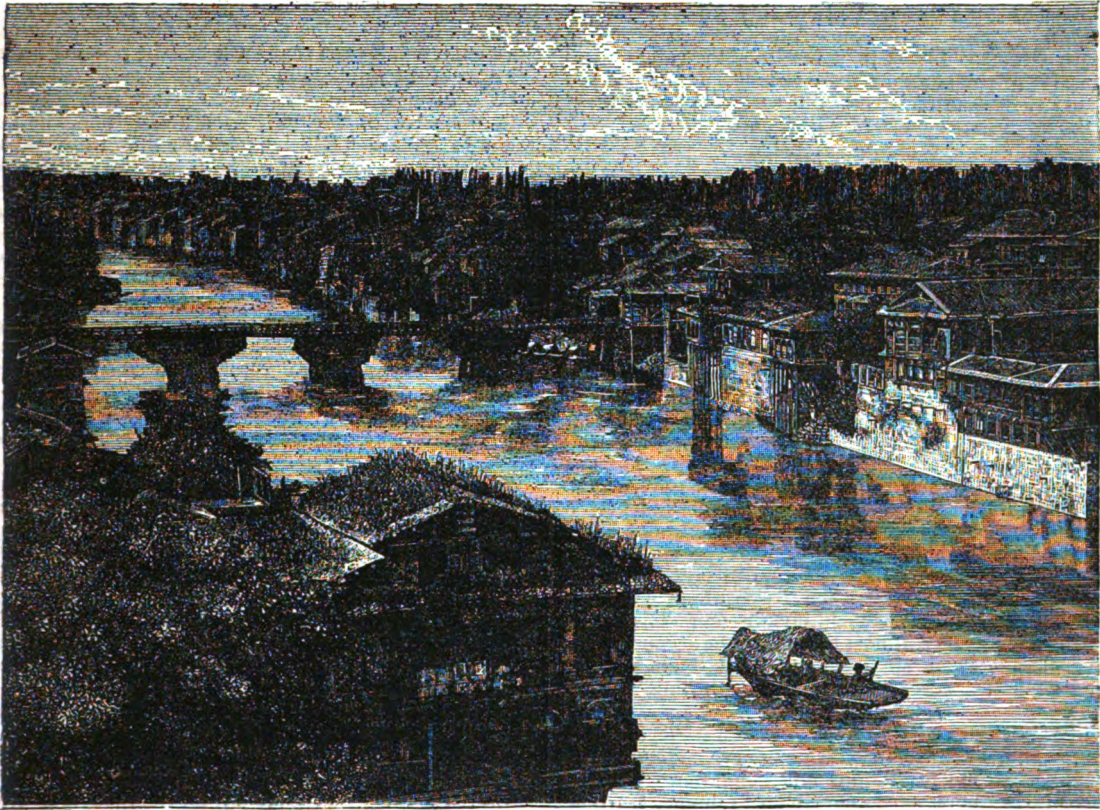
\* "The Jummæ and Kashmir Territories." By Frederic Drew, F.R.G.S. Stanford.



for surmise amidst lakes formed by naturally dammed-up rivers high amidst the mountain peaks. It is no land of eternal sunshine, but a place where the soft woven carpets and silky shawls are valuable for the warmth they afford; for all classes and people of all ages carry what they call a kangri in winter, when their loose clothing is just the same as in the summer. This kangri is a small earthen pot, about six inches across, enclosed in basket-work; and in this pot they place live charcoal. The kangri is carried beneath their loose garments, and its heat, especially when sitting, is diffused over the body, making up for the scan-

rows down quickly to the small and retreating chin. They are a stoutly built, short race of people, the average of the men being five feet two inches, and that of the women four feet nine. The author says, "There is no doubt they are an ugly race; their best friends cannot deny it. As to the women, the best that can be said of their looks is that some of the younger ones are not so bad-looking."

From time immemorial they seem to have been a very religious people, and traces of their worship are to be found in every direction. Temples, monasteries, and inscriptions abound. In a few places are to be



CITY OF SRINAGAR.—KASHMIR.

tininess of their clothing; but as to its healthiness, that must be a matter for grave doubt.

As has been said, Kashmir is a land of mountains. Points over the range are nearly 20,000 feet high, and two peaks, called Nun and Kun, are a few hundreds over 23,000.

The author gives a very full description of some of the natives of the north-east region, three-parts of whom belong to the Liberian race. They have the Turcoman cast of feature, which we are in the habit of terming Chinese, from our having become familiar with it through the Chinese division of the Turcoman family. The cheek-bones are high, and from them the face nar-

rowed colossal figures to represent some god, carved in the solid rock. Some of these are as much as twenty-five feet high. One very favourite erection is what is called a kagani. It is a squared building, half arch half pyramid, finished off with a pillar; and this is placed at the entrance of the village, the road being led beneath.

We get in the far East here into the natural home of polo, which is so thoroughly the national game of a race called the Batis that almost every village has its enclosed and carefully-kept polo ground. The people are passionately fond of the game, and everybody who can get a pony joins in it most heartily. The game,

as played by the wild-looking natives, is most graphically described, and must be a scene beside which the sport of our shell-jacketed young officers at Hurlingham would look very tame.

Language, caste, snow, race, divisions, all are treated of in this exhaustive volume at very great length; and no one can take it up without admiration for the writer of so excellent an addition to our library volumes, not the least of whose embellishments is the set of clear, well-printed maps, of which there is the large one giving the territories; the snow map; that showing the races; another for the languages; the next for the faith of the people, carefully lined off. Then comes the regular political map; one for the mountains; and another showing vertical sections through the principal ranges.

Mr. Drew's is a book to be read, and then often taken down for reference; for a more welcome addition to the library shelves, especially for those who take an interest in the far East, could hardly be found.

### A Tale of a Blunderbuss.

THE writer of this was born—when very young, and unable to object to the transaction—in a house in the far west of Ireland. Without a doubt, the house is standing to this day, if it has not fallen or been pulled down. It was then distant from the town of Sligo some five or six Irish miles; but as since those days the mileage has been changed into English measure, the distance must now be considerably less. Indeed, I am told by a cousin, who visited me in town last winter, that, what with one improvement and another, the house has been brought so near that he can see it plainly through a telescope from the tower of the abbey church. Whether or not it is possible, as a friend suggests, that a stronger telescope would bring it so near as to enable him to hear the present owners talk over old days, I will not venture to say. Sufficient for me to remember that when I was about six years old, and began to journey—in imagination—townward, the distance seemed almost too great to be accomplished in a single day—a single day that was, I am sure, as long as half a dozen of the quickly whirling modern ones.

My father was what was then called a surveyor—now lengthened, I believe, into civil engineer. His employment was to me mysterious and delightful. While I and my brothers were cooped up at home, learning our lessons, getting into scrapes, and being whipped, he rode gaily off to "the office" in town. How pleasant it was to be a man! No learning of lessons, no whippings or tears, no getting into scrapes—nothing to do but to please oneself; and yet, strangely enough, father often seemed to me as pale, and careworn, and weary as if he had but just finished "getting off" fifty verses, and was afraid the strap would be his reward.

As I grew bigger, the desire to know more of the great town, lying so near and yet so far, became so strong that I was ever dinning it into my father's ears. Why could I not go to town as he did? Why could I not at least go with him just once or twice? If he would only let me go, I would be so good. I would give him no trouble of any kind. I could ride behind him on the pony, and would not bother him so much

as even to see that I sat safely. I would attend to all that myself.

Great was my joy when he one day at last consented to my wish. Yes, rather than be worried by me any longer, I might accompany him to town. And as he had given in, the sooner he was over with the job the better. So to-morrow, the market day, the one chief day of all the seven, was to be the day in which I was to make my entry into that world of which I had dreamed such wondrous dreams.

Though longing so much for the great world, I was yet child enough to leap on my father's knee, and kiss him with delight, at the glorious news. Then I ran off to bed, there to lie awake half the night picturing to myself the wonders I should behold on the morrow, in the other half dreaming that I was already an actor in the enchanting scenes that must ever be passing before the eyes of the dwellers in great cities.

By eight next morning, Mick O'Hara was standing with the pony at the front door, and father was just about to mount. But long before that time, I had gulped down my breakfast, and was walking impatiently up and down the gravel path.

When Mick and the pony appeared, I glanced at him reproachfully, for what seemed his long delay. But when he hoisted me up behind my father, and I felt we were at last moving on the long-looked-for journey, my vexation vanished, and I sang out to him, cheerily—

"Good-bye, old Mick! I'll bring you something home from the town."

"Good-bye, an' thank ye, Master Dick. An' the Lord sen' ye home agin safe an' soun'!"

"Not much fear of that," replied my father, as he touched the pony, and we began to canter quietly over the lawn towards the gate.

"I hope not, sir—I hope not, sir," replied Mick, while he ran alongside. "But these is ticklish times, sir, an' many a dacent 'sponsible gentleman's bin bate about these roads of late. There was Mister Purcell last week, an' Mister Doran the week afore. Aye, an' last night there was—"

"Nonsense, Mick," laughed my father, as he quickened the pony's pace. "They'd enemies, but I've none. There isn't a man in all Sligo county would hurt a hair of my head."

"Maybe not, sir," replied Mick, dolefully, as he began to drop behind. "But anyhow," raising his voice—"anyhow ye'll be home early the night, sir; now won't ye?"

"I don't know, Mick," cried my father.

And next minute we were out on the road, and Mick was turning slowly up again towards the house.

Of the ride into town, what shall I say? It was the most perfect piece of enjoyment I have ever had in this world. It was a combination of realization and anticipation. Here was I, with my chief wish being gratified, and yet no disillusion came upon me. Besides, though I was moving townward, I had yet to reach there, and all its charms were still strong upon me. Dare I compare myself to the lover whose mistress is still lovely and lovable to him, and who, in sighing for the day that shall make her his, is supremely blest?

Whether or not I enjoyed the town after reaching there, I cannot say. My chief feeling was, I believe, one of bewilderment. The houses were so high, the streets so narrow and crowded, that I felt choked, as it were. I was delighted, and full of wonder, of course;

but when, just at dusk, the pony was brought to the office door, I was almost as ready to return home as I had been to leave it a few hours before.

The day had been a long one at the office, and looking in my father's face I could see that he was not in a humour for talk; so I scrambled up behind him in silence, being helped into position by the stable boy who held the rein. Next moment the boy had stepped back, my father had flung him his usual gratuity—which he caught deftly, after the manner of a cricketer—and we were about to start, when a voice of entreaty a little behind stayed us.

"Hold hard, sir—hold hard, sir," came the cry. "Here's the instrument, sir."

Looking back, I saw a little man hurrying along the centre of the road towards us, and holding in his hand and waving up and down a something that shone bright in the deep departing light.

"Oh, ah, the blunderbuss," said my father. "I had forgotten it. Thank you, Connolly; you needn't have followed me with it. I could have had it on Monday."

"I promised it fur to-day, sir," replied the old man, pantingly, as he reached the pony's side, and held up the weapon, "an' I always like to keep me word. Here it is, sir."

"That's true, Connolly," replied my father. "I only wish some of my road contractors were only half as punctual. How much is it?"

"Eighteenpence for cleanin' an' polishin' the barrel, half a crown for the lock, an' a shillin' for new flints—five shillin's altogether, sir."

"And a cheap job, too," replied my father, as he handed Connolly the money. "Why, you've made it look as good as new."

"It is as good as new," replied the man, proudly. "Thank ye, sir, an' safe home."

"Thank you, Connolly. Good-bye," returned my father; "good-bye, boys all. Get along, Dolly."

Next moment we were clattering away down the street that looked towards home, at a great rate.

When we were well clear of the town, we slackened somewhat, for the road had grown dark. Then my father turned to me a little.

"Well, Dick," he said, "how have you enjoyed yourself, and how did you like the town?"

"Oh, papa, it was lovely," I replied, as I squeezed his arm; "and you're so good for letting me come with you."

"Lovely, was it?" he murmured, with a laugh which was half a sigh. "I'm afraid one day you'll see as little beauty in it as I do, and be as tired of it as I am."

Then he relapsed into silence; but the tone of his voice had been so kind to me, that presently I made bold to speak to him again.

"Papa," said I, laying my hand upon the butt of the blunderbuss, which hung, mouth downwards, from his shoulder, "is this the old blunderbuss that used to hang in the hall at home, or is it a new one?"

"It's the old one, Dick, my boy," replied my father. "Clean or dirty, I wouldn't part with it for the best score of Queen Besses in the English army."

"Papa," I said, with something of a shiver, and yet feeling attached to the shining, cruel thing, "has it ever killed anybody?"

"Oh, yes; it has done its duty many a time," re-

plied my father. "My great grandfather took it from the hand of a dead cateran on the field of Aughrim. It was then black and bloody, and it has done many a day's work since."

I shuddered, and shrank back from the evil thing so far as I could without losing my balance. My father felt the action.

"Don't be afraid of the poor thing," he muttered, half laughingly—"it won't hurt you. And I do hope it may never more have any work to do."

"Ah!" I said, "I'll never go near or touch the nasty thing again. I'll—"

"Tut, tut," replied my father, "you talk like a girl. But, hallo! here we are in the middle of the bog, and I intending to go the other road. That's what comes of gossiping."

Looking round, I recognized a part of the road over which we had passed in the morning. It was a sort of raised causeway, like a railway embankment, and ran right across the centre of a large tract of bog. It was the nearest way from our house to town, but was seldom made use of except in the daytime. Out of repair, unsheltered from wind or rain, and flanked on either side by a deep ditch, full of ugly, black, deadly-looking water, it was anything but a pleasant road to travel after dark. In addition, an evil repute hung over it. Several lives had been lost in the ugly ditch on either side; and of late it had become notorious as a place frequented by agrarian criminals. This, of itself, was enough to deter most men; and my father halted the pony, and looked round.

"Ah!" he said, after a moment's pause, "it's all right. See, the moon'll be out in a minute or two. Meantime, we'll jog on quietly."

Dolly knew the road of old, and stepped forward carefully. But scarcely had she gone a dozen yards, when, as if sprung from the bowels of the earth, or rising out of the black ditch, as Venus from the sea, a tall form—looking taller than it really was in the weird light—stood forth in the way.

Another step, and we saw that the figure was that of a man, dressed in a long frieze coat, and carrying an enormous stick or "wattle," so long that when used for resting it was grasped one-third of its length below the top.

"God save ye, sir!" said the man, stepping aside a little as we drew near.

"God save ye kindly," replied my father, as he swayed the pony a little to one side, so as to allow the man to pass.

But the man turned, and faced towards the way we were going.

"A very fine night, sir," said the man, as he edged nearer and nearer to the head of the pony, who seemed to have an instinctive desire to keep as far from him as possible. "A fine night, but rather dark for this road."

"Oh, there will soon be plenty of light," replied my father. "Besides, I know this road very well, and have proved it in many a darker night."

"True for ye, sir," replied the man, with another accession of love for being near the head of the pony. "But there's worse things nor the dark night to be afraid of on this road."

"Indeed," said my father, as his right arm gradually slipped round to his back, and his hand grasped and

drew on to his right knee the barrel of the blunderbuss.

"Yis; an' I wonder you're not afeard," said the man. "Didn't ye hear how they trated Purcell, the male-monger, a few days ago, an' what they done to ould Doran of Ballymaturk? Yis; there's worse things nor the dark night about here, I can tell you."

"True for ye," replied my father, in a bitter tone of mimicry of the man's voice and style, "an' ycu're one of them."

The man halted for half a step, and exclaimed—

"One ov—"

"Look here!" cried my father, in a fierce, quick whisper, as he bent low over the neck of the pony, at the same time bringing round the mouth of the blunderbuss so that it gaped right in the face of the man—"this is what makes me not afraid of all the prowling villains in the county."

As he spoke, he regained his former position, and the moon, shooting from behind the last cloud that had hid it, flashed full on the polished barrel of the blunderbuss. The man staggered back an instant, then made a step as if he were about to leap the black ditch, and disappeared among the clamps of turf that dotted the waste.

"Hold!" cried my father, still in the same fierce, low, quick tone. "Don't attempt to leave us."

The man, as if moved by some power beyond his will, turned obediently, and stepped forward.

"Now, listen," continued my father. "If you attempt to move one foot out of the direct path, if you go a single step faster or slower than we do, if you whistle, sing, or make a sign of any kind that may be heard or seen by your murderous companions lurking behind those stacks of turf, I'll blow your brains out."

The man gave one quick glance over his right shoulder, saw the wide mouth and bright barrel of the blunderbuss bearing right down upon him, my father's hand grasping the lock, and my father's fierce eyes and white, stern face looking for the slightest sign of disobedience. He shivered, dropped his eyes to the ground, and walked on steadily.

After this, no sound, save the pat of the pony's feet, the noise of the brogues, or the deep breathing of the man, broke the stillness until the bog was passed and the regular road was gained.

At this my father drew a breath of relief, and leaned back in the saddle. The man glanced quickly round, then sprang towards the fence by the roadside, bounded over it, and disappeared.

Then my father grasped the reins tightly, leaned forward a little, and, for the first time for a year, Dolly felt the spurs. Ten minutes more, and the light was flying from the flints beneath her heels in our own lane, and I could hear the joyful cry of Mick O'Hara as he flung back the gate, and we dashed on to the lawn.

"The Lord be praised this night!" cried Mick—"the Lord above be praised! Here at last, safe and soun'."

My father did not speak, but dismounted slowly, helped me to my feet, then flinging the reins to Mike, walked into the house, and laid the blunderbuss on the table in the parlour as softly as if it had been a child.

"This old piece has never done a better bit of work than to-night," he said, solemnly; "for it has saved a life instead of slaying. But what do you think, Dick?" and he turned to me, laughing—"there hasn't been an ounce of powder in that old barrel for twenty years. If

that fellow had only known, he might have laughed at us."

That old blunderbuss hangs above my fireplace now—one of the household gods no money could buy.

### A Day with the Pike.

A WET day, mind, with the sky of a genuine English leaden grey, and the rain streaming down incessantly in that businesslike way which shows that it means it, and is intent upon swelling rivers, flooding meadows, choking drains, and performing various other vagaries peculiar to a rain that cometh from the east by north. We started early, and met at a railway station. Writer bore his tackle, and wore an ordinary overcoat, while his creel contained, neatly done up in napkins by feminine hands, sandwiches cut from the saline pork, tartlets of the succulent jam, and, not done up in a napkin, but lying in graceful form, a flask of whiskey-and-water—though why the writer added the water on such a day he has not been able to decide. The friend, on being met, showed up in a suit of indiarubber, looking something like a jolly Boyton, and the example set was so good that we adjourned to the shop of a trader, who announced himself as an "outfitter," and the writer was fitted out in indiarubber like a second jolly Boyton. Trifles these to record, but on this trifle of being waterproof depended the success of the day; and so, laughing to scorn the umbrella the writer bore, we took our run by rail, reached the leaden and thickened water, and looked upon an expanse of river that seemed covered with liquid chess pawns constantly popping above the surface. To unlimber and begin did not take long, for we were ready to defy the weather for the sake of a day's jack fishing. All we asked of Fate was that, seeing our devotion to the piscatorial art, she would prove kindly and give us sport; for I have known days when I have fished from morn to dewy eve without a run, and practised pipe and patience till darkness said "Go home," when, of course, I went, vowing I would give up fishing. Did I? Oh, no; a night's rest cured all the disappointment, and I am still as devoted an angler as I was in the days when I caught sticklebacks on Clapham Common, my first lessons in fishing having been in the days when Snooks punted my father about by the pleasant meads of then rustic Twickenham, and I crept beneath his mackintosh, a morsel aged four, when it rained.

But to our water. There were lively dace for bait, and with a large fellow who made my big cork-float bob, I made my first throw out, and ere a quarter of an hour had lapsed I was fast to what, after game play, proved, when he yielded to the gaff, a five-pounder. My next bait was a small lively dace, not five inches long, and I had cast out again, watching furtively the face of my friend ten yards away, as he lit his pipe, streamed with rain, and looked disappointed at my getting first blood. I suppose that I streamed too. I believe my billycock was soaking, and I have a faint recollection of the rain converging on my right ear; but I felt it not—that first fish had warmed the fisher's blood, and no amount of rain would have driven us



from our post of vantage. At the end of another quarter of an hour I was fast to a second fish, which proved to be about four and a-half pounds, and the cloud on my friend's brow darkened; but it grew positively black when a short time after I proclaimed another run, and stood watching the watery beads collecting along my rod, and trickling together to drop off the rings. Pelt came the rain as it kept on, and did keep on all day, save a cessation for five minutes; and then I waited till, the gorging being fulfilled, my friend the pike began to move, and as the line glided through the rings of the rod, I struck and felt my fish.

"I've got him," I said.

"Humph!" came from my friend.

"A good-sized fish," I said after a pause, during which I was playing at give and take with my pike.

"S'pose so," said my friend, cynically.

There was a pause, all work, and then I proclaimed my opinion that I had a ten-pounder, and my friend smiled derisively. Two minutes after, as the water swirled and eddied where the pike played about, I declared him to be twelve pounds. Then my friend grew slightly interested; and when soon after I vowed my captive at least fifteen pounds, he laid down his rod, picked up the gaff, and came looking breathlessly on. There was a "fite," as Artemus Ward would call it, going on at this time, the heavy fish trying to get out all my line, and I striving as hard as I could to economise every inch, and yielding to every forcible struggle, lest the thin gimp of my hook should give way. Did my rod bend double? Oh, no. If it had, there would have been no capture; but keeping a gentle, wearying stress upon the tyrant of the waters, I played him till by slow degrees I gained forty yards of line upon my reel, and brought him close in to where once or twice we caught a glimpse of horrent jaws, bronzed scales, and a long rushing body. But he caught sight of us, and evidently at last blaming us for this strain upon his jaws, he rushed off for the middle, making the line sing, and the winch whirr, as ring after ring was reeled off. Again I had him in close, and away he went, and so on for half a dozen times, till, tired out, he prepared to yield, and some five and twenty minutes after he was hooked, my friend gaffed him, and dragged the furious monster, kicking and plunging, on the grass, while the gaff hook was bent nearly at right angles with the weight.

"A twenty-pounder!" exclaimed my friend, joyfully, as we stood gloating over the noble proportions of what proved in scale to be a five and twenty pounder, the finest pike I ever caught. He was massive across the back, thick down to the tail, his shoulders rose like a hump behind his head, and he was glistening in his scale armour, all gold, bronze, and metallic green. Fins barred and ruddy; eye bright and furious; and the monster—for a fisherman—leaping and bounding in the grass. Further examination proved him to be a young, healthy fish, with small teeth; his length three feet six and a half, and girth nineteen inches; while, in the pride of his heart at a brother-fisherman's success, my friend exclaimed, "What a beauty!"

The tide then turned, and my friend caught a four-pounder, then a five-pounder, and next one quite seven, when once more I had a turn. Then for hours we did not have a run; but as the evening neared, we, who had patiently fished on through the rain, were rewarded

by the sport recommencing with varied fortune, till just at dusk my friend got fast to a goodly fish, which on being landed proved to be 14lb. That finished the day, and when we had packed up our traps, we found ourselves standing beneath a dripping tree, with sixteen fish to the good, the smallest of which was about 3½ lb. Over our pipes that night, when the fire shone warmly on us, we fought our battles over again, and, though we had not kept count, came to the conclusion that we had taken about eight each, our total weight being about 130lb.

The question now naturally arises, Where was this good sport had? Here is the answer:—The donor's words were, "Have your day with pleasure, but don't make it known, or I shall have a hundred applications for leave in the ensuing week." I promised to be discreet, for I respect the man who can give one such a day's sport. Let me, then, end this truly unexaggerated account by further words of truth, as I say that it was a river in England, and less than three hundred miles from town.

## Things New and Old.

### Wine and the Wise.

The favourite wines of certain great men have been recapitulated. Frederick the Great was particularly fond of Tokay, and all kinds of stories are told of the singular effect it had upon him. Napoleon the First preferred Chambertin. Peter the Great loved his Madeira. Richelieu would only drink the wine of Roumania. Rubens relished Marsala. Rabelais adored the sparkling Chablis. Cromwell, although a Puritan, had a *penchant* for Malmsey. Talleyrand cherished the juice of Château-Margot. Goethe inclined to his native Johannisberg. Byron was only satisfied with Port. Francois I., the king who wrote—

"Souvent femme varie  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie,"

patronized Sherry, which he probably had in his head when he indited the above ungallant distich. Finally, Henri IV. affected the wine of Suresnes. Of all the tastes, the last is the most inexplicable. It is proverbially the worst wine in France. Perhaps it was better in those days; perhaps he loved it because it is the wine grown nearest to Paris; in any case, we suppose, the maxim of *de gustibus non disputantur* is just as applicable to a king as to an ordinary mortal.

**DIGESTIVE DUTIES.**—After dinner is the natural time, the *Sanitary Record* says, for repose of body and mind. Then are the hours for laughter and frivolous conversation, political discussion, philanthropy, poetry, the drama, music, religious and scientific meetings, legislation, dancing, billiards, whist (for low stakes); in fact, any occupation which draws us out of ourselves, and interests us rather in the affairs of other people than our own. Care for one's dear self is always carking, and has a carking influence on the solar plexus. If those stern economists who grudge as lost every minute of our short lives not spent with a definite aim should ask, "What are you careless mortals doing with your precious moments?" we would answer, "Digesting! If that is not an important occupation, we do not know what is."



## Derbyshire One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

THE following account of Derby and other places is taken from a manuscript note-book (now in the British Museum) of three travellers, who made a journey through England in October, 1735:—

"On the 9th our party reached Manchester, a most flourishing town, though neither borough nor corporation. Near the college is a hospital for sixty boys, founded by Humphrey Cheetham, Esq., who also built a library, and endowed it with £116 per annum to buy books, which are all chained in the library, to be read by whoever comes thither or lives in the neighbourhood. The trade of this town is prodigious for ticks, checks, gartering tapes, lacing, and other sorts of linen and cotton manufactures, commonly called Manchester goods. From Manchester we went over a turnpike road to Stopford, or Stockport, by the river Mersey, which is very rapid, and over it a very fine bridge with one arch, and near is a silk mill, as also mills to grind fustick, logwood, and other materials for dyeing. Here we lay at the White Lion, the landlord of which is an attorney, but notwithstanding that made us a very reasonable bill. The next day, through a most desolate country, and down a sad, stony hill to Waley Bridge, over the river Goyle, which parts Cheshire from Derbyshire, and from thence over a still more desert mountainous country, improved by violent rains and furious winds, to Buxton Wells. These wells are not so famous as Bath or Tunbridge, nor so much frequented; but therefore not less agreeable, there being in the season company enough and not too much, and everything there at a very reasonable expense. From Buxton, Chatsworth was quickly reached on the following day—the house of the Duke of Devonshire—which, like a diamond set in black, seems to take a lustre from the wretched country it is situated in—a truly noble and elegant pile.

"October 12.—We went through most dismal stony roads to a new cold spring called Matlock Bath, from whence by a pleasant country enough to Derby, where we lay at the George. Derby is a very neat corporation town and borough, its present members being Lord James Cavendish and Charles Stanhope, Esq. The silk mills here are really a most useful curiosity. They are situate on the river Derwent, and belong to Sir Thomas Lamb, alderman of London, who, with his brother, discovered this noble and advantageous machine in Italy, and established it in England, where now any one may erect mills of the same sort, Sir Thomas having quitted his claim to a patent for £14,000 given to him by the Parliament. This wonderful machine, which was used for working Italian orgazine silk, is said to contain 26,586 wheels, 97,746 movements; all of them receive their motion from one water wheel, and may any of them be stopped separately. They work, day and night, 73,728 yards of silk every time the said wheel goes round, or 22,134 yards in one minute. There are also in Derby mills for drawing out and cutting iron and brass. At Stapleford, in Nottinghamshire, is a rascally old house, dirtily situated, of one Borlace Warrens, Esq. Nottingham is a large, neat, and new-built town, its market place being particularly spacious and regular. Three churches are in it—one of which, St. Mary's, is much

the largest, but very old and dirty, where lies buried an Earl of Clare, to the successor of which family, the present Thomas Holies Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, the castle of this town belongs. The chief manufacture of the place is silk stockings."

## Ruin in the Wash-tub.

THOUGH we know it not, there is undoubtedly a rising imminent amongst the clear-starchers, ironers, laundresses, and all the rest of the hangers-on of the wash-tub; for since the days when *Punch* made merry on the introduction of paper collars, and hinted at the convenience of Edwin penning a note to his Angelina upon a cuff, they have been not only coming more into vogue, but have been improved to such an extent that not only do they baffle the closest scrutiny, but the wearer obtains compliments for the get-up of his linen. We have been favoured by Mr. Tann, of Holborn, with a box of samples, containing specimens of the perfection to which paper can be brought, that are simply admirable. A collar, cuff, shirt front, or tie is taken up, and to all appearance it is composed of the finest linen, starched and ironed to that perfection only seen on the new article of apparel when first purchased, and never again encountered on its return from the wash. There is the fine web of the fabric imitated to perfection, the whiteness is perfect, there is an elasticity and toughness, and for those who approve of fancy cambric, there is all that can gratify the eye in plait and fold. But, after all, why should paper not become popular? Did not our friends the Japanese use it when they had colds, and do not our friends the French use it extensively? The main reason for the popularity should be, though, the fact that one can wear paper collars and cuffs, ever new, for the same cost as the washing of linen. We can always have the latest fashions, changing daily if we please; and, what is most pleasant of all, deceive those who cast inquisitive eyes upon the state of those garments for whose purity we are dependent upon *Madame la Blanchisseuse*.

TRUE passion never dies—  
The love sun never sets—  
For at the worst the heaviest shade,  
But in eclipse love frets.

To feel contempt for every fool  
Is quite the rule of reason;  
But not to feel, by reason's rule,  
Fear of the fool is treason.

A PLEASANT CREATURE.—There is a "giant land crab" that feeds on cocoa-nuts. These creatures, which are considered a great luxury by the natives, are caught by them by a curious method. They are in the habit of climbing the cocoa-nut trees by night, biting off a nut, which falls to the ground, and then descending backwards. The natives, taking advantage of this, tie a wisp of grass round the stems of the trees at a great height from the ground, which the crab does not notice as he ascends; but when, on coming down, he feels it with his hind legs, he imagines he has reached the ground, lets go, and falls to the bottom, where he is found next morning.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER IV.—RATHER UNPLEASANT.

"A H," said Pratt, after a brisk walk, "it might have been worse; it all comes of getting on knifeboards. I never do go on a 'bus but I'm sure to meet some one I don't want to see from that elevated position. Let's see: in somebody's fables one poor bird got his neck wrung through being in bad company, and getting caught by the fowler."

"And what has that to do with knifeboards?"

"Only this," said Frank, grimly: "I should uncommonly like to see that barouche; and the cocky old gentleman inside will be safe to give us credit for being the ringleaders of those rowdies."

"Well, never mind," said Trevor; "I wanted to see a steeplechase, though I don't suppose I shall like it any more than a ball."

No more was said then, for they had reached the ground flagged out for the course—a pleasant tract running round in front of a mound-like hill, affording the spectators from the various stands a capital view of the whole race; save where here and there a tiny copse intervened, so that it must inevitably hide the horses for a few moments.

They were in ample time, for twelve, one, and two o'clock upon racing cards are very different hours to those represented upon the time tables at our various termini; so they had a stroll round, pausing here or there; but, no matter where they strayed, so sure as Frank Pratt turned his head, it was to see the evil-looking countenance of their companion on the 'bus close at hand, though whether Trevor had seen him or not he could not tell.

For, probably from a love of the beautiful, the young men's steps generally led them to where they could stand in pretty close proximity to the barouche—whose occupants seemed to have, for one at least, something of an attraction. And no wonder, for on the front seat were two fresh, bright-eyed English girls, whose eyes sparkled with animation, and in whose cheeks came and went the bright colour that told you of excited interest in the day's proceedings.

"I thought as much," said Pratt, as they passed once close by the carriage on their way to the stand; and a quick glance showed that they were recognized by the ladies, who coloured slightly, and turned away; whilst the old gentleman's countenance, as he stood up, gradually assumed the purple-red well known to all who have seen a turkey-cock at such time as he ruffleth his plumes, and scowled fiercely at the friends.

"The impudent scoundrels!" he said aloud, as he turned to the elderly lady on the seat.

"That comes of being in bad company," said Pratt. "Dick, old fellow, I shall walk back. Here, my friend, I have feeling in my toe."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure," said a fine, handsome, bluff West-country man—a regular keeper, in brown velveteens. "I really didn't see you." And he passed on towards the barouche, the friends following him with their eyes, to see him touch his hat to first one and then another of the inmates, who smiled, and seemed to talk to him in a very animated way, the old gentle-

man ending by pointing to the box seat, a good post for seeing, to which the young man climbed.

"Lucky dog!" said Frank Pratt, softly; and they took their places on the stand, from which, close at hand, they could readily command the movements of all in the barouche.

But there was the ground mapped out by the little flags;—green field, ploughed piece, brook, road, double-fence, bullfinch; a cluster of spectators by this dangerous leap; a pollard laden with human fruit there; oak branches bending, groups of mounted men, with here and there the flutter of veil and riding-habit; vehicles in pastures, lanes, and wherever a glimpse could be obtained of the course; and over all the bright autumn sun looked down, gilding, with its mellow beams, brown stubble and changing leaf; while overhead, little troubled by the buzzing crowds, a lark carolled its sweet song.

The friends were in ample time; but at last the excitement here and there announced the coming of the horses, and one by one the sleek, fleet creatures made their appearance, to give the customary canter down the field, and then be gathered together for the start.

At last, a low, dull, murmurous buzz runs through the crowd. They are off—nearly all together. The first hedge—only a preparation for troubles to come—and the horses going easily over a plough piece, the young and ardent jockeys pushing to the front, the old stagers waiting their opportunity.

Another hedge. A refusal. One—two—four—six—nine over somehow or another, and one down.

Then a loud cheer, by no means pleasant for the fallen man; and "for the fun of the thing," as he said, Trevor began to back the grey mare known as White Lassie.

"How can you be so foolish?" said Pratt.

"So," said Trevor, laughing; and he doubled his stakes with another.

"I believe we should be better off there on the knoll," said Pratt, pointing to the spot where the barouche was standing, hemmed in by the crowd.

And, acting upon the suggestion, the two friends quitted the low, temporary stand, and managed to get a pretty good position on the little eminence, where they could see right down the valley with the horses running along its slope.

But Pratt saw more than this; he noted that they were within half a dozen yards of the barouche where the ladies were standing on the seats, with eyes sparkling and parted lips, whilst, close at hand, were Barney, of the 'bus, and a couple of his intimates, demonstrative in their comments upon the race.

Of the eleven horses that started, four had, in hunting parlance, come to grief; and now of the others only five seemed to be in the race.

"Twenty pounds fooled away, Dick," said Pratt, in a whisper, as they now made out, the last of the five, the white cap and pale blue shirt of the rider of White Lassie.

"Be quiet, raven," was the calm reply; "the race is not won yet. Look at that."

That was the downfall of the leading horse at the next fence, the poor beast literally turning a somersault, and then getting up to stand shaking itself, as two other competitors got safely over; White Lassie, still last, clearing the obstacle with ease.

"Now comes the tug of war," said Trevor; and all eyes were strained in the direction now taken by the horses towards a tolerably wide brook, running between stunted pollards; for this once passed, there was only a low fence, and a straight run in to the winning post.

The betting on all sides was now fast and furious, Pratt biting his lips with vexation as, in spite of the distance his favourite was behind, Trevor kept making fresh engagements.

"He'll lose as much in ten minutes as would have kept me for a year," Pratt grumbled to himself; and then he was all eyes for the race, as, on reaching the brook, the leading horse reared, and shot his rider right into the middle.

The next horse leaped short, and came into the brook with his hoofs pawing the crumbling bank, the rider having to crawl over his head, and help him ignominiously from his position. But, long ere this, a great bay had cleared the brook easily, closely followed by White Lassie, whose rider now seemed to press her forward till she was not more than a length in the rear, the two horses racing hard for the last leap.

At a distance, it looked but a low hedge; but there was a deep dyke on the riders' side which would require no little skill to clear; and now, of course, the slightest slip would be fatal to either.

"Don't look so bad now, does it, Franky?" said Trevor.

"No," said the other, between his teeth. "Look how close they are. I couldn't have—bravo!"

For the mare had run up alongside of her great competitor, and together they literally skimmed over the obstacle in front, and, landing on the stretch of smooth green sward, raced for home.

"King Dick!" "White Lassie!" "King Dick!" "White Lassie!" "White Lassie!" "White Lassie!" rose in a perfect roar, as first one and then the other head appeared in front, till, within a hundred yards of the stand, the white mare's head—neck—shoulders—half-length—whole length appeared in front of her competitor, and, amidst the frantic cheers of the crowd, she leaped in, a clear winner.

"There," said Trevor, turning with a smile to Pratt, "what do—?"

He stopped short, and seemed to have tried to emulate the last bound of the mare; for at that moment all excitement, as she watched the race, Trevor saw one of the occupants of the barouche give a sudden start, and nearly fall over the side.

The cause was simple, and was seen by Pratt at the same moment.

Barney of the "bus, for the delectation of his friends, had, the moment the race was ended, raised his stick, reached over the heads of the crowd, and given the old gentleman a sharp thrust in the ribs.

The result was a violent start, and, as we have said, the young girl was nearly precipitated from the seat upon which she stood.

A hoarse roar of laughter followed the clown-like feat; and then there was a dead silence, for a fresh character appeared upon the scene, and Barney was stooping down, shaking his head to get rid of the dizziness caused by a tremendous blow upon his bull-dog front.

The silence lasted but for a few moments, during which Richard Trevor caught one frightened glance

from the lady in the barouche, and then there was an ugly rush, and he and his friend were borne down the slope of the hill.

The crowd seemed bubbling and seething with excitement for a few minutes, during which the voices of Barney's friends could be heard loudly exclaiming against them; and the gentleman named, in whose eyes the tears had previously been gathering from the excess of his mirth, was borne along with the others, still shaking his head, and feeling as if the drops that collected had suddenly been turned to molten metal.

"Come away, Dick; for goodness' sake, come away."

"My dear Frank, if you fill a vessel quite full, it begins to run over. This ungodly vessel has been filled full of the gall of bitterness to-day, and now it is running over."

"But, consider—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to thrash this fellow within an inch of his life."

"But, Dick—the disgrace—you can't fight; you've punished him enough. Think of what you're going to do."

"I am thinking," said Trevor, in a quiet, slow way—"thinking that he's an ugly customer, and that his head looks precious hard."

"Keep back!"—"Make a ring!" "Let him have it!" "Now, Barney!" shouted the bystanders.

"Here, let me get at him!" shouted Barney.

"Call up the police!" said a mounted gentleman.

"You can't fight that fellow, sir."

"I'm going to try," said Trevor, grimly.

There was a buzz of voices, the crowd swayed here and there, and an opening was made—Barney having struggled out of his upper garments, and begun to square—when, to the surprise of all, he was suddenly confronted by the stout-built West-countryman who had leaped off the box of the barouche, now on the other side of the hill; and before the fellow had recovered from his surprise, he was sent staggering back into the arms of his friends with a sensation as if a hive of bees, suddenly let loose, were buzzing and stinging in his head.

That was the end of the engagement, for there was a rush of police through the crowd, people were separated, and by the time Frank Pratt had fought his way out of a state of semi-suffocation, he was standing with his friend fifty yards away, and the constables were hurrying two men off to the station.

"Let's get back," said Trevor. "I can't let that fellow bear all the brunt of the affair."

Pratt felt disposed to dissuade, but he gave way, and they got to the outskirts with no little difficulty, just in time to see that the barouche horses had been put to, and that the carriage was being driven off the ground with the West-countryman upon the box.

"He's out of the pickle, then," said Pratt. "There, come away, man; the police have, for once in a way, caught the right offender; don't let's get mixed up with it any more."

"Very well," said Dick, calmly. "I feel better now; but I should have liked to soundly thrash that scoundrel."

"It's done for you," said Pratt. "Now let's go and get in your bets."

"I'm afraid, Franky," said Trevor, "that you are not only a mercenary man, but a great—I mean little coward."

"Quite right—you're quite right," said Pratt. "I am mercenary because the money's useful, and enables a man to pay his laundress; and as to being a coward, I am—a dreadful coward. I wouldn't mind if it were only skin, that will grow again; but fancy being ragged about and muddled in a tussle with that fellow! Why, my dear Dick, I should have been six or seven pounds out of pocket in no time."

"I wonder who those girls were in the barouche," said Trevor, after a pause.

"Dare say you do," was the reply; "so do I. Sweet girls—very; but you may make yourself quite easy; you will never see either of them again."

"Don't know," said Trevor, slowly. "This is a very little place, this world, and I have often run against people I knew in the most out-of-the-way places."

"Yes, you may do so abroad," said Pratt; "but here, in England, you never do anything of the kind, except in novels. I saw a girl once at the chrysanthemum show in the Temple, and hoped I should run against her again some day, but I never did. She wasn't so nice, though, as these."

Trevor smiled, and then, encountering one or two gentlemen with whom he had made bets, a little pecuniary business followed, and then the friends strolled along the course.

"By the way," said Trevor, "I was just thinking it rather hard upon our friend of the omnibus; those policemen pounced upon him and walked him off, without much consideration of the case. Well, I don't want to see the fellow again; he made my blood boil to-day."

"Then you will see him, you may depend upon it," said Pratt. "That's just the awkwardness of fate, or whoever the lady is that manages these matters. Owe a man ten pounds, and you will meet him every day like clockwork."

"Why, Franky," said Trevor, laying his hand upon the other's arm, and speaking with the old schoolboy familiarity, "I can't help noticing these money allusions. Have you been very short at times?"

There was a pause of a few moments' duration, and then Pratt said, shortly—

"Awfully!"

They walked on then in silence, which was broken at last by Pratt, who said in a hurried way—

"That accounts for my shabby, screwy ways, Dick, so forgive me for having developed into such a mean little beggar. You see, the governor died and left madam with barely enough to live on, and then she pinched for my education, and she had to fight through it all to get ready for my call to the bar, where, in our innocence—bless us!—we expected that briefs would come showering in, and that, once started in chambers in the Temple, my fortune would be made."

"And the briefs do not shower down yet, Franky?" said Trevor.

"Don't come even in drops. Haven't had occasion for an umbrella any yet. So I went out to Egypt with Landells, you know, and wrote letters and articles for the Geographical; and, somehow, I got elected to the 'Wanderers,' and—here's the gorgeous Van and little Flick."

"Ah, Trevor, my dear boy!" said the first-named gentleman, sauntering up, "thought we should see you

somewhere. Flick, have the goodness to slip that into the case for me."

As he spoke, he handed the race-glass he held in his delicately-gloved hands to the young baronet, who looked annoyed, but closed the glass, and slipped it into the sling-case hanging at his companion's side.

"We should have seen you before, but we came upon a pair of rural hours in a barouche."

"Where?" said Pratt, sharply.

"Ah, Pratt—you there? How do?" said the captain, coolly. "Over the other side of the course, in a lane. I couldn't get Landells away."

"Oh—come!" drawled the young baronet.

"Had his glass fixed upon them, and there he was, perfectly transfixed."

"Boot was on the other foot, 'sure you," said Sir Felix. "It was Van first made the discovery. It was so, indeed."

"What, going!" said Vanleigh, as Trevor moved on.

"Yes; we were going to walk all round the course."

"No use to go houri hunting," said Vanleigh, maliciously. "The barouche has gone."

Trevor coloured slightly, and then more deeply, as he saw a smile on the captain's lip.

"We shall see you again, I dare say, by the stand," he said, taking no notice of the allusion; and, laying a hand upon Pratt's shoulder, he strolled away.

"Well," he said, after a few minutes, "the barouche had not quite disappeared, Franky."

"No," said the other, shortly. "Better for its occupants if it had. I say, Dick, if I had sisters, it would make me feel mad every time that fellow looked at them."

"What—Landells?"

"Oh, no, Felix is a good sort of fellow enough; getting spoiled, but I don't think there's a great deal of harm in him. I've taken a dislike to Van, and I'm afraid I'm rather bitter, and—look, there goes the barouche! Quick, lend me your glass!"

"Thanks, no, Franky," said Trevor, quietly, raising it to his eyes, and watching the carriage, which was going down a lane to their left, the owner having apparently given orders for the postboy to drive them from place to place, where they could get a view of the races, which had succeeded each other pretty quickly. "Thanks, no, I will keep it; but, for your delectation, I may mention that the ladies look very charming, the old gentleman very important; and—now they are gone."

He replaced the glass in its case, smiled good-humouredly at his companion, and they walked on.

"Dick," said Pratt, after a few moments' silence, "if I were a good-looking fellow like you, I should get married."

"And how about yourself?" said the other, smiling.

"Self? I marry? My dear old fellow, marriage is a luxury for the rich. I should be very sorry to starve a wife, and—I say, though, I'm as hungry as a hunter. Take me back to London, old fellow, and feed me, without you want to stay."

"Stay—not I!" said Trevor; "a very little of this sort of thing goes a long way with me. But about those two fellows?"

"Let them try to exist without our company, for once in a way," said Pratt, looking earnestly at his

friend, who was busy once more with the glass; but, catching his companion's eye, Trevor closed the binocular, and they left the course.

### The Casual Observer.

#### AT A MOTHERS' MEETING.

THERE are a-good many ways of bestowing charity. Of old, the favourite fashion was for So-and-so and Dame Joan, his wife, to leave so many pounds, the interest thereof to be distributed upon certain days amongst the poor "for ever." Bright were the golden characters that recorded their golden deeds, and you may see the inscriptions newly varnished from time to time, in plenty of old churches, hard by the squire's pew. Of late, a most admirable custom of sending thousand-pound notes to our various charities has sprung up; but, in spite of their being termed anonymous, there is just a faint echo of the trumpet's blast blown gently at the corner of the next street, even though the flourish was played in subdued tones. Still charity never faileth; and in these days of grace, when people are loudly abusing our great city for its wickedness, and dubbing it "cesspool" and "sewer," every here and there, even in the blackest and murkiest regions, there are welling up bright, pure, and clear little springs of goodness, whose waters, even if they do not quite purify, do much to cleanse and brighten.

Turn out here, from Drury-lane, where, however bright the day, the sun never seems to shine clearly. You have been skirting the shores of a very sea of foulness—a sea, too, where shell-fish abound, and their remains crunch beneath your feet; a sort of gauntlet has to be run, and at the mouth of each alley, smoking strong, rank tobacco, lounge human beings of a class you would not care to encounter in a lonely place—say at two a.m.

They may say what they like about West-end loungers, but you shall find more here—stalwart, well-fed, muscular ruffians, with hands of the softest, and a look as if work and they were bitter enemies, avoiding one another most determinedly. Women, too, are here in their most unlovely aspect, some uttering words that are low and foul; others, again, quiet, subdued, and wretched—this one with eye discoloured—that wasted one, unkempt, livid, and marked by disease, debauchery, and misery unspeakable. The marks of the gin palace are upon many—the gin palaces that flourish and fetch their ten or fifteen thousand pounds goodwill—dull eyes, that sodden, heavy, pasty look of flesh, and dejection of manner. Children whooping, howling, ragged, and, it need hardly be said, dirty, when the road or gutter is their playground and school, even as the corner of a court, or the cellar flap-board of some public-house, is their father's lounging-place and club.

But turn down here into this dull and dark entry. Space is valuable here, and it has to be economised, so that the room to which we descend is where the vaults might be expected, since we are beneath a roomy chapel—a gift of charity to those who are working here their hard, up-hill fight for their fellows' good. These are no vaults, though, but school-rooms lit by gas, and the scholars are women in age, but generally in intellect the merest infants. The world has, no doubt, shar-

pened some faculties, but others have lain dormant. Women they are, indeed, in years, for it is a Mothers' Meeting, and of the hundred present many are grey and worn. But hardly a word is spoken above a whisper, and all are busily employed with the needle upon some garment composed of the stout Manchester goods, which are obtained at wholesale price, and then supplied at a reduction of one-sixth.

Cards are furnished, upon which the weekly payments are recorded—payments beginning with pence, even single, in many cases money won from the gin palace; and the stringent but salutary rule is, that no garment is allowed to be taken away until fully paid for and quite made up.

The attendance proves the interest in the movement, and the appreciation of many of the wretched women of the efforts made in their behalf. And the term wretched is here far from misapplied, as a glance can show.

Here, for instance, in the foreground, content to come and listen to the words that drop, is a woman whose eyes are almost sightless—one of the wounded in the fight for life—her vision destroyed by washing impure linen, the garments of the diseased, the suds inflaming her orbs of sight. Many come with their little ones—no additions to the peace of the meeting; but with these mothers it is, bring the child or stay at home—if home can be applied to the dens that are used by many as a shelter. It has been said that the chapel and its buildings formed a gift of charity to those who labour, and to carry on the work funds are forthcoming.

The reply to a question respecting pecuniary aid was even beautiful in its simplicity:—"We pray for help when it is needed, and it is given!" Anonymous aid is constantly being sent to such an extent, that as many as 5,000 meals were given to the poor last winter, some children even bringing flower-pots to obtain the meat or soup. One touching little incident is related of a child, before whom a hearty meal was placed, such as had probably not fallen to its lot for days. Instead of falling to hungrily, the child began to cry: it could not eat, because "poor mother had none at home."

The time applied to sewing having expired, a short address is listened to with attention, many a mother energetically trying to hush the little one at her breast, and divers urchins peering in through the wired windows, observant of the proceedings; a simple, earnest prayer follows; and then, after the transaction of a little business, many leave, others preferring to stay to the following prayer meeting. The work is hard, and carried on amidst a darkness of the most dense nature; but constant application seems to show that there is a way to all hearts. Teaching is combined here with substantial aid—how substantial we have shown; and from another statement made at the meeting, we learn that a committee of gentlemen in other parts of London started with a small sum to give these dinners in the hard season, and during one winter they gave over 15,000, leaving off with a very Fortunatus's purse, containing the same sum as that wherewith they started. For there is a spirit of charity abroad whose presence is little known, save amidst those who are benefited. But the meeting is at an end, with its pale, beneficent light; and a few steps, and we are once more amidst the garish gas, but moral darkness, of Drury-lane.



## A Bit about Cooking.

THE pleasure which many a mother feels at the thought of returning to her own home for the winter is often not a little clouded by the question which arises in her mind, "Where and how shall I get a cook?" That is the particular servant who causes the greatest trouble in the family. Housemaids may be found without much difficulty, and even good nurses are to be discovered, with luck and proper search. But a cook who knows her business, and attends to it without throwing the rest of the household into confusion, is so rare that one may be almost excused for doubting whether she exists any longer. In about seven cases out of ten (as nearly as we are able to compute them) the cook "drinks a little," as her recommenders say—in other words, she gets blind drunk whenever she feels "so disposed," as Mrs. Gamp expressed it. Many housekeepers wink at this habit, provided it is not repeated too often. "She gets tipsy sometimes," one may hear a lady say, in describing her cook, "but she always manages to send up the dinner." Sometimes, however, the queen of the kitchen is too far gone for that. She abuses the master or mistress, smashes the crockery, pitches the dinner into the grate, and scares the other servants out of their wits. If "company" is expected, the cook invariably chooses that occasion for indulging in her playful flights of humour. No housekeeper of experience feels quite safe at such times until the dinner is all over, and the guests are in the drawing-room.

Mere ignorance of their duties is even a commoner characteristic of our cooks than drunkenness. Most of them do not know even the elementary branches of the art they profess to follow. They cannot send the simplest joint to table in tolerable order. We once knew of a cook who was highly recommended, and who asked thirty dollars a month. She was actually paid twenty-five dollars. She was guilty of stuffing partridges with some villainous compound, and was discovered putting a leg of mutton down to the fire at three o'clock in the afternoon for six o'clock dinner. We need not say how the mutton looked when it came to table. Yet this cook had lived three or four years in one family—there could be no doubt about that, for her "reference" was personally inquired into. Her "karakter" was first-rate—not so her cooking. In how many houses, indeed, can one find a joint really well cooked? It is always either half-raw, or burned to a cinder. And the beauty of it is that the cook does not know the difference between this condition and a properly cooked joint. She cannot understand what you are grumbling at. The truth is that she has never in her life seen anything really well cooked, and, of course, has had no training whatever herself. She has probably "lived in a kitchen" for a short time—if abroad, as a kitchen-maid, where she gained as much insight into the art of cookery as may be conveniently derived from a course of cleaning pots and kettles. Of the art itself she is as ignorant as a cat is of a fiddle—most likely she never even heard that it is called an art. A soup, a curry, a stew—everything that can be mentioned is beyond her capacities. Nor does it make much difference what price the woman demands for her services.

We have known cooks who received fifty dollars a

month to be quite as bad as those who only received sixteen dollars.

The rate of wages is kept up largely by a sort of trades union among cooks. They have regular "houses of call," where they meet each other, and prevent anything like a general fall in wages. None of them will go out below a certain sum. Of course, ladies have no such organizations among themselves—perhaps it is hardly possible that they should have. Still, they can resist the extortions now practised by worthless servants, and they can look a little more closely after the way in which the cook does her work. To expect the mother of a family to attend to the cooking would be unreasonable; but every housekeeper ought at least to know when a dish is properly sent to table. It is quite clear that there are many who have no idea of the difference between good and bad cooking—nothing else can explain the story of the cook mentioned above, who was utterly incompetent, and yet was highly recommended by a family with whom she had lived several years. The ignorance is not all on one side. It may be found in the parlour as well as in the kitchen. We do not doubt that, if ladies were once to give a little of their attention to the subject of cookery, they would be surprised how interesting it would soon become. The resources of the chafing-dish, for instance, are very little known; and yet many a good *plat*, especially for breakfast, luncheon, or supper, is to be produced out of it. Too little use has been made of the chafing-dish. We have searched several excellent French cookery books without finding any reference to it, and a little hand-book especially devoted to it would be welcome to amateur cooks. The dish itself is so made now as to be an ornament to the table or the sideboard, and it is really good "fun" to cook anything in it. After a little while, a lady begins to take almost as much interest in it as she does in a new bonnet. And it renders her, to some degree at least, independent of the cook, which is worth something. A chafing-dish cookery book is the great want in that branch of literature which is devoted to the art of which Brillat-Savarin was so accomplished a student—although, by the bye, that amusing writer makes no mention of the chafing-dish; and to this hour, as we have said, most French cookery books follow his example.

"AN OLD STORY."—The edition of 10,000 has been exhausted in somewhat less than a month. Mr. S. C. Hall is printing a new edition that will be ready for issue on the 12th of December.

DIARIES FOR 1876.—We have been favoured by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. with specimens of their diaries and pocket-books for the coming year, and have no hesitation in saying that for beauty of design and neatness of finish they stand unrivalled. Messrs. De la Rue seem to have sifted the information contained in the ordinary pocket-book, until they have reduced the useful to its smallest denomination; and then they have printed it in red and blue, upon the finest of papers, and in the most perfect of forms. Their table diary is excellent; the tiny pocket-book almanacs exquisite; and the pocket-books and diaries combined, in elegant kid or Russia leather, redolent of birch-bark perfume, are such as would win the heart of any lady possessed of an eye to beauty. Honestly, De la Rue's diaries are beyond praise.

### An Artist's Trip.

IT was the novelty of the idea attracted me. The Honourable Tom Carbonell, with plenty of money, was a frequenter of our club; and, after eating dinners, drinking wines (and spirits), and smoking more than was good for him, he grew tired of the regular round; and turning to me one evening, as we sat together, he exclaimed—

"Perkins, old fellow, I shall write a book."

"Do," I said, laughing; "and let me illustrate it. 'The Fatal Gift; or, the Poisoned Penholder:' a romance in three volumes. By the Hon. Tom Carbonell. Illustrated with twenty-four drawings on wood by Arthur Perkins, A.B.C., D.E.F., &c., &c."

"The very thing I mean," said Tom. "But none of your romance stuff. I mean nature, sir—glorious nature. I'm sick of tiles, chimney-pots, and society."

"Whatever do you intend, then?" I said, wonderingly.

"A hunting trip, my boy—right away into the fastnesses of nature. Central Asia, central Africa, or central America."

"Must it be central?" I said.

"Well—no," he answered. "I wouldn't mind that, if it were in some out-of-the-way place."

"Why not the Rocky Mountains, then?" I said.

"The very place, my boy!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "Buffalo, grizzly bear, Indian! Couldn't be better. We'll go."

"Will we?" I said, laughing. "How about my picture?"

"Bother your picture. Those old duffers won't hang it if you send it in."

"But I must try," I said, lugubriously.

"*Je ne vois pas la nécessité*, dear boy," he said.

"Then I've a wood drawing to finish for an engraver by Saturday."

"Finish it, then; and we'll start on Saturday night."

"But, my dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is hurricane work. How am I to go?"

"My dear Perkins, will you illustrate my book of travel and natural history—sketch for me?"

"Of course I will, if you give me the commission," I said, laughing.

"Take it, then, at your own price. We start on Saturday night for six months, and I'll find everything—outfits and all. Take your paint-box, old man."

I rather felt as if my breath was taken away; but over a cigar I recalled the fact that, in these days of steam, a run over to America and back was only a matter of days, and meant little more than a trip to Scotland a hundred years ago. So, as I had no ties to stay me, I determined to accompany him; and a week after our conversation at the club, the Hon. Tom and I were tossing about far away on the Atlantic, with half the passengers on board desperately ill.

I won't detain you with our every-day adventures on board ship, or on the Pacific Railway; suffice it that, two months after the subject had been broached, we were leading a regular rough camp life far up on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. We had killed bison; we had hunted for bears, and seen none; we had been alarmed by Indians, upon whose hunting-grounds we were, but they had turned out to be of friendly tribes; and we were living in daily expectation

of coming in contact with the unfriendly gentlemen, and losing our scalps.

Tom used to call the dangers we ran "Pickles!" saying they were a zest to our buffalo beef and dried fish; and, evidently, the constant sense of impending danger did give a spice of intense excitement to our life; for though danger held aloof, it was far from imaginary.

My companion was exuberant in his mirth, vowing that our wild life was perfection; and certainly the rude health we enjoyed, and its concomitants of appetite and dreamless sleep in the keen mountain air, were most enjoyable. I was as busy as a bee filling my sketch-book, not only for Tom's work—though I honestly believed that it would never be written—but for future use; and obtained some charming little bits of scenery, which I hope some day to transfer to canvas.

Tom used to bully me for spending so much time with my pencil, when I might have been out with him and his Indian scouts; but I wanted to make my hay while the sun shone, and worked away.

One of Tom's great ambitions was to shoot a bear—a really big one; and day after day, while we were amongst the mountains, he used to tramp up and up, through ravine and gorge, but only to return at night wearied out and disappointed.

"I don't believe there's a bear left in the whole blessed range," he exclaimed, savagely. "Those copper-coloured humbugs are only deluding me."

"Don't look for the bears, and perhaps they'll come to you," I said, philosophically, as I lay beside our fire smoking my pipe.

"Bosh!" was the uncomplimentary reply.

And soon after a heavy snore at regular intervals told me that the Honourable Tom was fast asleep.

"Come with me to-day, Perkins," he said to me as we were making our morning *al fresco* meal. "War Eagle says he has seen tracks of a big bear close at hand. Come and have a try."

"Not for the world," I said. "There's a bit in the valley yonder I must take. I'm going to sketch it in with oils. No; go and come back with the skin, and all the honours unshared. But don't get hurt."

"You're getting fat and lazy," he said, contemptuously.

And soon afterwards, accompanied by his two scouts, he went off on the war-path of the bear.

I was not long in following his example of leaving our little camp; and what with colour-box, portable easel, canvas, pipe, and shooting tools, I was pretty well loaded. But I tramped on, whistling merrily in the bright morning air, threading my way amongst pines and over huge boulders, watching the wondrous changes of colour on the vast mountains' sides, till I reached a spot where I had been before; and after carefully picking my piece, I settled down beside some great blocks of stone, with the mountains rising up almost sheer behind me, covered with shrubs and trees, which seemed to cling by their roots to the bare stone.

I leaned my double rifle and staff up against the boulder, opened my colour-box, fixed my easel and canvas; and then taking off my big, soft wideawake, which I had decorated with a sprig of a sweet-scented mountain plant, I hung it on the edge of my colour-box, and had a good, quiet smoke to settle my ideas.

Half an hour later my pipe was hanging from the corner of the canvas, and I was hard at work painting.

It was a delightful spot; and bit by bit I was dashing in the brilliant colours of sky, mountain, and valley, all looking wondrously bright in that clear atmosphere.

Time glides away very rapidly when the mind is intent upon any particular object, so I cannot say how

a huge, brown-looking bear, seated like a dog on the great boulder, and staring down at me with his bright, red-looking eyes.

For a few moments I was paralyzed, and we sat perfectly still, staring hard the one at the other; the next moment I had recovered myself sufficiently to make



"I FANCIED I HEARD A HEAVY BREATHING."

long I had been at work when I fancied I heard a heavy breathing close behind.

"Come back, and watching me," I thought to myself. "How quietly he has stolen up. Quite an Indian trick.

"How do you like it, old fellow?" I said aloud as, palette in one hand, brush in the other, I swung myself lazily round, to confront, not the Honourable Tom, but

a snatch at and regain my rifle, with which I half scrambled, half rolled down amongst the bushes twenty or thirty yards before I tried to rise.

To my dismay I found that my visitor, in a heavy but tolerably active way, was coming down after me, offering me a fair shot at his huge shoulder; and without a moment's hesitation I raised my rifle and drew the trigger, to hear a sharp click, and at the same instant



to awaken to the fact that it was not loaded, and all the cartridges were by the side of my paint-box fifty yards higher up.

I cursed my folly; but there was no time for useless regrets—my only chance was to escape by the celerity of my movements. But of that I did not feel very hopeful, for the huge beast was coming after me rapidly, and each moment seemed to be waking up more and more into an alacrity that was alarming.

Our progress was all down the mountain slope to the valley far below, where I hoped to find some place of concealment, or a tree that I might climb; for I had heard that the Rocky Mountain grizzly was no adept at tree climbing. But my hopes in this way were cut short by the speed of my pursuer, who was gaining on me fast, and I was compelled to make a double.

It was an unfortunate one for me, though; for in bounding from one stone to another, my foot slipped, and I fell heavily.

I was only half stunned, though; and struggling up, I was about to make another dash for life, when a heavy blow on the shoulder sent me flying, and as I fell I turned my head, to see my pursuer close at hand; while the next moment he was standing over me with one heavy paw planted on my chest, and his great wet, grinning mouth close to my face, as he snuffed at me, and glared with his red eyes.

Can I describe how I felt? Well, I would rather not try. Let me say only that I felt that it was all over, when the huge beast suddenly raised his head in an attitude of attention, gazing down below us into the valley; and, as he did so, there was a dull thud, and as the sharp report of a rifle reached my ear, the beast fell heavily on me, and I fainted.

It was the voice of Tom, followed by a guttural "Hugh!" that seemed to wake me from a stupefying sleep; and, on opening my eyes, there was Tom, covered with blood, dropping brandy between my lips.

"That was a narrow squeak, old fellow," he said. "We tracked him round here, and only came up in time."

"Where's—the bear?" I gasped.

"There he lies, twenty feet below us," said Tom. "He got up again, and was making off, when War Eagle gave him a second pill and I a third, which finished him. By Jove, old fellow, I thought at first I had shot you!"

I was a bit crushed, but I soon came round; and we spent another two months in the mountains, during which time Tom shot two more bears; but number one was the largest. And I think of him a good deal when I sit in Tom's study smoking of an evening, with my feet nestling in the great skin, which makes a magnificent rug. I want Tom to give it to me, and he says he will leave it me in his will.

A WRITER in a late number of one of our magazines argues that the Atlantic Ocean is gradually drying up. This will be pleasant for those people who want to go to America, but are kept back by the fear of sea sickness. In two or three hundred thousand years, perhaps, they can go over on dry land. And, by the way, steamship companies had better be making preparations to put wagon wheels on their vessels.

### The Struggle for the Crust.

YOU must have known Old Curdes; everybody in town knew him. Gruff old stumpy fellow, with a great chaise umbrella; black swallow-tail coat, with great pockets on the hips; broad-brimmed beaver that wouldn't brush smooth, and upon whose nap the wind had no effect in the way of making it less rough; white duck trousers in the summer, black ones in winter, from under which peeped out drab gaiters, buttoned over the ugliest nubby Blucher boots ever seen. He was a curious old fellow, with a temper that must have had its skin knocked off by contact with the world, for it was always raw, and sore, and tender. His head, when he took off his hat, was covered with a sharp, fierce, grey stubble, the longer parts of which he brushed up into a sort of flame-like point; his eyebrows were overhanging and shaggy, sheltering a couple of restless eyes; and, lastly, his face—Well, it was like a cob-walnut shell—as brown, as puckered, and as hard.

Old Curdes used to contract with his barber at a rate which brought down the shaving to a halfpenny a morning, and that money was hardly earned. I'd almost venture to say that it cost Binny, of Spotted Dog-alley, three parts of that cash for repairs, setting, and wear and tear of razors. It was a regular reaping of about the most awkward field of silver stubble that was ever seen; and how Binny ever managed to dodge in and out of those crinks and cranks, and puckers and creases, without cutting his employer, is a problem I have never solved to this day.

But it was a sight to see that shaving—the rubbing with soap, the hot lathering and relathering, and then the amount of stropping and preparing of the razor, which would be perhaps only the first selected out of half a dozen. Why, shaving was quite an institution with Old Curdes, and he would as soon have thought of going without his breakfast as of not taking his morning journey down the street to Binny's shop.

Old Curdes lived on a first floor, over a butcher's shop close to Clare-market, and when his relatives remonstrated with him, as a man of property, for not choosing a more salubrious spot, the old man's puckers would grow deeper in his face, and he would grin and show the only tooth he had left in his head as he declared that he liked it.

"Butcher respects you and gives you good mutton," he'd say; "and then look at the ventilation obtained by living over an open place of business, and the pleasant sound of the meat chopping, let alone the soothing effect produced when the greasy butcher boy is scraping the block."

Old Curdes's relatives turned up their eyes and raised their hands, and went away pondering upon the possibility of instituting a commission in lunacy against the poor old fellow, declaring that he was mad, and that it was monstrous that he should be allowed to waste his money as he did. A nephew once told him so to his face upon a day when the said nephew had been unsuccessful in obtaining a loan of ten pounds; and from that day Old Curdes got into a very bad habit, for whenever any one he did not like was talking to him, the old fellow would contrive to bring his umbrella down heavily upon the foot of his aversion—the sharp ferule, to say the least, hurting severely. Curdes,

junior, no doubt had the first taste of his ferule; but his uncle never had a commission in lunacy instituted against him, and the nephew never again applied personally for a loan.

Loan? Why, you might just as well have asked Aldgate Pump to pour out Old Tom, or Temple Bar to back a bill, as expected Old Curdes to lend money.

"Interest, sir?" he said to some one who offered him ten per cent. for an advance. "Confound your interest, sir! Do you take me for a confounded money-lending, gain-grubbing swindler, who lives on the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures? Be off, sir! be off!"

The applicant was off the next moment, and the old man's name grew to have an ill-savour in the house of Curdes.

People said he was rich, and that he went regularly for his dividends; but, all the same, his rooms were furnished in the plainest manner. The only ornaments upon his chimneypiece were a leaden tobacco-box, made in the shape of a black boy's head, but dented and bruised with long usage, and a couple of pipes. Two or three chairs—Windsors, hard and as slippery as wax could make them—a table, covered with an old cotton-check cover, a piece of drab drugget, and, with certain exceptions, you have the contents of Old Curdes's sitting-room.

The certain exceptions were four of those great box-shaped baskets that milliners' boys used to carry about the streets, half-bred open work, like black-birds' cages, and lined with oilskin; and these great baskets stood one under each window—one on either side of the door. They were mysterious baskets, fastened with padlocks, and many an attempt had been made to get a peep inside them, till it had been found to be impossible. For Old Curdes never left his keys about—he never even left the key of the sitting-room in the lock, but took it with him whenever he went out; and when the servant-girl tidied up the room, and swept and blackleaded, it was always with the owner sitting in one corner, grimly smoking his pipe, enveloping himself in a canopy of smoke to keep off the dust.

If it had not been for the "suspicious old hunks," as the girl called him, it would have been easy enough to have made a slit in the oilskin, somewhere at the back, and so to have had a peep; but with him there she had not a chance. All she could do was to bang the baskets with the broom, and try to drag them aside to feel their weight. I said "try," for the moment hand was laid upon either of those mysterious cases, the old man burst out with a fierce "Ah!" and the girl fled with affright.

They were mysterious baskets to Mary Ann, who often told her mistress, in confidence, that she was sure Muster Curdes had to do with hospitals, and that they were bodies inside—unless, indeed, it wasn't something worse.

What Mary Ann meant by something worse it is hard to say, but one hot day she led her mistress on to the stairs, and then, as they stood in the dim twilight of the unwindowed spot—

"Just you sniff now, ma'am."

Mary Ann's mistress sniffed.

"Now, ma'am, I hope as you're satisfied."

Mary Ann's mistress was satisfied, for she would not sniff any more, but placed her handkerchief to her nose

and fled, fully believing for quite ten minutes that maid Mary was in the right, and that it was bodies; till she recalled the fact that it was the month of July—hot—that her husband was a butcher, and that the trumpet of the blowfly could be plainly heard throughout the savoury, cowheely region of Clare-market.

Mary Ann was wrong; the baskets had nothing to do with either hospital or such dealing—they only had to do with the ways of Old Isaac Curdes. For, in his way, Curdes was a philanthropist, and worked after a fashion of his own amongst the poor. But he abused beggars, swore at organ-grinders, and as to ballad-singers, he would like to act Calcraft for the lot.

"Man, sir, was born to labour, sir, as the sparks fly upward," he used to say, in a happy misquotation. "I worked for what I've got—hard, sir; and a man who will not work hard for what he requires is not worth his salt."

But those baskets: there was, after all, no mystery in them; but there was a good deal in them that was not mystery, but solid as well as flimsy workmanship. I happened to be there one day—in the first floor in Clare-market—when one by one the baskets were opened, and this is what I saw. In the first place, I went by invitation, and crossed by the butcher's shop, where it seemed to be an established rule that joints would not sell, and pieces would, and, consequently, men were busy cutting up breasts and necks of mutton, and flanks and side pieces of beef into scraps, which, placed in heaps, people were eagerly buying up, after fingering and turning over to an extent that was anything but fascinating to those who were to follow.

There was a good deal to see in that butcher's shop, and I could not help congratulating myself that I was not in the inspecting line, with a diploma from the Metropolitan Market Committee, for some of the animals exhibited wore strongly the aspect of having been killed upon the life-saving principle, and said plainly as could be to the observant observer—"Eat bread and cheese, and leave us in peace."

But leaving the busy shop, I went up to Old Curdes upon that hot day, sitting in his shirt sleeves, smoking, and at times drinking from a flagon that mild and cooling beverage, known commonly by the title of shandy-gaff—a compound of the beers of malt and ginger in the proportions of two to one.

Upon entering I was saluted with a nod—a friendly nod; when, without rising, and balancing his pipe in his lips the while, Old Curdes pushed over the pewter of beverage, and then the dented leaden tobacco-box, and a long pipe. Well, Curdes was a philosopher, even as was Sir Walter Raleigh, and wishing to be friendly, I submitted to the freemasonry of tobacco—filled, smoked, sipped, and smoked again, till having finished his pipe, tapped out the ashes, and laid it down, Old Curdes got up, slowly advanced a stride or two, laid one hand upon my chest, and with the other pointed to the baskets.

"Like to know what's in 'em?"

I nodded.

"Now that's frank, and frankness is what I like, young man. If you were a relative of mine, and I had anything to leave, you should have a slice. But I haven't a shilling to leave to a soul, because I spend it all; and what's more, you aint a relation—so we can go on without fear."



There seemed to be nothing to say, so I nodded again.

"Now, then, come here, and you shall see what's in the baskets."

Rising with alacrity, I walked across the room as Old Curdes slowly bent his knees, and after much fumbling, unlocked first one, and then another padlock, till the whole were laid upon the floor, and with a strange, crashing noise, he threw open each lid.

"Then it was you I saw buying the jumping frog," I exclaimed.

"To be sure, to be sure," exclaimed Curdes, with a chuckle. "I bought the jumping frog."

"And the Chinese puzzle?"

"Yes, and the Chinese puzzle. What have you to say to that? Why, young man, I've bought hundreds of pounds' worth of those sort of things hundreds of times over, because it's supporting industry and honest labour, and the struggle for the crust. I hate to see a man go prowling about the street, singing and torturing the Old Hundredth Psalm into a vehicle for carrying halfpence into his pocket—it's perfectly disgusting; or a pack of idle vagabonds roaring they are 'All the way from Manchester, and got no work to do,' when they are Whitechapel roughs; but when I see a man set his wits to work to help himself, and make a something or another that will sell to the British public on the doorstep, and bring him in a few pence, why I say that such a man belongs to the commercial greatness of England—that he is worthy of support; and as long as I have a shilling, I support him accordingly.

"Now, look here!"

Of course I looked, and as I did so, Robin—Anderson—the whole pack of conjurers were thrown into the shade, for never before was such a mighty collection of wonders dragged into the light of day from so small a space. How they had ever been compressed so far was the great wonder; but, all the same, there they were in all their pristine beauties of paint and tinsel, the products of the street trades of the past half-century—little articles that I knew again as old friends—that I had seen hundreds of times over; and one and all, carefully wrapped up in tissue paper, were unrolled for my special benefit.

The sight of them took one back to boyhood, and forward to the days of one's adolescence. British Museum, South Kensington, the United Service, the India House—pooh! they all seemed to sink into insignificance before Old Curdes's baskets and the fruits of his collecting. How he unrolled the "rooey-tooey" squeaker of Punch, and, directly after, the little black, plastic doll that always shrieked loudly whenever it was pinched, or one of its legs was dragged into unnatural distension by its vendor, but ever after subsided into mute, inglorious silence. Next came a piece of strangely-shriveled pinky skin, which, I was informed, was a balloon before it collapsed. A small steam engine next stopped the way, with its startling puff of cotton-wool smoke; while, as if from sooty connections, the shrieking devil that starts so suddenly from its box came next.

To catalogue—the little swell that disappears into its grey hat, the horn-shaving snake that is pushed so easily in a box, and those old wonders of the turner's art, the pippins and lemons that fitted one within the other. Dolls in every style of dress, from the bare

wood to the florid muslin and panier. The stiff-legged horse, with mane from an old muff or victorine, spotted on the flanks with red wafer-like markings of the class of painting adopted by Mr. Toole in "Dot," when, as Caleb Plummer, his emulation was to approach as near to life as possible. Glittering tin soldiers in full scarlet uniform; shirt studs; pipe cleaners; old pocket-books; velvet blackbirds with gilded beaks, and tabby cats of the same material, ornamented with stripes.

Manufactures too, of a more pretentious nature, though the immortal pen'orth formed the bulk; for there were fly-cages of tissue—pinked, puckered, and goffered, and of every tint; stove papers of the most magnificent designs, papers of pens, walking-sticks, whistles—there, it would take some hundred pages octavo of Debenham and Storr's catalogues of sundries for sale to give a list of the articles of *vertu* collected by Old Curdes in his travels through the streets.

It did not matter how rough an article might be, whether it was useful or certain to prove a do—let but the vendor show that he was trying hard for a living, and he was certain to find in Old Curdes a customer, who would buy one, and then pass on, to return and say that he thought he would take another, and perhaps, after that, bring back a friend to buy a third.

Why, it was Old Curdes who was the insane old man who used to buy up the evening papers from the tired boys, when they went about dull and disconsolate—their papers soiled by their hot hands and dirty clothes—and then went off in triumph with a bundle of *Stars* and *Standards* under one arm, his grim umbrella beneath the other—erect, defiant, and ready to turn round and face any one who favoured him with a smile.

But to return to the baskets. I saw them emptied, and I saw them repacked, and then stood silent, while Old Curdes asked, "What I thought they were worth?"

What could I say? Nothing! So I said it.

"Now, fairly now, what do you think the collection's worth?" said the old man again, almost fiercely, and then he burst out into a hearty laugh. "I'll tell you, my lad; I'll tell you. You think the things are worth nothing, and you are quite right. They wouldn't fetch ten shillings to stock the most beggarly shop in the Dials; but to me they're invaluable, for they are the savings of my life."

I went home moralizing about Old Curdes, and wondering whether he was a philosopher or a humbug, a philanthropist or a labourer in the vineyard of cant. The problem remained unsolved until one day, when a boy came with a message, asking me to go on to Clare-market and I went to find that the old man was lying in bed, with a calm, placid look upon his pale face, and that aspect in his eyes of seeing very far off—far beyond mortal ken. He smiled as I went into the room, and, on speaking in a whisper, I bend down to catch his words—

"Anything new in the market?"

"Anything new?"

"Yes, yes; anything new. Any toys or dodges—penny trade, you know?"

"There was a sort of Jim Crow thing—a tumbler on a tray—last night," I said.

"Yes, yes, I saw that; look, I have got it here," he said, feebly; and he tried to reach beneath his pillow,

but was unable; and, divining his wishes, I drew out a tumbling doll, with black face and scarlet garments, and, as I held it up, the old man smiled. "There, you see," he whispered feebly. "I think that's the last thing out. I took a dozen of 'em: made the poor fellow as happy as a king."

There was a pause here as I gently replaced the doll beneath his pillow, and watched his strangely-changed countenance, waiting for him to speak again, and the waiting was not for long.

"I'm not mad," he whispered at last. "It was my whim, and perhaps I'm wrong; but it's seemed to me that I've done good, and if I could live, I should do it again—fool my money away, eh? That's what they called it, and they used to laugh at me. Let 'em! It was my faith, and I believed in it. I don't like idleness; I don't like to see vagabonds skulking about, because there's a slackness in their trade. Why don't they try something else, and sell something, or do something, instead of standing at the public-house doors, with their hands in their pockets? Man, sir, was made to work—let him work."

There was a silence fell upon us here, and as I sat by his bedside, gazing through the open door into his sitting-room, there were his pipe and lead tobacco-box, just as he had used them last. The baskets, too, were there open as if he had been busy at them lately; and then, as his eyes were closed, I stole away to learn that on the previous night the old man had been on some errand of mercy, when, returning through a dark court, he was struck down from behind, and robbed of his watch—to be brought home insensible.

I had hardly returned to his side when he opened his eyes, looked me full in the face, and, as if he divined what I had come to ask, he whispered, painfully—

"Yes, he struck me down; poor wretch! he knew no better; and it does not much matter. I'm an old man now, and weak—very weak; and what's that blind they've put across the room?"

I told him that there was nothing; and he closed his eyes—softly muttering to himself the while; and then he seemed to drop off into a gentle sleep, breathing easily and gently for full an hour, when, with a start as of dread, he awoke, half raised himself on his arm, and gazed full in my face.

"What time is it?" he whispered, in strange, harsh, cracked tones.

"Nearly twelve."

"Yes," he whispered faintly, "nearly twelve; the ending of one day and the beginning of another."

He was silent then for a while, and lay quite still, till with nervous hand he felt feebly beneath his pillow, his eyes painfully dilated and his lips moving, so that, believing he wished to speak, I bent down to catch the broken words—

"Cup of cold water—for my sake—shall not be without—reward—hope!"

The words that followed were inaudible, and I listened in vain for others before, with a strange, mournful chill upon me, I stole on tiptoe from the room where the ears in which my words had been uttered were deaf for evermore; for the poor had lost a friend—those who struggled hardly for the crust had lost one of their best customers—Old Curdes was dead.

### The Russian Visitor.

THE Belgians are hard bargainers. The Germans arrange their holiday expenditure with an exactitude that can only be expressed in silbergroschen. Besides, since their wonderful military successes, they are not nearly so well off as they used to be in the modester days of the Bund. One of Ostend's leading citizens—in the hotel-keeping line—observed pathetically to me this morning:

"Voyez-vous, Monsieur, depuis que ces Messieurs ont gobé les deux milliards, ils sont diablement gênés dans leurs affaires pécuniaires."

The same authority confided to me his opinion, that of all the foreigners visiting Ostend, the most remunerative to native talent were the Russians and the English. The French, he remarked, are "mauvais payeurs"—charming when they arrive, insufferable when they depart. He is especially sweet on the Russians.

"They are large, see you; they dispute not the accounts. Once lodged himself at me a Count—. When he arrive I was not. I return home from my circle; my wife was all frightened. She cry to me, 'Go, speak to the Mister Russian; he beat all the waiters; he is in an anger—but an anger!' I ask of what it is question. One tells me the Count he insist that the waiters take him off his boots. They are brave Belgians; they will not. He strike them and say stern follies. I had courage, I—I feared me not of him. I go to his room, and say—

"Mr. the Count, I am the proprietor; what will you?"

"Sir," he say, 'I will thank you pull me off the boots!'

"My first sentiment is *de lui allonger une claque*; but I master myself, and say—

"Wait only two minutes, Mr. the Count; I have an order to give."

"So I run to my wife, and tell her give me my *frac*, my gloves grey-pearl, my gibus, my pantaloons black. In two minutes behold me, of great *tenue*. I go back to the Count. I say to him—

"Only in dress of gala can the proprietor of this hotel take you off your boots."

"And, my faith, I take him them off in one—two. He raise himself, bow himself, and thank me very politely. By-and-by, in three weeks, he ask for his bill. I inscribe on it, as extra, 'To taking off Mr. the Count's boots by the proprietor in a *frac* and grey-pearl gloves, 100 francs.' He frown his eyebrows when he read that, but he not say one word. He pay that addition integrally. Never he ask me more to serve him as a pull-boot. But he come regularly, three, four years *de suite*, to my hotel, and he always say to me—

"Mr.—, you are a brave—you are all a man, holy blue!"

NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—An addition to our pictorial literature is about to appear, in the shape of the *London and Provincial Illustrated Newspaper*. It is commencing under the most favourable auspices, and promises, from its artistic and literary merits, to become a formidable competitor to its higher-priced contemporaries.

## Things New and Old.

### Iceland Students.

There are half a dozen students, with bowie knives and long canes, like officers of the United States navy. The signs of Burschdom are noise, inquisitiveness, Republicanism, hard drinking, and consequent "hot coppers," especially in those who are "unco' heavy on the pipe." They gather together, singing Luther's hymns and national Norwegian airs, while not unfrequently they intone in chorus—

"Doolce reedenten Ialagen amabo  
Doolce loquentem."

They gather round us, forgetting the venerable axiom, "Manners makyth man;" they pester us, and ask us, in roaring voices, about the English "Nestor," for they naturally hold us to be horse-dealers, and, as the universal bow-legs show, are all horsey from babyhood. Their luggage consists mainly of old saddles and bridles, and of nests of sealskin riding-bags. . . . Two of them are never sober, and huge horns of spirits, acting as bottles, supply the *de quoi*. All drink hard at each landing-place, which leads to the "stool of repentance" next morning. Their heartiness, not to say their roughness, is dashed with a curious ceremoniousness. They never omit pulling off their hats, an uncomfortable practice, less common, perhaps, in England than elsewhere; they shake hands whose warts cause a shudder; and when they exchange the parting kiss, it is with deliberation—first prospecting the place, and then planting a "rouser" on each cheek, and finishing off full in the mouth.—*Strange Wants*.

### Napoleon's Treatment of his Generals.

He was born a king, if to command the obedience of men be the whole art of kingship, which may, perhaps, be doubted. He seems in general to have acted on the plan of Frederick the Great—that is, he demanded nothing but success from his lieutenants, and was careless of the means they took to obtain it. Only failure he would never forgive. It was a favourite saying of his that he never judged men but by results. It was to no purpose that Massena gave excellent reasons for his defeat by Wellington; Napoleon wanted victories, and not explanations. There is a foolish story, to which so eminent a man as Southey could give credence, to the effect that Admiral Villeneuve was assassinated by order of the Emperor after his disgrace at Trafalgar. There can be no serious doubt that the unfortunate commander committed suicide, in sheer terror at the idea of an interview with the stern master whose plans he had caused to miscarry. It is fair to add that those of his captains who were successful had no need to complain that their services were insufficiently appreciated. Even Massena had acquired an income of 100,000 dollars while his star was in the ascendant. Soult had 60,000 dollars a year; Ney nearly 150,000 dollars; Davoust 180,000 dollars; while Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel, enjoyed a princely revenue of some 270,000 dollars. "They will no longer fight," Napoleon once exclaimed, in a moment of dejection, referring to his generals; "I have made them too rich." It may be suspected that it was rather from motives of policy than of gratitude that Napoleon thus

created the fortunes of his marshals in a day. He was anxious to establish as a support to his throne a powerful aristocracy, which in splendour and (to do him justice) in the brilliancy of its achievements should rival the old nobility of France. He forgot, however, that though monarchy and democracy can exist and have existed without prescription, an aristocracy to be venerable must absolutely bear the seal of antiquity. In none of his projects had Cromwell failed more hopelessly than in his attempt to reconstruct the House of Lords in England. Napoleon, it is true, did not propose to confer legislative functions on his nobles as such; nevertheless, he intended them to be a privileged class, and this alone was a more courageous than wise idea on the morrow of 1789.

### Fishing in the South Seas.

Fishing parties always take place at half-tide. At high tide the water would be too deep for carrying on this style of fishing, and at low tide the fish go out into deep water outside the reef. At half-tide the water is about four feet deep. The nets are first fixed so as to form two sides of a triangle, the apex ending in a large bag net. Then hundreds of small canoes spread out, and, as it were, enclose nearly half a square mile of water; they then slowly advance, gradually closing in on all sides towards the net. The large canoe is stationed near the head of the nets, and in it the head fisherman stands, directing the whole force; while here and there, standing in the water near the nets, are stationed some of the older men.

Almost as soon as the circle of canoes had commenced the advance, some of the more timid kinds of fish dashed into the net, and, unless there appeared a likelihood of their doing damage, they were allowed to mesh themselves.

In a very short time the circle of canoes had decreased to a quarter of its original size, and the fish, like a terrified flock of sheep, crowded into the net. Jokes, laughter, and good-natured chaff are the order of the day, for men, women, and tiny children all join in these big fishing parties. The splashing and shouting increase as the canoes approach the nets, and it is difficult for the head fisherman, who stands up frantically gesticulating in his canoe, to keep proper order in the advancing crowd. Many of the natives now leave their canoes and wade along, grasping a light fish-spear, and it is marvellous with what dexterity they will strike the fish that attempt to break back. When they have reached the two wings of the net, most of the natives jump into the water and advance in a compact line, so that the fish now have no choice but to hurry into the bag at the end of the net.

The dark forms of the natives are now seen diving about with the rapidity of seals, searching all the holes and corners in the rocks for lurking fish. A great number which would otherwise escape are taken in this way, and when so captured are never appropriated, but always placed in the big canoe; not to do this would be considered an act of meanness. While the divers have been thus engaged, the bag net has been lifted into the big canoe, the fish taken out, and the nets made ready for another setting. The whole fleet then adjourns to another part, say half a mile away, where the same process is gone through again.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER V.—THE WRITER OF THE LETTER.

"WOA! d'ye hear! woa! I'm blest if I ever did see sich a' oss as you are, Ratty, 'ang me if I did. If a chap could drive you without swearing, he must be a downright archangel. Holt still, will yer? Look at that, now!"

A jog here at the reins, and Ratty went forward; a lash from the whip, and the horse, a wall-eyed, attenuated beast, with a rat-tail, went backwards, ending by backing the Hansom cab, in whose shafts he played at clay mill, going round and round in a perfect slough of a new unmade road, cut into ruts by builders' carts.

"Now, lookee here," said the driver, our friend of the Pall Mall accident; "on'y one on us can be master, yer know. If you'll on'y say as yer can drive, and will drive, why I'll run in the shafts, and there's an end on't. Holt still, will yer? Yer might be decent to-day."

The horse suddenly stood still—bogged with the slushy mud over his fetlocks, and the cab wheels half-way down to the nave.

"Thenky," said the driver, standing up on his perch; "much obliged. I'm blessed!" he muttered. "Buddy may well say as mine's allus the dirtiest kebab as comes inter the yard, as well as the shabbiest. 'Struth, what a place! Now, then, get on, will yer?"

The horse gave his Roman-profiled head a shake, and remained motionless.

"Just like yer," said the cabman. "When I want yer to go, yer stop; and when I don't want yer to go, off yer do go, all of a shy, and knocks 'alf a dozen people into the mud, and gets yer driver nearly took up for reckless driving, as the bobbies calls it. Come, get on."

Another shake of the head, but the four legs seemed planted as if they were to grow.

"Well, there's one thing, Ratty," said the driver, "we're about square, mate; for if ever I've give yer too much of the whip, yer've had it outer me with obstinacy. Look at this now, just when yer oughter be on yer best manners, seeing as I've come about the mischief as yer did; and then, to make it was, yer takes advantage of yer poor master's weakness, and goes a-leading of him inter temptation sore as can't be bore, and pulls up close aside of a public."

For the spot at which the horse had stopped was at the opening of one of those new suburban streets run up by speculative builders—a street of six and seven-roomed houses, with a flaming tavern at the corner; and the houses, starting from the commencement of the street, in every stage from finished and inhabited, through unfinished and uninhabited, down to unfinished skeletons with the bricks falling out—foundations just above the ground, foundations merely dug, to end only with a few scaffold poles, and a brick-field in full work.

"Stops right in front of a public, yer do," said the driver; "and me as thirsty as a sack o' sawdust."

The cabman looked at the public-house, to read golden announcements of "Tipkins's Entire," of "The celebrated fourpenny ale," and the "Brown London stout, threepence per pot in your own jug," and his whip-hand was drawn across his lips. Then the whip-

hand was set free, and forced its way into his pockets, where it rattled some halfpence.

"Must have 'alf pint now, anyhow," he muttered, and he made as if to fasten the reins to the roof of the cab, but only to plump himself down into his seat again, jog the reins, and give his whip a sharp crack.

"I'll tell the missus on you, Ratty, see if I don't," he said, "a-trying to get your master back into his old ways. Get on with yer, or yer'll get it directly."

He gave his whip such a vigorous crack in the air that Ratty consented to go, and, dragging the muddy cab partially down the new street, its driver pulled up by where a knot of shoeless boys were ornamenting and amusing themselves with the new ill-laid pavement. One was standing like a small Colossus of Rhodes, with his grimy feet at either corner of a loose slab, making the liquid sand beneath squirt out into a puddle, while a companion carefully turned a naked foot into a stump, dipped it in the mud, and printed a pattern all along the pave, till a third smudged it out, and a fight ensued.

"Hallo, yer young dogs," roared the cabman, and his long whip gave a crack which stopped the fray; "a-fightin' like that! Where's Whaley's-place?"

"First turn to the left, and first to the right," shouted two boys.

"And is it all like this here?" said the cabman.

"No, you should have gone round Brick-street. I'll show yer."

"Hook on, then," said the cabman, turning his horse; and, to the extreme envy of his companions, the little speaker "hooked" on behind, his muddy feet slipping about on the step; but he clung fast, shouting his directions till the driver reached the main road, made a détour, and arrived at last in Whaley's-place, where the present of a copper sent the boy off in high glee to spend it in some coveted luxury.

"Nice sorter cheerful spot this," said the cabman, taking an observation of the street, which was of a similar class to the new one he had left, only that the houses had fallen into a state of premature decay; quite half, too, had declined from the genteel private and taken to trade, with or without the bow window of shop life. For instance, one displayed a few penny illustrated sheets and an assortment of fly-specked clay pipes, the glass panes bearing the legends, "Tobacco" and "Cigars." Another house had the door wide open, and sundry squeaks issued therefrom—squeaks of a manufacturing tendency, indicative of grinding, the process being explained by a red and yellow board, having an artistic drawing of the machinery used, and the words, "Mangling done here." Then, after an interval of private houses, there was a fishmonger's, with a stock-in-trade of four plaice and ten bloaters, opposite to a purveyor's, in whose open window—the parlour by rights, with the sashes out—were displayed two very unpleasant-looking decapitations of the gentle sheep, and three trays of pieces, labelled ninepence, sevenpence, and sixpence individually, apparently not from any variation of quality, but the prevalence of bone.

"A werry nice sorter place," said the cabman, gazing down at the runaway children, and the preternaturally big-headed, tadpoleish babies, whose porters were staring at him. "Said it was at a little grosher's shop. Ah, here we are."

It was only four doors farther on, and at this establishment there was a shop front, with the name "B. Sturt" on the fascia. The stock here did not seem to be extensive, though the place was scrupulously clean. There was a decorative and pictorial aspect about the trade carried on, which was evidently that of a chandler's shop; for, in attenuated letters over the door, you read that Barnabas Sturt was licensed by the Board of Inland Revenue to deal in tea, coffee, pepper, vinegar, and tobacco. The panes of the windows were gay with show cards, one of which displayed the effects of Tompkins's Baking Powder, while in another a lady was holding up fine linen got up with Winks's Prussian Blue, and smiling sweetly at a neighbouring damsel stiff with regal starch. There were pictorial cards, too, telling of the celebrated Unadulterated Mustard, the Ho-fi Tea Company, and Fort's Popular Coffee.

Descending from his perch, the cabman stroked and patted his horse, and then entered the shop, setting a bell jingling, and standing face to face with a counter, a pair of scales, and a box of red herrings.

Nobody came, so he tapped the floor with his whip, and a voice growled savagely from beyond a half-glass door which guarded an inner room—

"Coming."

Waiting patiently for a few moments, the cabman became aware of the fact that Barnabas Sturt consumed his tobacco as well as dealt in it; and at last, growing impatient, he peered through the window, to perceive that a very thin, sour-looking woman, with high cheek bones, was dipping pieces of rag into a teacup of vinegar and water, and applying them to the contused countenance of a bull-headed gentleman, who lay back in a chair smoking, and making the woman wince and sneeze by puffing volumes of the coarse, foul vapour into her face.

"Better mind what you are doing!" he growled.

"Can't help it, dear," said the woman, plaintively, "if you smoke me so. Well, what now?" she said, waspishly, and changing her tone to the metallic aggressive common amongst some women.

"Been having a—?" the cabman finished his sentence by grinning, and giving his arms a pugilistic flourish.

"What's that got to do with you?" growled Mr. Sturt. "What d'yer come into people's places like that for?"

"Because people says as they sells the werry best tobacco at threepence a hounce," said the cabman. "Give's half-hounce."

"Go an' weigh it," said Mr. Sturt.

And the woman dropped the rag she held, and passed shrinkingly into the shop, took the already weighed-out tobacco from a jar, and held out her hand for the money.

"Now then," growled Mr. Sturt from the back room, "hand that over here, will yer?"

The cabman walked into the room and laid down the money, slowly emptying the paper afterwards into a pouch, which he took from a side pocket.

"This here's twenty-seven, aint it?" said the cabman then.

"Yes, it is twenty-seven," cried Mr. Sturt—our friend Barney of the steeplechase—and he seemed so much disturbed that he leaped up and backed into a corner of the room. "You aint got nothin' again' me, come, now."

"No, I aint got nothin' again' yer," said the cabman, quietly, but with his eye twinkling. "Did yer think I was—?"

He finished his sentence with a wink.

"Never you mind what I thought," said Barney. "What d'yer want here?"

"Only to know if Mrs. Lane lives here."

"Yes, she do," cried the woman, spitefully; "and why couldn't you ring the side bell, and not come bothering us?"

"Because I wanted some tobacco, mum," said the cabman, quietly.

"Oh!" said the woman, in a loud voice; "with them cabs, indeed, a-comin' every day: there'll be kerridges next!"

"Just you come and go on with your job," said Barney, with a snarl.

"I'm coming!" said the woman, sharply. Then to the cabman—"You can go this way," and she flung open a side door and called up the stairs. "Here, Mrs. Lane, another cab's come for you. There, I s'pose you can go up," she added; and then, in a voice loud enough to be heard upstairs, "if people would only pay their way instead of riding in cabs, it would be better for some of us."

A door had been heard to open on the first floor, and then, as the vinegary remark of Mrs. Sturt rose, voices were heard whispering. The cabman went straight up the uncarpeted stairs, to pause before the half-open door, as he heard, in a soft conversation, the words—

"Mamma—dear mamma, pray don't notice it."

The next moment the door opened fully, and the pale, worn-looking woman of the accident stood before the cabman, who shuffled off his hat, and stood bowing.

"Jenkles, mum," he said—"Samuel Jenkles, nine, ought, seven, four, three, six, as knocked you down in Pall Mall."

The woman stepped back and laid her hand upon her side, seeming about to fall, when the cabman started forward and caught her, helping her to a chair in the shabbily-furnished room, as the door swung to.

"Oh, mamma," said a girl of about seventeen, springing forward, the work she had been engaged upon falling on the floor.

"It is nothing, my dear," gasped the other; though her cheek was ashy pale, and the dew gathered on her forehead.

"She's fainting, my dear," said the cabman. "Got anything in the house?"

"Yes, some water," said the girl, supporting the swooning woman, and fanning her face.

"Water!" ejaculated the cabman, in a tone of disgust. "Here, I'll be back directly."

He caught up a little china mug from a side table, and ran out, nearly upsetting Mrs. Sturt on the landing and Barney at the foot of the stairs, to return at the end of a few minutes, and find the passage vacant; so he hastily ran up, to see that Mrs. Lane had come to in his absence, though she looked deadly pale.

"Here, mum," he said, earnestly, "drink this; don't be afraid, it's port wine. A drop wouldn't do you no harm neither, miss," he added, as he glanced at the sweet, pale face and delicate aspect of the girl.

Mrs. Lane put the mug to her lips, and then made an effort, and sat up.



"You was hurt, then, mum?" said the cabman, anxiously.

"Only shaken—frightened," she said, in a feeble voice.

"And my coming brought it all up again, and upset you. It's jest like me, mum, I'm allus a-doing something; ask my missus if I aint."

"It did startle me," said Mrs. Lane, recovering herself. "But you wished to see me. I am better now, Netta," she said to the girl, who clung to her. "Place a chair."

"No, no, arter you, miss," said the cabman; "I'm nobody;" and he persisted in standing. "Scuse me, but I knows a real lady when I sees one; I'll stand, thank you. You see, it was like this: I saw Tommy Runce on the stand—him, you know, as brought you home from the front of the club there—and I ast him, and he told me where he brought you. And when I was talking to the missus last night, she says, says she, 'Well, Sam,' she says, 'the least you can do is to drive up and see how the poor woman is, even if you lose half a day.' 'Well,' I says, 'that's just what I was a thinking,' I says, 'only I wanted to hear you say it too.' So you see, mum, thinking it was only nobody like, I made bold to come and tell you how sorry I am, and how it was all Ratty's fault; for he's that beast of a horse—begging your pardon, ma'am, and yours too, miss—as it's impossible to drive. He oughter ha' been called Gunpowder, for you never know when he's going off."

"It was very kind and very thoughtful of you, and—and your wife," said Mrs. Lane; "and indeed I thank you; but I was not hurt, only shaken."

"Then it shook all the colour outer your face, ma'am, and outer yours too, miss," he said, awkwardly. "You will excuse me, but you look as if you wanted a ride every day out in the country."

As he spoke, the girl glanced at a bundle of violets in a broken glass of water in the window; then the tears faltered in her eyes. She seemed to struggle for a moment against her emotion, and then started up and burst into a passion of weeping.

"My darling!" whispered Mrs. Lane, catching her in her arms, and trying to soothe her, "pray—pray don't give way."

"I've done it again," muttered Jenkles—"I'm always doing it—it is my natur to."

The girl made a brave effort, dashed away the tears, shook back her long dark hair, and tried to smile in the speaker's face, but so piteous and sad a smile that Jenkles gave a gulp; for he had been glancing round the room, and in that glance had seen a lady and her daughter living in a state of semi-starvation, keeping life together evidently by sewing the hard, toilsome slop-work which he saw scattered upon the table and chairs.

"She has been ill," said Mrs. Lane, apologetically, "and has not quite recovered. We are very much obliged for your calling."

"Well, you see, mum," said Jenkles, "it was to set both of us right like—you as I didn't mean to do it, and me and my missus that you warn't hurt. And now I'm here, mum, if you and the young lady there would like a drive once or twice out into the country, why, mum, you've only got to say the word, and—"

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," said the sharp voice of

Mrs. Sturt, laying great stress on the "ma'am," "but my 'usban' is below, and going out on business, and he'd be much obliged if you'd pay us the rent."

The girl looked in a frightened way at her mother, who rose, and said, quietly—

"Mrs. Sturt, you might have spared me this—and before a stranger, too."

"I don't know nothing about no strangers, ma'am," said Mrs. Sturt, defiantly. "I only know that my master sent me up for the rent; for he says if people can afford to come home in cabs, and order cabs, and drink port wine, they can afford to pay their rent; so, if you please, ma'am, if you'll be kind—"

"Why, them two cabs warn't nothing to do with the lady at all," said Jenkles, indignantly; "and as for the wine, why, that was mine—and—and I paid for it."

"And drupk it too, I dessay," said Mrs. Sturt. "Which it's four weeks at seven-and-six, if you please, ma'am—thirty shillings, if you please."

The girl stood up, her eyes flashing, and a deep flush in her cheeks; but at a sign from her mother she was silent.

"Mrs. Sturt," she said, "I cannot pay you now; give me till Saturday."

"That won't do for my master, ma'am; he won't be put off."

"But the work I have in hand, Mrs. Sturt, will half pay you—you shall receive that."

"I'm tired on it," said Mrs. Sturt, turning to the door; "p'raps I'd better send him up."

"Oh, mamma," said the girl, in a low, frightened voice, and she turned of a waxen pallor, "don't let him come here."

And she clung trembling to her arm as the retreating footsteps of Mrs. Sturt were heard, and, directly after, her vinegary voice in colloquy with her husband.

"Here, I'll soon let 'em know," he was heard to say, roughly.

And the trembling girl hid her face on her mother's shoulder; but only to start up directly, very pale and firm, as Barney's heavy step was heard.

"Blame me if I can stand this," muttered Jenkles.

And without a word he stuck his hat on his head and walked out of the room, in time to meet the master of the house on the stairs.

"Now, then?" said Barney, as Jenkles stopped short.

"Now, then," said Jenkles, "where are you going?"

"In there," said Barney, savagely; and he nodded towards the room.

"No, you aint," said Jenkles, "you're a-going downstairs."

"Oh, am I? I'll just show you about that."

And he rushed up two more stairs; but Jenkles did not budge an inch—only met the brute with such a firm, unflinching look in his ugly eyes that the bully was cowed, puzzled at the opposition.

"You're a-going downstairs to send yer missus up; and jest you tell her to go and take a spoonful of treacle out o' the shop afore she does come up, so as she'll be a little bit sweeter when the ladies pays her."

Then Jenkles walked back into the room, rammed his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a dirty canvas bag, out of which he fished a piece of rag tied tightly, in one corner of which was a sovereign, which had to be set free with his teeth. From another corner he

tried to extricate a half-sovereign, but it would not come, the knot was too tight.

"Here, lend's a pair o' scissors," he exclaimed, eagerly.

"What are you going to do?" said Mrs. Lane.

"To cut this here out," said Jenkles; "there, that's it. Here's a sov and aarf, mum, as was saved up for our rent. I never did such a thing afore, but that's nothing to you. I'll lend it you, and you'll pay me again when you can. There's my name on that dirty envelope, and you'll send it, I know."

"No," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, in a choking voice, "I—"

At this moment Mrs. Sturt entered the room, looking very grim; but no sooner did she see the money lying upon the table than she walked up, took it, said "Thanky" shortly, and jerked a letter upon the table.

Jenkles was following her, when Mrs. Lane cried "Stop!" seized the letter, tore it open, and read it.

It was in reply to the second she had written, both of which had reached Captain Vanleigh, though she believed the first had been lost.

Her letter had been brief—

"Help us—we are destitute.

"A. V."

The reply was—

"Do what I wish, and I will help you."

No signature.

Mrs. Lane clenched her teeth as she crushed the letter in her hand, then raised her eyes to see the cabman at the door, with her daughter kissing his hand.

"Oh, God!" she moaned, "has it come to this!"

The next minute Netta was clinging to her, and they wept in unison as the sound of wheels was heard; and Sam Jenkles apostrophized his ugly steed:—

"Ratty," he said, "I wonder what it feels like to be a fool—whether it's what I feels just now?"

There was a crack of the whip here, and the Hansom trundled along.

"How many half-pints are there in thirty bob, I wonder?" said Sam again.

And then, as he turned into the main road at Upper Holloway, he pulled up short—to the left London, to the right over the hills to the country.

"Not above four or five mile, Ratty, and then there'll be no missus to meet. Ratty, old man, I think I'd better drive myself to Colney Hatch."

ONE THOUSAND BRAINS.—In an address before the Chemical Society, London, Dr. Thudichum stated that, in his investigations for some years past, he had examined one thousand brains, in order to ascertain the chemical constitution of that organ. He found that of the constituents of the brain, nearly all the albumen present was in the insoluble form, and the subgroup of the phosphorized principles, to which he principally directed his attention, all contained phosphorus. There were also present nitrogenized principles, oxygenized principles, inorganic matter, and about eighty per cent. of water—the latter being very difficult to remove from the brain matter, but it can be done by slicing it thin, and soaking it in successive quantities of strong alcohol. The dried product is then finely divided, and rubbed through a sieve. Heated to 103° Fahrenheit, with alcohol, it leaves a white matter of albumen, phosphorus, nitrogen, and cholesterin.

## A Wondrous Journey.\*

IT was in May, 1871, that a ship called the *Nautilus* sailed from Port Jackson with one Captain Lawson on board. The ship was commanded by Captain Dobbs, and suffice it that she made the south coast of New Guinea on the 21st of June, and that on the 24th our adventurer took up his abode at Houtree, in a hut which sheltered himself, his servants, and his goods.

There, at Houtree, Captain Lawson was landed, and placed under the protection of the chief of the village by Captain Dobbs, who, after collecting goods by barter from the inhabitants, sailed off without paying those who had trusted him. As this was his last voyage, and he meant to retire on his gains thus amassed, we suppose it is reckoned all right in South Sea morality, though, had not the Papuans been more Christian-minded than other Christians, they might naturally have fallen on Captain Lawson as the friend of Captain Dobbs, confiscated his goods, and roasted and eaten his servants and himself. With great moderation, therefore, does our adventurer thus allude to this matter:—"The man Dobbs . . . slipped slily out of the bay on the night of the 5th of July, and went off without paying for the cargo, an action of the meanest class, which, besides doing the poor people a serious injury, might have led them to wreak their vengeance on me."

But let us confine our attention entirely to Captain Lawson. There he was, with his goods in a hut, and with two Australian aborigines, Joe and Billy, and a Lascar named Toolo, as his servants.

His party was further recruited by two Papuans, who "had a knowledge of the English language," and, though sailors, "had spent the greatest part of their lives in the interior of the island."

The names of these Papuans were Danang and Aboo, both good men and true, the latter only four feet three high, but able, "without appearing to exert himself in an extraordinary degree," to lift four or five hundred-weight. Toolo, the Lascar, was also a fine fellow; but of the Australians, Joe and Billy, the less said the better, more particularly of the latter, who had often to be kept in order with a rope's-end.

And now the reader must suppose the party off into the almost impenetrable jungle of New Guinea, but carrying with them "a small quantity of tea and coffee, some pickles and preserves, medicines, half a dozen bottles of brandy, a set of instruments for observations, 24 lb. of ship biscuit, a good supply of ammunition, and a few other articles. These were made into three packages, besides what each man carried in his haversack, and we took turns about in bearing them."

But those burdens were not all they had to carry. They had arms beside. Captain Lawson carried a double-barrelled rifle, a fowling-piece, a six-chambered pistol, and a cutlass. To these must be added a dagger, with which he smote, as it afterwards appeared, a New Guinea tiger to the heart. "My attendants," he adds, "had an old musket each and their knives."

At first they found a path through the forest which ended, *à la* Mungo Park, in a woman who offered them a bowl of milk. She led them to a village, where they

\* "Wanderings in New Guinea." By Captain J. A. Lawson. London: Chapman and Hall. 1875.

feasted on delicious roast monkey, and nearly got drunk on toddy made from the sap of the palm. Here it was that Billy first showed his quality. Provoked, no doubt, at carrying six bottles of brandy, he lightened his load by drinking one of them, and received a sound thrashing. Departing thence, they plunged into a jungle where the grass towered "six feet above their heads," and a little while after they came to a tree "three hundred and thirty-seven feet high," very like an elm, and harbouring a whole wilderness of monkeys. This is the wallah tree, and the girth of the greatest was "eighty-four feet seven inches." Passing through this forest, watered by streams full of crocodiles, in crossing one of which watercourses Billy broke two more bottles of brandy, they came to a country haunted by the moolah, or New Guinea tiger, an account of which we omit till the beast gives rise to an exciting scene, and prepared to ascend the Papuan Ghauts, as our traveller called them.

Here were lilies with flowers nine inches in circumference, with leaves six or seven feet long, the bulb as big as a man's head, and the stalks nine or ten feet! Here, too, were daisies like our English ones, only they were "as large as sunflowers, and eighteen inches high." After being perished with cold and well-nigh done to death by thirst, they fell among scorpions "ten inches long," which crept into their knapsacks, and made the acquaintance of the largest beetle in the world, "with a body five inches and a-half long by three broad, and with horns two inches in length." Butterflies there were, too, "whose wings were a foot across when expanded." A magnificent collection of beetles and butterflies which Captain Lawson made in these parts perished on his journey, and thus the world has lost these entomological treasures.

All this time their course had been due north, it being the captain's plan to strike across the island from one coast to the other. Descending from the Ghauts, they came to a village called Burtemmy Tara, or the Village of Fig-trees. Leaving the Village of Fig-trees on the 2nd of August, they passed through a succession of hills and valleys, and came upon a poor wretch in the agonies of death, having been stung by a scorpion, and were overtaken by a tempest, which snapped off great trees and blew the parrots out of the branches. Great stones were raised by the blast, one of which fell on Aboo's shoulder and "gave him an awkward cut, from which the blood flowed freely." The climax came when "a thunderbolt fell so close that they were half-suffocated with the sulphureous fumes that arose from it." Nor was this all, for after this thunderbolt hailstones fell as large as a hen's egg. The thermometer fell from about 100 to 10° 12. They were wet to the skin, and in constant alarm "lest their arms should attract the electric fluid." They were next troubled by the flies, which bit them so that their eyes were nearly closed up.

Still they staggered on, till on the 9th of August they came to what Captain Lawson calls "one of the most noteworthy incidents of the journey." This was the discovery of a great inland lake, to which our traveller gave the name Alexandrina, and round the shores of which he lingered for some days, admiring the beautiful scenery. But, unhappily, their pleasure was marred by several untoward events. First they fell, under the wallah trees, among a tribe of monkeys, who pelted them with the nuts and spat at them till they were

bruised and battered. Next they came upon the yaghi, or trap-door spider—a most unpleasant beast, the bite of which is as poisonous as a scorpion's, and the size of which is thirteen inches across. All this time the heat was excessive, 112 in the shade. So hot indeed was the atmosphere that it caused gum to gush from the trees, and to fall in gouts on the earth, where it was "hot enough to burn the fingers." During this heat, Billy came to grief. His feet got sore, and he shammed lameness to escape his burden. When ordered to shoulder it he said, with a boldness that Lord Palmerston's *Civis Romanus* might have envied—

"I British subject; I no dog; I no do it. Foot him sore; no walk."

On which the captain took a strap with a heavy buckle, "and thrashed him till his cries might have been heard for a league round about." After this he heard no more of sore feet. Besides the spiders, and the monkeys, and the heat, they had another enemy in shortness of food, and it was to remedy this that Captain Lawson went out to shoot buffalo, which they met in large herds. He was attended by the faithful Aboo, and getting within thirty yards of a bull, was charged by the brute after discharging both barrels of his rifle at him. Then, running away, he was soon aware of what he modestly calls "a terrible shock in the rear," and felt himself spinning through the air. He had been tossed, in fact, thirty feet, and fell on his side, only to feel the bull ramming and goring at him. But he had his six-shooter, four barrels of which he discharged into the bull's head. Aboo then came up and put a bullet through his shoulder; but even in death his foe pursued him, for he fell on him "with crushing weight."

Captain Lawson felt himself very much shaken; but he was borne to camp in a very battered condition; and, indeed, we do not know how he could have recovered had he not bethought him that a neighbouring brook was full of leeches. These applied plentifully to his back eased his pains, and in a few days he was well enough to resume his journey.

Shortly after this accident, having ascertained the magnitude of the lake, they left its shores, and, still proceeding north, they came into a very different country. The shores of the lake were marshy, but now they got among hills, and soon found themselves ascending "a very steep range." Resorting to his angles, the captain found they were, on the 5th of September, 1,597 feet above the lake. Looking north, he saw by day the smoke, and at night the red dull glare of a volcano.

Journeying on, they discovered more volcanoes, active and extinct, varying in height from a few feet to 16,743 feet. To this last Captain Lawson gave the name of Mount Vulcan. One or two things, however, distracted their attention from this burning range. On the 11th of September they met and slew two gigantic apes, male and female, who were sitting against a rock caressing one another, when they fell before the rifles of the captain and Aboo. The male was 5 ft. 3 in. from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, and the female 5 ft. "Both were horribly repulsive in feature, yet humanlike to an extraordinary degree."

It was on the 13th of September, after rounding a peak 15,000 feet high; which stood in their way, that

they became aware of another of far greater height about thirty miles off. "I calculated," says Captain Lawson, that Mount Hercules "was 30,000 feet high; it proved to be 32,783 feet above the sea level, or 30,000 feet above the surrounding country." At four o'clock on the 16th of September he began to climb with Aboo, the rest of the party being left at the foot. With them they carried food and water, and their arms and blankets, besides a stout staff each. At 2,000 feet the trees in this tropical region began to fail them; up to 6,000 feet there were a few pines and grass, and after that little or no vegetation. By nine o'clock—that is, in five hours—they had ascended 14,000 feet with no serious difficulty, except that between 1,000 and 1,400 feet the bare rock was dangerously slippery, owing to a slimy moss. To stand, the captain was obliged to take off his shoes and Aboo his sandals. At 15,000 feet they came to the first snow, and then all the way up they had to "climb up an almost perpendicular face," besides which crags fell down on them, and they had ugly falls. By eleven o'clock they were tired and halted to rest and eat. Here they both got drowsy, and Aboo fell asleep. We regret that Captain Lawson has not told us how high up the mountains this warning happened; we suppose at about 17,000 or 18,000 feet. There they put on their blankets, and ascended the hill amid wreaths of snow. The thermometer fell to 12 degrees below zero, their fingers were frozen, they became lethargic, and staggered and fell down with a shock which recalled the captain to his senses. Still they crawled on, though blood flowed from their noses and ears! Their lips and gums were cracked, their eyes bloodshot and swollen. The thermometer now stood at 22 degrees below the freezing point; they could scarcely breathe, their staves fell out of their hands, and they could not pick them up. "It was now one o'clock, and the greatest elevation we had attained was 25,314 feet"—a feat quite unsurpassed in Alpine climbing. At this point they resolved to return, and the descent, often the most dangerous part of such an expedition, was singularly easy.

Captain Lawson, in continuing his journey, soon after encountered a Moolah or Papuan tiger, and as in his adventure with the buffalo he was severely shaken, so he was badly clawed by the Moolah; at least, any one else would have thought so, as the brute had him in his clutches, when, by a happy inspiration, the captain produced that "long dagger-knife" of which we spoke, and drove it into the creature's side with deadly effect. The skin of that tiger was "one of the very few articles" the captain succeeded in preserving and bringing to England.

After this they proceeded, crossing several rivers, sadly plagued by crocodiles, who, with the best intentions, never succeeded in snapping up any of the party, till the 28th of September, when Toolo, the Lascar, after showing signs of insanity, blew out his own brains, and was duly buried under a tree. Their wanderings had now brought them to a great river, along which they marched, and to which they gave the name of Gladstone.

Journeying along its banks, they found it fell into another and larger river, which they called the Royal, which ran due north. The streams running into it were still swarming with crocodiles, and it is no small

proof of Captain Lawson's accuracy of observation that he notes that on the 22nd of October he passed in "one hour the astounding number of 314 of these reptiles."

All this time the weather was very hot; on the 25th of October, for instance, it was 114° in the shade. The river, which had been more than half a mile wide, now contracted its banks, and on the 26th they were aware that they were near a great waterfall, which made the earth shake at a distance of ten or twenty miles. When they reached it, deafened with the roar, they beheld a mass of water 900 feet wide rolling in one sheet over a precipice 179 feet high.

The discovery of that waterfall was the last of Captain Lawson's discoveries, to which he has omitted to give the name. On the 29th of October they beheld three canoes full of natives, with whom they struck up an intimacy, in spite of the warnings of Aboo. This intimacy soon passed into rudeness on the part of the natives, and to resistance on the part of Captain Lawson. The result was a bloody struggle, in which the captain cut down one ruffian with an axe, and then shot three more with his revolver. At the same time, Aboo and Danang were not idle; but Danang was soon shot, and the end was that the captain and Aboo, spoiled of their goods, had to fly for their lives in a canoe with Joe and Billy. In the pursuit Joe was also shot, and at night the three survivors landed in the darkness, and made their way up the country with only two rifles and a pistol and a small store of ammunition. Though within thirty miles of the north-east coast, Captain Lawson saw it would be madness to press on. He therefore determined to retrace his steps, and in this attempt he succeeded. We find him back at Houtree on the 8th of February, 1872. There he paid off Aboo. "When he had received his reward," says Captain Lawson, "he found himself quite a nabob in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen." The captain had to leave that hospitable inland seaport, and to make the best of his way to British rule with his bad bargain, Billy. With great courage he trusted himself on board a Chinese junk, the crew of which eked out their food by rations of "beetles and cockroaches." On the 1st of March they reached Banda, where the Dutch treated him well; but falling at once into a dysentery, he lay for two months in the Military Hospital. On his recovery he made his way to Singapore, Calcutta, while Billy was sent back to Sydney.

The captain returned to England broken down in health, and presumably he has since spent his time in writing his travels. His book contains certainly one of the most interesting series of adventures that have of late been placed before the British public. It is exciting as a romance from cover to cover; but, with all disposition to give credence to the tales told by travellers, it is impossible to help feeling at times that either Captain Lawson has a disposition to draw the long-bow, or else he has a peculiarity of vision which makes him magnify that which he sees. Be that as it may, "Wanderings in New Guinea" is a book to be read; and we promise the reader that, once fairly commenced, it will not be left until the end is reached.

A SUBSTITUTE.—"Matrimony makes a man see double." Old Blougher says whiskey will do the same thing, and, besides, it is much cheaper.



## Far at Sea.

HIS messmates waiting there, hat in hand,  
 The ensign half-mast high,  
 While other four by a grating stand—  
 Poor Jack! it is soon good-bye.

For far from home, 'neath a southern sky,  
 He died as a seaman brave,  
 With his face to the foe as they turned to fly,  
 Their last shot making his grave.



"THAT NIGHT WE BURIED HIM."—Page 200.

For tight in his hammock we sewed our mate,  
 With a heavy shot at his feet;  
 And there he lay, in the twilight grey,  
 The colours his winding-sheet.

One longing look at his nearest mate,  
 Two words ere his life had sped;  
 One hand in his breast, as he sighed "For Kate,"  
 Where glistened a locket red.



For 'twas gold regilded with poor Jack's life,  
As he wounded lay on the deck;  
The message and gift for his poor young wife  
Hung by a band from his neck.

That night we buried him far away;  
Two boats from the good ship sped,  
Heaving and tossed by each billow grey,  
And one of them bore the dead.

Then "In oars, lads," and each solemn word  
Brought tears to the coldest eye,  
As in roughest breasts was sad mem'ry stirred,  
And we thought was it hard to die?

A sign to the lads, a heave and a glide,  
A splash in the creamy waves;  
While the colours loosely hung o'er the side,  
Half-wet in the sailor's grave.

No time for mourning, our life's all work,  
At sea tears are rarely shed;  
But we thought of our mate in the night watch murk—  
Poor Jack, now down with the dead!

### The Musical Party.

**A**MATEUR musical parties have been of late very much the fashion in New York. They are so easily got up. As every drawing-room has a piano, the orchestra is soon managed. When the lady of the house can secure a violinist or a bassoon to torture her company with, she is indeed happy; but doubly happy is she if the violinist is acquainted with a flute or a horn, whom he can bring with him. As there are always singers and to spare, who are only too glad to make themselves heard, the vocal part of the programme is speedily arranged.

Suppose, dear reader, that we have just received a casual invitation to one of this kind of *soirée*. Now put on your best bib and tucker and join us at eight precisely, this very evening, and we will introduce you to Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud. If you imagine Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud to be a musician, you are mightily mistaken. Nothing of the sort. She neither plays nor sings; but that is the very reason of her influence in musical circles, and why she is sure of her amateurs. They are certain they will not have to applaud her eternal concertos, or her everlasting "Di tanti palpiti." A musical hostess monopolises too much of the music herself, and amateurs don't like that. Therefore is Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud the patroness of music, and not its slave. But "this evening" has arrived. We have already rung at Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud's bell, and the coloured waiter has admitted us into the presence of that august lady, who, arrayed in full sacrificial robes of red and black, greets us warmly. She is surrounded by an admiring chorus of amateurs, bursting to begin. The quartette has not arrived. Mr. Biflatty, its violin, however, has just entered, in pearl grey pants and a swallow tail. Immediately after, Mr. Chorley enters. His grandmother is dead, it is true, but what's a man's grandmother to a quartette? He is welcomed with sincere respect, and condoled with in soothing tones. Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud is happy once more. Then Miss P. Harmony Smiles comes to the surface. She is the accompanist, and a very "fine

amateur." She has a very ingenious way of accompanying amateurs. Her method is as follows:—With the quartette she plays on straight ahead, without paying it the least attention, and bangs furiously at the last few bars, in unison with the flute, violin, and violoncello. If, on the other hand, she accompanies a vocalist, she manages to play the tune in the key of the singer, which is very convenient for amateurs, and is one reason why Miss P. Harmony Smiles is so very popular, and dines six days out of seven with her musical friends, and also why she has only breakfast board at Mrs. Bouncer's, in Fourteenth-street.

The quartette is going to begin. Mr. Biflatty is tuning his instrument for the hundred and twenty-sixth time to Miss Smiles's B flat. The piece is Moscheles' "Bi bé moi," *opus* 1010. Amateurs always say "opus." It shows knowledge, and lends importance.

Tut! (from Mr. Biflatty's violin). Tit! (on the piano, by Miss Smiles). Tut! (from the obstinate instruments). Tut-tit-tut. One, two, three, bang. Bang de diddle dee, bang. Bass rather flat. Violin keeps up. Bang, bang de weedy diddil weedy, bang de dee. Charming! All four out. Right again. All the fans in the room in a flutter. Bang, bang, bang. Shades of Moscheles, hover not near! unless, gracious soul, thou art in purgatory, and that the hearing of thy music being massacred be one of thy punishments. Bang de widdle de doodle, doodle dee de weedy bang, and on and on it goes. Out of tune, out of time—never mind. It's over at last, and every one is delighted. It was "Perfectly gorgeous!" "Sublime!" "Admirable!" "Such an improvement!" and the triumphant quartette is regaled with punch and flattery.

Meanwhile a mother and her daughter are welcomed by the hostess. The mother is very stout, and the daughter is very tall and very thin. The mother's name is Mrs. Bangwell Brookside, and her daughter's Lavinia. Lavinia Bangwell Brookside is a great amateur ballad singer, and sings "Sweet spirit" delightfully. But, just as she has made her bow to the hostess, her rival, Miss Julia Higgenbotham, enters, leaning on the arm of her papa, Professor Cadwallader J. M. Higgenbotham.

They are followed by a tall, dark gentleman, with a very broad chest, and a very low black vest, displaying a very large Alaska diamond, in the exact centre of a very wide-plaited shirt. This gentleman is followed in by a very short and very thin, red-headed lady, his wife. She has an undecided countenance, with a misty, bleared look about it, just as if it was always in a fog, or behind ground glass. He is a very loud and very powerful basso singer, and she is a very shrill and very remarkable soprano singer. They are universally acknowledged to be the greatest amateur "duettists" in New York. These two personages march up to Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud with a firm and decided step, and an air which seems to say, "Look here, good people all; we are the greatest amateur performers in the universe. I'm bass, she's soprano. The greatest duet singers in America are we."

This lady and gentleman receive the homage of their hostess much after the fashion of a conquering hero and consort receiving the keys of a vanquished city. He bows stiffly all round, as if his body was on hinges at the waist, and moved by machinery. She makes majestic curtsies to every one. Then Mrs. de Put-

nam Banjaud takes the lady by the hand and leads her to a sofa, and sits supporting her on the left, whilst Mr. de Putnam Banjaud, speedily summoned from the basement and punch-making for the purpose, supports her drearily, as if he had the toothache, on the right. The gentleman joins the quartette, and patronises it.

Silence, and refreshments handed round by a coloured waiter.

Hush! Silence! The quartette amateurs, who cordially hate the duet pair, and have been silyly making game of them, are frowned down by the public. Hark! the greatest amateurs are about to sing. The dark gentleman stands to the left of the piano, with his music in his big, fat, white-gloved hands. Miss P. Harmony Smiles, in the middle, "keeps the piano." The lady stands to the right, with a roll of music in her hand, which, however, she never uses, but which serves her as a kind of sceptre to beat time. Miss Smiles, in a great state of excitement, commences the prelude. Then the gentleman begins, in a tremendous voice, to sing a solo. It is a remarkable fact that, although his voice shook Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud's parlour like an earthquake, and made all the empty lemonade glasses vibrate, and was, moreover, distinctly heard by the policeman round the corner, who started, believing it to be an alarm of fire, no one in the room could understand what it was he was singing about.

When the gentleman had finished his solo, the lady had one all to herself. As she possessed but a very small voice, after the tremendous organ of her husband, the contrast was so great that the quartette began to whisper that a kitten had got into the room and was mewling. The lady sang for a little time all alone, and all about daisies and buttercups and the joys of love. When she had done, the gentleman performed a kind of series of vocal gymnastics, all by himself, ran up as high as he could, and then ran down into his stomach. When he had concluded, the lady set off all alone too. She went very high up, and having reached a very elevated vocal trapeze, performed some very extraordinary feats, like Murska's—with a difference—sky-rocketed a high note or so, shook again, and ran down again, amidst great applause. Then the quick movements of the duet began. This part of the performance consisted in the gentleman and lady running a vocal race together. They both started on a low note, and ran along nicely, as it were, hand in hand, for about a bar; then the lady got ahead of the gentleman; suddenly he leaped over her, and got round the corner; lady ahead again; gentleman ahead; lady in; gentleman in; "joys of love" from the gentleman; "joys" from the lady, "love" from the gentleman; "ah! yes, of love," from the lady; "love of joys," on high notes, from the lady; "joy of loves" from the gentleman, in very low tones; "joys," "love," "yes," "no," "joys," "of love." Bang, bang, bang, from Miss P. Harmony Smiles, and the great duet is over, amidst frantic applause.

Then Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud entreats Miss Lavinia Bangwell Brookside to sing, which she does very pleasantly; and, lastly, Miss Julia Higgenbotham is induced to perform the cavatina from Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso." Miss Julia's performance is chiefly distinguished for its execrable pronunciation of Italian, which nearly convulses Signor Rosconi Squalachi, who has not been able to secure her for a pupil; and who,

when she has done, tells everybody in confidence that she has pronounced "Palpitera per me," the last lines in the quick movement of the noble song in question—"Paul Peter, ah! per me; Peter Paul, Paul Peter, ah! per me."

Then the Signor sings. He is an awful little man, who, thirty-five years ago, was a popular singer at the Battery Opera House, and who now teaches. Unfortunately, his voice has almost entirely forsaken him, but not so his intense love of singing and public admiration; so he nearly bursts a blood-vessel in his violent efforts to get through the bravura from the "Barbière di Siviglia"—"Bravo, Figaro, bravo, bravissimo."

He does get through it at last, thanks to Miss P. H. Smiles, who manages to thump very loud all the notes the Maestro cannot sing, and both are much applauded at its conclusion.

This over, the greatest amateurs are prevailed upon to sing once more—this time the prison scene from the "Trovatore," Miss P. H. Smiles at the piano; Mr. Dinglewell J. W. C. Dashwood—that's the greatest amateur's name, as it appears on his card—as Manrico. Music arranged expressly for his voice. Leonora, Mrs. Dinglewell J. W. C. Dashwood. In order to give greater effect to this performance, Mr. Dashwood goes outside in the hall to sing "Farewell, Leonora." It is a stupendous affair, and so impresses Mr. de Putnam Banjaud, who has fallen asleep on the sofa, that, at the most solemn part of the scene, when Manrico is crying out his last long farewell, he wakes up suddenly, having evidently been dreaming of his dinner, cries out very distinctly, to the utter consternation of the company, after which there is a dead pause, then a suppressed titter, and Norma goes up to him, and majestically sends him downstairs "to make punch."

But, as all things have an end, so has Mrs. de Putnam Banjaud's *soirée*; and, after sipping our last cup of punch and negus, we take leave of the worthy lady and her friends, with many a solemn promise to come again—which, at heart, we secretly swear never to fulfil.

### Civilised Murder.

IT is one of those places that having once visited you never forget. You take a tour here and a tour there: you see this palace, that gallery, and, in the course of time, however clear your intellect, places and things grow confused—one scene runs into another; but if you have been to Hanwell, that visit stands out clear, cold, and grey upon the horizon of your memory, as some vast glacier-covered peak against a wintry sky.

You recall the walk through the village, the viaduct on the right, and the pleasant meadows, with the pretty church, seen through the arches; and then, on the left, the shrubbery, the great gate, the slight quivering of the nerves, and the effort for firmness and mastery, now that you are amongst those who are as low, or even lower, than the animals familiar to man, for the lamp of reason is extinct.

How well every face can be remembered—vacant though they were. Even the tones of their voices can be recalled—their very glances, weak and childish, or

at times dark and lowering, as some dangerous patient scowled at the leading warder. Ward, padded room, chapel, dining-hall, gardens, workshops, all float by the memory at will, with many a mowing face, such as too often trouble our dreams; and then that memory seems to halt in a room on the women's side, where, in plain print dress and white apron, sits a stout, elderly female. Her close cap evidently covers hair that is quite grey, and her hands are ever busy—folding, plaiting, and smoothing out her apron. As we enter, she rises and drops a curtsy, and then walks softly into one corner, where she stands, her hands busy as ever in nervous haste, as if it were necessary that the task should be quickly done.

But there is one peculiarity about her—what her features are, whether comely or ill-favoured, you cannot tell. You have seen that the hair stroked back beneath the cap is grey, and some short strands stand out above the handkerchief round her neck; but that is all you can make out, for in rising, in curtsying, in moving away, everything is done with her back towards you, her face being rigidly concealed.

"Do we never see her face? No, never. She always keeps like that; and, if we were to go forward, she would go closer to the corner, and then squat down and bury her face in her lap, holding it there. We don't interfere with the patients so long as they keep themselves tidy and clean. She does; and ever since she has been here she has kept her face hid, even from the doctor."

So the female warder—a quiet, firm, good-looking girl of twenty, neatly dressed, like an upper housemaid in some grand family; but a chain round her waist supports a key; and tucked inside the bosom of her dress is a whistle, whose sharp siffle would, no doubt, bring aid in a few moments, were it needed.

We turn to go, and the patient takes a step from the wall, and, as we reach the door, again curtsies; but her face still remains unseen, with all its horror-markings impressed, doubtless, in a moment when reason's seat was overturned, and she became a maniac.

Here is her history:—

Did you know Bent's-buildings? Most likely not, for they were in that salubrious part of town swept away for the formation of the great Midland Station at St. Pancras. Bent's-buildings were each four-roomed, with a wash-house and a water-butt, and, for London, low-rented. The far-famed Brill, of Somers Town, was close at hand, so that there was every opportunity for the tenants living cheaply with the great home of costermongerism so near; but, for all that, the appearance of Bent's-buildings was not prosperous. There were too many mussel shells in the road; too many assortments of damaged vegetables; the want of paint and whole windows had a bad effect; and although paper, and even rags, were everywhere applied to stop up the orifices of the fractured panes, Bent's-buildings were not, on the whole, satisfactory.

We are writing of fifteen years back, and on one of those cold, dreary December days when there is a sharp battle between the fog that comes stealing up from the river and the smoke that will not rise, when the result of that battle is that both combatants hang exhausted for hours in the streets. The mud was greasy and adhesive enough to prevent its being swept away, while in such shop windows in the neighbour-

hood as were decent there was a dreary bedewing of tears, as if the very panes wept for the misery around.

Number four, Bent's-buildings, was not more pleasant inside than it was out. The darkness of the afternoon had necessitated the lighting of a long, thin candle, which seemed as if no amount of poking or snuffing with a pair of rusty scissors would prevent it from guttering down or growing a mushroom-topped wick. The fire had been out in the back room through the boiling over of a saucepan of water placed there to get hot, the consequence being a hydrogenous smell, blacks unlimited, and the screaming of a scalded child. Then old Mrs. Fardle, Bess Ranger's aide-de-camp, could not get that fire to burn again, for paper, sticks, coals, everything was wet; and the more she growled and grumbled, and poked and stuck in fresh sticks, the less the fire progressed.

If Mrs. Fardle had wanted volumes of smoke to come out in puffs into the room, and make her eyes water and the children sneeze, her wishes would have been accomplished; but as she desired flame to heat water and skilful-like preparations, which she stirred with a wooden spoon, she could only go on thrusting in scraps of paper, and igniting match after match, till a feeble flame began to flicker and lick the saucepan placed over it, and also to shed a little light into the room.

That was anything but an empty room, though the furniture was not extensive, consisting of a couple of chairs, a wide fire-guard, a large old-fashioned sofa, and a cradle—but such a cradle as it does not often fall to the lot of ordinary mortals to see, since it was composed on the principle of the port-wine basket used to keep the old crusted from being shaken. This cradle, though, was not to keep infancy from being shaken; on the contrary, it would hold six babies, and as Mrs. Fardle was grumbling over the fire, six babies were being shaken, or rocked, by a stout, red-faced, bleary-eyed woman, who pushed the large cradle with her foot, as she sat, half-forward, sleeping in her chair. What was wanting to complete the history written in her face was told by the bottle on a shelf close to her elbow; while again, close to the bottle, was a footless wine glass, secured to the board on which it stood by a gummy ring.

Bess Ranger, otherwise Mother Ranger, from her grand maternal qualities, was in the habit of taking babies from the month, and for a moderate remuneration furnishing them with everything, to use her own words, "that mortal baby could desire." She would have sometimes as many as ten within her humble domicile; and again to use her own words, "the more the merrier." For the little things played together upon the floor, if they lived to be big enough; for it was a strange fact, and one which goes far to overthrow those foolish ideas about the frailty of infant life, that some of the nurselings entrusted to Mrs. Ranger's care would live in spite of everything. Of course, they were much to blame; and if they could have known all they would have to undergo, doubtless they would have been glad to die right off; but, as they did not know it, they lived, to fall in the fire, to roll downstairs, to be kicked, trodden upon; scarified once a week with hot water, yellow soap, and flannel; allowed to catch the customary infantile disorders of the measles type, and to live through them how they could.

But live they did—they would do it; and at the time of which we write, four weary, lean little objects were crawling about upon the floor. They did not look like children, but like small animated mummies, suffering from colds in their heads; while so much of the animal had grown into their composition, that upon Mrs. Fardle bustling up from her task by the fire, and in the act knocking down the shovel with a loud clatter, they one and all scuffled beneath the big sofa, like so many rabbits darting to their burrows.

"For goodness gracious sake, do mind what you're about," exclaimed Mrs. Ranger, starting from her spirit-urged nap. "There, just as I expected! Just look at that."

The command was not necessary, for the noise had wakened the six little ones as well as their rocker, and the consequence was a chorus of discordant screaming, which the worthy dame set herself to quiet by furiously rocking the great cradle till the little unfortunates within were thrown off their balance, and, failing to follow the rapid motion, brought their heads in contact with their cradle-sides.

The noise grew fast and furious, and was no better when Mrs. Ranger "dratted the brats," took one out, shook it savagely, and bumped it back again; called Mrs. Fardle a bad name for waking them, and then in her anger kicked one of the children who had crept out of its burrow to see what was the matter. The kicked one howled and crawled back, and its fellow-burrowers howled for sympathy. Then came a loud knocking at the wall on one side, emanating from a furious neighbour, quickly followed by a loud rapping from another furious neighbour on the other side.

"Here, give us that bottle," shouted Mrs. Ranger, the maternal, "and let's stop this row, or we shall be getting notice to quit. Be quiet, will you!" she yelled to the howlers beneath the sofa; when, roused to exertion, Mrs. Fardle poked at them with a broom handle, hitting two savagely, till, out of sheer dread, the noise there faded into sobs. Then she took down a bottle, a tea-cup, and a spoon from a cupboard, and handed them to Mrs. Ranger, who proceeded to pour some dark liquid into the cup, while her aide snatched one of the six little ones from the great cradle.

Six months' old children may have no sense, but they have instinct, and an innate knowledge of that which they like; for here, as the little unfortunate was held ready for Mrs. Ranger to administer a spoonful of soothing something, it shrieked, and struggled, and fought till it grew black in the face with choking; but the spoonful of what was good for it was inexorably administered, every drop being scraped off the pallid face and given, till all had been forced down the little throat, when the child was bumped back into the cradle, to lie panting and exhausted; while two, three, four, five, and six were snatched out and dosed—the effect being a rapid cessation of the noise. But all did not go on quite smoothly, in consequence of number four's obstinacy.

"That's the tiresomest brat as ever I had to do with," exclaimed Mrs. Ranger, giving number four a sharp tap with the spoon for struggling so vigorously that it upset the tea-cup, and more liquid had to be poured out. "There, do hold the little wretch's head still."

Quite a battle followed before baby's instinct could be got the better of, and then the natural obstinacy of

the infant showed itself in its positively refusing to breathe, but lying with clenched hands and stiffened legs, head thrown back, and eyes drawn out of the natural line into a horrible cast, as, convulsed, it seemed about to pass out of this troublesome life into another—for it really was a most obstinate child.

"Let me hit its back," croaked Mrs. Fardle, trying to turn the little sufferer over.

"Not I! Here, get out of the way. It's allers going like that," cried Mrs. Ranger, furiously. "Rock away!"

As she spoke she tossed the child into its receptacle, number four in the great cradle, and Mrs. Fardle knelt down by its side.

To pray over the suffering innocent?

Absurd! To rock the great cradle, watching, though, the child the while, as the shock of falling roughly on its chaff bed seemed to revive it, so that it was able to catch the lost breath with a heavy sob; and there it was, giving utterance to a low, pitiful moan, as it gasped for the air that came so hardly to its little, labouring breast.

But it was a terribly obstinate child, for even now it did not follow the example of the little buds at its side—the tender growths to be raised by Bess Ranger, the baby-farmer—but still kept on its dreary moan, while one by one the others fought feebly with the stupor that was about to plunge them into silence for hours—the pleasant fiction being that they were asleep. Now one would start, then another; and then, one by one, they settled down, till the obstinate child only was left, still uttering its plaintive moans. When, out of patience, the tea-cup was once more brought out by Mrs. Ranger—this time for a teaspoonful to be taken without a struggle—hardly a motion of the little lips that showed in the dim light so strange a dark mark right round—a mark, too, to be seen beneath the eyes.

Peace restored, Mrs. Ranger sat still and thoughtful, listening, apparently, to the "creak-creak!" of that great cradle as the old woman rocked it to and fro.

"What's come to Ann, do you think?" croaked the old woman at last.

"Don't know, and don't want to," said Mrs. Ranger. "She's in a good place somewhere, and well off; so *she* don't want to know anything about her mother."

"But you never told her as you'd moved."

"How was I to tell her? and, besides, I didn't want no one to know where we'd come to."

"He! he! he!" chuckled the old hag, as she leaned over the cradle. "Wouldn't do, would it?"

Mrs. Ranger gave an involuntary shiver, and then scowled at the crouching woman before helping herself to a glass of gin.

"We didn't never ought to have put none in the gadding," croaked Mrs. Fardle. "Suppose any one should go and dig, eh?"

"Just hold your tongue. There, take that," was the response; and a glass of gin was poured down the old hag's throat, making her eyes to twinkle, as now relinquishing the cradle, she placed her chin upon her hands, gazing up in her employer's face.

"I tell you what, I'm sure of it—Ann's in trouble, or else you'd have seen her."

"Nonsense!"

"I don't care—'tain't nonsense. She warn't proud, and she'd have come long enough ago, and found us out, only she's in trouble; mark my words if she aint.

Only think! Suppose she's done what so many come here to do! It wouldn't be for not knowing how, eh?"

Mrs. Ranger made so fierce a movement with her hand that the crone ceased speaking, but went on mumbling and muttering to herself as she bent over the children lying stupefied in the cradle.

The long wick of the candle wanted snuffing, but no one heeded it; for Mrs. Ranger was leaning back in her chair, and the dim light was shed strangely on the waxen features of the little ones, for the most part pale and stern; but upon one there was a faint smile at times, as if it were dreaming of the soft, warm breast where it should have nestled and slept in peace, instead of—for the sake of others' sins, to shield its parents' vices, and in obedience to society's laws—lying half-poisoned here, till merciful Nature should take its little soul to herself, whilst its body should be found in some unfrequented nook of our vast metropolis, or go floating down the tide, tossed over one of the bridges.

Twice over there was a faint moan and a restless movement as one or other of the children half-struggled back into wakefulness, fighting, as it were, with the deadly stupefaction that oppressed it; but Mrs. Ranger slept; and soon the old crone's head went down upon the edge of the cradle, and silence reigned in the room.

The hour was early yet; but drink and darkness had had their effect, and it was not until an hour had passed—an hour during which the little ones beneath the sofa slept—that there came the sound of hurried footsteps, the rustle of a dress, and then a sharp tap at the door.

The women both started, in a half-confused way, to their feet, and Mrs. Ranger's first act was to hurriedly conceal both bottles before trying to light another candle, the long, thin dip having guttered down and become extinct; but though, as she thrust it in between the bars, the grease flared, the wick only became choked with ashes and refused to burn.

"Go and see who it is," exclaimed Mrs. Ranger, hastily; and, closing the door after her, the old crone crossed the dark parlour, and evidently parleyed with some female, from the voices. Then the front door was heard to close, and a chair to scrape, and the old woman came back into the dimly-lit room once more, carefully closing the door of communication.

"Well?"

"She's come," gasped the old woman, in a strangely troubled way.

"Who's come?"

"Ann!"

"What, my Ann—my gal?" exclaimed Mrs. Ranger.

"Yes," whispered the old crone, hoarsely; "and she didn't know me, and asked for Mrs. Jones; and said she'd come about the little 'un as was brought here three months ago, in the name of Edwards."

For a moment or two Mrs. Ranger did not speak; for the light began feebly to break in upon her that one of the little unfortunates she had taken in to nurse was her child's—her own grandchild; since, forced by notoriety acquired, she had been compelled to change her residence and name.

"Let her come in," she said at last; and once more making an effort, she got the candle to burn, and placed it upon the table, just as the door was opened, and a tall, pale woman entered, to start with dread and astonishment.

"Mother!" she half shrieked, "and you—you've had it all this time! Oh, why didn't I see to it myself?"

"Then you're like the rest," cried Mrs. Ranger, fiercely.

"I'm not, mother," said the other, angrily; "my husband is outside, waiting for me; and we'd never have sent the little one away, only we both had to go to work. But where is it?—let me see it. It's one of these, I know. Oh! there; I could tell it from a thousand. Ah!"

A shrill, wild scream ran through the little house as, throwing herself upon her knees, the new-comer caught up the poor obstinate babe, gazed at it, frantically shook it, held it to her breast, held it at arms' length close to the candle, tore open her dress to hold the little cold face to her throbbing bosom; but in vain; warmth would come there no more; the little lips would ne'er again form a smile, nor the eyes brighten as they gazed in those of her who gave the tiny thing its life; for the gift of God placed here, to be heedlessly cast aside as worthless, had been taken back—the obstinate child was perverse no more—its little spirit had fled.

Again that wild shriek rang out as a man hurriedly entered, to whom the frantic mother passed the child.

"See—see here!" she shrieked; "they have murdered it!" and, with a cry of despairing rage, she dashed at her mother, who, with horror in her face, slowly shrank away, cowering lower and lower, till she was stooping with her head in the farthest corner of the room, heedless that her girl had fallen upon the ground in a fit—heedless that there was once more a wailing of the children; for the wreck of her mind was filled with but one thought—that she had slain one of her own flesh and blood—that there was the mark of the murderer upon her brow—the brow that her only desire was now to hide—cowering ever away from sight, even as we have seen her—mad—a soulless body in the huge asylum.

MODERN LONGEVITY.—Flourens, the celebrated French physiologist, and others, have expressed the opinion that, constituted as man is, his tenure of life in the world is more than a hundred years. Although Flourens himself did not live much beyond threescore years and ten, it would seem he had some grounds to justify such an assertion, from the number of centenarians we hear of on all sides. We are not prepared to say that human longevity has been really increased, but one thing is certain—that within the last fifty years at least the average duration of human life has been considerably on the increase; for, according to a statistical report recently published, the mean average in France, which in 1817 was 31 years and 3 months, has attained the respectable standard of 39 years and 8 months for each individual inhabitant. Indeed, for the last five or six centuries the average duration of human life has been slowly but steadily increasing; and this may be attributed to a combination of circumstances:—1, the intelligence, extension, and application of the principles of the healing art, including vaccination; 2, the general extension of wealth and comfort; 3, a better understanding of the principles and advantages of public and private hygiene; 4, the dissemination of elementary instruction.—*British Medical Journal*.



## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER VI.—ALL AMONG THE FERNS.

AN autumn morning in a lane.

A very prosaic beginning. But there are lanes and lanes; so let not the reader imagine a dreary, clayey way between two low-cropped hedges running right across the flat landscape with mathematical severity, and no more exciting object in view than a heap of broken stones ready for repair. Our lane is a very different affair, for it is a Cornish lane.

Do you know what a Cornish lane is like—a lane in a valley? Perhaps not; so we will describe the winding road where, basket in hand, Tiny and Fin Rea, walking home, were seeking ferns.

In this land of granite, a clear field is an exception—the great bare bones of earth peer out in all directions; and however severe the taste of the first maker of a beaten track, unless he were ready with engineering tools and blasting appliances, instead of making his way straight forward, he would have to go round and dodge about, to avoid the masses of stone. Hence, then, many of the lanes wind and double between piled-up heaps of granite, through steep gorges, and rise and fall in the most eccentric way; while—Nature having apparently scoured the hill-tops, and swept the fertile soil into the vales along these dell-like lanes—the verdure is thick and dense; trees interlace overhead till you walk in a pale green twilight flecked with golden rays; damp, dripping stones are covered with velvet moss; a tiny spring trickles here, and forms crystal, mirroring delicate fronds of fern; gnarled oaks twist tortuous trunks in the great banks, and throw distorted arms across the road; half hidden from sight—here five, there fifty feet below the road—a rapid stream goes musically onward towards the sea, singing silvery songs to the little speckly trout which hide beneath the granite shelves in their crystal homes. Verdure rich and bright on every side, and above all ferns—ferns of the tiniest, and ferns tall and towering, spreading luxuriant fronds, and sending up spikes of flowers, while lesser neighbours form patches of wondrous beauty—tropic palm forests in miniature.

"Now, then, who's going to take my picture?" cried Fin Rea, plumping herself down on a mossy stone, and snatching off her hat. "Should I do now, Tiny?"

Undoubtedly; for her lithe, slight form, in its grey muslin, stood out from the ashy brown of the oak trunk that formed the background, while a wondrous beauty of light and shade fell through the leafy network above.

"Oh, isn't it heavenly to be back? I couldn't live in London. I liked the theatres, and going to the race, and seeing pictures, but I should soon be tired of it all. It makes you so cross. I believe the blacks get into your temper. I say, Tiny, I wonder what Aunt Matty would be like if she lived in London."

"Don't make fun of poor Aunt Matty," said her sister. "She has had a good deal of trouble in her life."

"And made it," said Fin, jumping up. "Oh, I say, look down there," she cried, pointing through the ferns at her feet to a cool, dark pool, twenty feet below; "there's a place. Oh, Tiny, if I thought I should ever

grow into such a screwy, cross old maid as Aunt Matty, I think I should jump down there and let the fishes eat me."

"Fin, that little tongue of yours goes too fast," said her sister.

"Let it," was the laconic reply. "Tongues were made to talk with. Let's go on; I'm tired of digging up ferns. Wasn't it funny, seeing Humphrey Lloyd at that race? And I wonder who those gentlemen were."

"Do you mean the people who stared at us so through the race-glass?"

"No, I don't, Miss Forgetful. I mean the big, dark man, and the funny little fierce fellow with his hair brushed into points. You don't remember, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said Tiny, quietly. "I remember, for I was very much frightened."

"Ah, I hope the knight-errant wasn't hurt; and, oh, do look, Tiny," Fin cried, putting down her basket. "What's that growing in that tree?"

As she spoke, she climbed from stone to stone up the steep bank, till she was stopped short by her dress being caught by a bramble.

"Oh, Tiny, come and unloose me, do. I'm caught."

There was nothing for it but that her sister should clamber up the bank and unhook the dress, which she did, when Fin gave her a hand, and drew her up to her side.

"What a tomboy you do keep, Fin," said Tiny, panting; "see how my dress is torn."

"Never mind, I'll sew it up for you. What's the good of living in the country if you can't be free as the birds? Sweet, sweet, sweet! Oh, you beauty!" she cried, as a goldfinch sounded his merry lay. "Tiny, shouldn't you like to be a bird?"

"No," was the quiet reply. "I would rather be what I am."

"I should like to be a bird," said Fin, placing one foot on an excrescence of a stumpy pollard oak, and, making a jump, she caught hold of a low bough.

"But not now," cried Tiny. "What are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" laughed Fin. "Why, climb this tree;" and she got a step higher.

"Oh, Fin, how foolish! Whatever for? Suppose some one came by?"

"Nobody comes along here at this time of the day, my dear; so here goes, and if I fall pick up my pieces, and carry them safely home to dear Aunt Matty. 'And the dicky-bird sang in the tree,'" she trilled out, as step by step she drew herself up into the crown of the stumpy, gnarled pollard.

"Oh, Fin!" exclaimed her sister.

"It's all right, Miss Timidity. I'm safe, and I came on purpose," cried Fin, from up in her perch, her face glowing, and eyes sparkling with merriment.

"But what are you trying to do?"

"To get some of this, sweet innocent. You can't see, I suppose, what it is."

"No, indeed, I cannot," said Tiny—"yes, I can. Why, it's mistletoe."

"Mistletoe is it, miss? Ahem!" cried Fin, resting one little fist upon her hip, and stretching out the other—"tableau—young Druid priestess about to cut the sacred plant with a fern trowel."

"Fin, dear, do come down. Don't touch it."

"Not touch it? But I will. There!" she cried, tearing off a piece of the pretty parasite. "I'll wear that in my hat all the way home as a challenge to nobody, and on purpose to make Aunt Matty cross. She'll—"

"Hist, Fin; oh, be quiet," whispered Tiny.

"Eh? What's the matter?" cried Fin, from her perch.

"Oh, pray be quiet; here's somebody coming."

"Never mind," said Fin. "You stand behind the tree—they can't see us—till I shout 'Hallo!'"

But Fin kept very quiet, peering down squirrel-wise, as a step was heard coming along the lane, and she caught glimpses through the trees of a man in a rough Tweed suit and soft felt hat. The face was that of a keen, earnest man of eight and thirty, with a full beard, just touched by life's frost, sharp dark eyes, and altogether a countenance, not handsome, but likely to win confidence.

The new-comer was walking with an easy stride, humming scraps of some ditty, and he swung by his side an ordinary tin can, holding about a quart of some steaming compound.

"It's Saint Timothy," whispered Fin from her perch.

"Keep close."

Tiny drew her dress closer together, and pressed to the tree trunk, looking terribly guilty, while her sister went on watching.

The steps came nearer, and the stepper's eyes were busy with a keen look for everything, as he seemed to feast on the beauties of nature around him.

"I love the merry, merry sunshine," he sang, in a bold, bluff voice; "and—Hallo, what the dickens have we here?" he cried, stopping short, and setting two hearts beating quickly. "Lady's basket and ferns dug up—yes, within the last hour. Why, that must be—Hallo, I spy, hi!"

For as he spoke his eyes had been wandering about, amongst the brakes and bushes, and he had caught sight of a bit of muslin dress peeping out from behind a gnarled oak.

The result of his summons was that the scrap of dress was softly drawn out of sight, and a voice from up in the tree whispered—

"Oh, go down, Tiny, and then he won't see me."

"Hallo! whispers in the wind," cried the new-comer, glancing higher, and seeing a bit of Fin. "Is it a bird! By Jove, I wish I'd a gun. No: poachers—trespassers. Here, you fellows, come out!"

#### CHAPTER VII.—JENKLES'S CONFESSION.

SAM JENKLES always boasted that he never kept anything from his wife; but he was silent for two days; and then, after a hard day's work, he was seated in his snug kitchen, watching the browning of a half-dozen fine potatoes in a Dutch oven before the fire, when Mrs. Jenkles, a plump, bustling little woman, who was stitching away at a marvellous rate, her needle clicking at every stroke, suddenly exclaimed—

"Sam, you'd better give me that two pound you've got, and I'll put it with the rest."

Sam didn't answer, only tapped his pipe on the hob.

Mrs. Jenkles glanced at him, and then said—

"Did you hear what I said, Sam?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you give it me? Draw that oven back an inch."

"Aint got it—only half a sov.," said Sam, leaving the potatoes to burn.

Mrs. Jenkles dropped her work upon her lap, and her face grew very red.

"Didn't you say, Sam, that if I'd trust you, you wouldn't do so any more?"

"Yes."

"And you've broke your word, Sam."

"I aint, 'pon my soul, I aint, Sally," cried Sam, earnestly. "I've had my pint for dinner, and never touched a drop more till I had my pint at home."

"Then where's that money?"

"Spent it," said Sam, laconically.

"Yes, at the nasty public-houses, Sam. An' it's too bad, and when I'd trusted you!"

"Wrong," said Sam.

"Then where is it?"

"Fooled it away."

"Yes, of course. But I didn't expect it, Sam; I didn't, indeed."

"All your fault," said Sam.

"Yes, for trusting you," said Mrs. Jenkles, bitterly. "Nice life we lead: you with the worst horse and the worst cab on the rank, and me with the worst husband."

"Is he, Sally?" said Sam, with a twinkle of the eye.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkles, angrily; "and that makes it all the worse, when he might be one of the best. Oh, Sam," she said, pitifully, "do I ever neglect you or your home?"

"Not you," he said, throwing down his pipe, and looking round at the shining tins, bright fireplace, and general aspect of simple comfort and cleanliness. "You're the best old wife in the world."

And he got up and stood behind her chair with his arms round her neck.

"Don't touch me, Sam. I'm very, very much hurt."

"Well, it was all your fault, little woman," he said, holding the comely face, so that his wife could not look round at him.

"And how, pray?" said she.

"Didn't you send me up to see that poor woman as Ratty knocked down?"

"Yes; but did you go?"

"To be sure I did—you told me to go."

"Then why didn't you tell me you had been?"

"Didn't like to," said Sam.

"Such stuff!" cried Mrs. Jenkles. "But what's that got to do with it?"

Sam remained silent.

"What's that got to do with it, Sam?"

Silence still.

"Now, Sam, you've got something on your mind, so you'd better tell me. Have you been drinking?"

"No, I haven't," said Sam, "and I don't mean to again."

"Then I'm very sorry for what I said."

"I know that," said Sam.

"But what does it all mean?"

"Well, you see," said Sam, "I've been a fool."

And after a little more hesitation, he told all about his visit.

Mrs. Jenkles sat looking at the fire, rubbing her nose

with her thimble, both she and Sam heedless that the potatoes were burning.

"You've been took in, Sam, I'm afraid," she said at last.

"Think so?" he said.

"Well, I hope not; but you've either been took in, or done a very, very kind thing."

"Well, we shall see," he said.

"Yes, we shall see."

"You aint huffy with me?"

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Jenkles; "but I shall go up and see them."

"Ah, do," said Sam.

"Yes, I mean to see to the bottom of it," said Mrs. Jenkles. "I haven't patience with such ways."

"They can't help being poor."

"I don't mean them; I mean those people they're with. I couldn't do it."

"Not you," said Sam. "But I say, don't Mr. Lacy go next week?"

"Yes."

"And the rooms will be empty?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkles. "I've put the bill up in the window; he said he didn't mind."

Sam Jenkles went and sat down in his chair with an air of relief, and looked at his wife.

Mrs. Jenkles looked at Sam, as if the same idea was in both hearts. Then she jumped up suddenly.

"Oh, Sam, the potatoes are spoiling!"

They were, but they were not spoilt; and Sam Jenkles made a very hearty meal, washing it down with the pint of beer which he termed his allowance.

"Ah!" he said, speaking like a man with a load off his mind, "this here's a luxury as the swells never gets—a regular good, hot, mealy tater, fresh from the fire. It's a wonderful arrangement of nature that about taters."

"Why?" said Mrs. Jenkles, as she emptied the brown coat of another potato on her husband's plate. "What do you mean?"

"Why, the way in which roast potatoes and beer goes together. Six mouthfuls of tater, and then a drink of beer, to get rid of the dryness."

"I wish you wouldn't be so fond of talking about beer, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles.

"All right, my dear," said Sam; and he finished his supper, retook his place by the fireside, filled his pipe, glanced at the Dutch clock swinging its pendulum to and fro; and then, as he lit the tobacco—"Ah! this is cheery. Glad I aint on the night shift."

Mrs. Jenkles was very quiet as she bustled about and cleared the table, before once more taking her place on the other side of the fire.

"Ratty went first-rate to-day," said Sam, after a few puffs.

But Mrs. Jenkles did not take any notice; she only made her needle click, and Sam kept glancing at her as he went on smoking. At last she spoke.

"I shall go up and see those people, Sam, for I'm afraid you've been taken in. Was she a married woman?"

"Yes," said Sam; "I saw her ring. But I say, you know, 't aint my fault, Sally," he said, plaintively. "I was born a soft un."

"Then it's time you grew hard, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles, bending over her work. "Thirty shillings takes a deal of saving with people like us."

"Yes," said Sam, "it do, 'specially when you has so many bad days to make up."

"You ought not to have to pay more than twelve shillings a day for that cab, Sam."

"I told the gov'nor so, and he said as it oughter be eighteen, and plenty would be glad to get it at that."

Mrs. Jenkles tightened her mouth, and shook her head.

"Ah! I say, Sally," said Sam, plaintively, "I've been worried about that money; and now it was off my mind, I did think as it was all right. You've reg'larly put my pipe out."

Mrs. Jenkles rose, took a splint from the chimney-piece, lit it, and handed it to her husband.

"No," he said, rubbing his ear with the stem of his pipe, "it aint that, my dear; I meant figgeratively, as old Jones says."

Mrs. Jenkles threw the match into the fire, and resumed her work for a few minutes; then glanced at the clock, and put away her work.

"Yes, Sam, I shall go to Upper Holloway to-morrow, and see what I think."

"Do, my lass, do," said Sam, drearily. Then, in an undertone, as he tapped his pipe bowl on the hob, "Well, it's out now, and no mistake. Shall we go to bed?"

## The Casual Observer.

### THE LOMBARD EXCHANGE.

EVERY year sees some great advance in the providing for public convenience, even though that advance be slow, and one of the proofs of this progress is shown by the erection of the palatial building at the south-east corner of Lombard-street—one of the most central and convenient spots for commercial men. The Lombard Exchange and News-room is, as it were, a monument of the stupendous business arrangements of our City men, and, having their patronage in view, it has been the aim of the projectors of this enterprise to collect beneath one roof everything that it is likely a merchant, captain, or trafficker upon 'Change could require. To a visitor the place seems to be a combination of almost Sybaritish luxury with the stern demands of business; in fact, it is a sort of commercial club. Entering from Lombard-street, it is through a handsome vestibule, paved with encaustic tiles. A porter, in livery, is in attendance, and doors are swung open, leading into a handsome, well-lighted, central hall, whose every aspect breathes of colossal mercantile dealings.

Supporting the handsome roof are columns, each surrounded by a notice-board bearing Reuter's latest telegrams. One column is devoted to mining matters, and contains the latest quotations of Bremen tin; another, the latest notices respecting Mincing-lane's coffees and spices; another, Liverpool and Manchester cottons; each has its specialty, and the walls are everywhere utilised in a similar manner. Here we have the quotations of stocks; there, mining shares; a few yards farther on are notices of Government contracts. Heading large compartments of the wall are the principal countries of the world, and under each the names of vessels to sail; on one side is a post-office; on the other, an office for the despatch and re-

ceipt of telegrams, now, of course, under Government management; and, in a short time, a wire is to be laid down from the hall to the Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Upon a great slate are recorded the names of those members for whom telegrams are waiting; and, from time to time, a porter shouts, in sonorous tones, the name of some well-known City man whose presence is required. Upon a counter are time tables, directories, and books of reference, with files of the principal papers; while the daily journals are placed about upon handsome mahogany stands, supported by ornamental mediæval brass. Morocco-covered lounges are placed here and there, with library tables for writing purposes. At one end are French-polished drawers innumerable, each fitted with a key, and these are placed at the service of the members of the Exchange for the purpose of keeping their papers. Upstairs a large club-room, furnished in luxurious library fashion, opens its friendly portals—the comfort of its occupants having been studied in every way—and not their comfort alone. Do they require books of reference? they are here; copying presses to keep a duplicate of an important letter? they are at hand; in short, business can be carried on in a way that must be novel to many of our City men, who here have the convenience of a great public office.

Descending again, we enter the portion devoted to the refreshment of the inner man after, or in the intervals of, his labour. First, there is an elegantly-fitted luncheon bar, with solids of the best, and liquids from the humble glass of bitter to the finest Veuve Clicquot, and all the appurtenances of the place in that admirable style introduced amongst us by the enterprising Australian contractors who, a few years back, took upon themselves the duty of reforming our Mugby Junctions. A few steps farther on and we enter the dining-room, whose arrangements, it is no exaggeration to say, are almost princely. Viands cold, of the most tempting nature, are at hand; sparkling wines; crisp, cool salads; the most dainty and the freshest of fish; soups and *entrées*; joints of the most solid. Truly, the mind must be harassed indeed with the pursuit of wealth, or from commercial disappointment, if its bodily tabernacle cannot here seek eagerly for solace and refreshment; while surely, with such a *chef*, digestion cannot fail. Again a few steps, and the room devoted to those who offer nicotine as incense to the seat of thought. Every opportunity is here afforded for calm meditation, and the indulgence in the sedative luxury. If those well-stuffed seats could tell of those who occupied them, and their thoughts, many a carefully-concocted commercial scheme would be revealed—schemes that have resulted, perhaps, in fortune—perhaps in failure. Could it be known in the future, the birthplace of many a company will likely enough be here—a company, it is to be hoped, whose workings will be limited to the good of the commercial world. But now, in the silence of the place, sight is alone appealed to, and we leave the faint blue clouds stealing up as we return to the great hall, where men are talking together in corners, and others running their fingers down the columns of some daily paper. Telegraph indices are clicking off the messages hurriedly borne in to be despatched—who can say where in these days, when the winner of the Derby can be known in Bombay two and a-half hours after the race? Letters are being written; references made to column

or wall; and, with a parting glance at the busy scene, we, too, pass on our way to stand once more in the street called Lombard.

### Taking the Shilling.

. IN TOWN.

**"WANTED, Smart Young Men!"** To fill up vacancies in the matrimonial market?—to wear somebody's hats?—to distribute bills? Nothing of the kind; but for sacrifices on the altar of the great god, Mars.

In the olden times, when the Spaniards invaded Mexico, it was to find that "smart young men" were there chosen to be dressed up, fed, fattened, danced, and sung to, fondled, petted, and turned into lotus-eaters for a season; and then came the day when all was brought to an end in blood—red-handed priests tearing out reeking hearts, upon an altar high up on some Teocalli, in the sight of all the people.

Well; here, then, in Christian England—in these days of societies, and peace edicts, and Exeter Hall, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, and Lord Shaftesbury—we want "smart young men" for sacrifices; and they are fed, clothed, and petted, enjoying everything that can gladden the heart of man, ready for the feast of blood, if it ever comes.

"Such a life!—honour, glory, uniform, bands of music, smiling maidens, horse to ride, clinking spurs, clanking sabre, helmet or busby, feather or plume, reviews, bagatelle, billiards, beer, beauty, bat-and-ball, boxing—every B, in short, in the alphabet, except busy B; for the life is to be one long time of idleness; and, if you do get tight now and then, why, it's all right so long as Mr. Officer don't see you. Then hold out your fist—here's the Queen's shilling; take it like a man, and be happy ever after. Look at me!"

Thus the recruiting sergeant, for we are in the pulling-about and improvement region close to Downing-street; between there and the Parliament Houses, where sage men in counsel dictate and arrange about war. But our King Charles-street region is not attractive, though it is busy, and the recruiting goes on actively. It is a dingy, soot-loved place, with public-houses, in whose windows are coloured prints of the "smart young men" smartened into soldiers—changed from the chrysalis to the martial butterfly; or, better still, from the rustic, or back-street grub, into the hornet or wasp.

Here they are, hanging about, cane or whip in hand, and a fluttering cockade of many-coloured ribbons in their caps—the picked sergeants of their regiments; fine, handsome fellows, brisk and lithe of tongue, cunning in verbal fence, persuasive, well up in the weak points of man; and ready to stand a pot to any likely-looking subject, sound enough in wind and limb to serve her Majesty.

Here is your dapper Light Dragoon, Hussar, or Lancer, in his smart, clean-looking blue uniform, whose neatness does not seem so attractive to the people as the heavy dragoon's scarlet, whether turned up with buff or yellow. There is a smartness—a "go"—about the aspect of your cavalryman that gives him quite an aristocratic tinge, as compared with his brother of the infantry.

But, horse or foot, armed of heel or no, both seem to find favour just now; and, as first one and then another sergeant brings in his squad for examination and attestation, it is curious to watch the different classes of men those squads embrace. Your foot-sergeant has men of stout build, sturdy strength, and the rough-and-tumble aspect in them strong; their hands are labour-hardened; their joints big; and there is, in spite of their thews and sinews, a gnarled look that will want some drill before the round-shouldered clumsiness is squared, and they stand at attention, or at ease, in military form.

With your cavalry sergeant it is different. The men whom he enlists to serve the Queen, and to fight for their country, have, as a rule, the scampy, soft-handed look of the ne'er-do-well—men whom roughing it in the world has educated after a fashion. They wink at the sergeant when he begins a tirade about delinquents; and he winks again, and claps them on the back, and says "All right, my lad!" when some bolder spirit than usual hints at it all being "gammon!" It suits your cavalry recruit, perhaps, that he should enlist; and he does not lay his cheek down on the desk to sign the name he chooses to go by, but dashes it off freely, and gets registered as one who can "read and write well." The world has ill-used him—more likely he has ill-used the world; the dash of a cavalry life attracts him; he has no other prospects; he is a scamp; but, all the same, just the young fellow to be disciplined into a Light Dragon.

Why, it is even said—aye, and proved—that, before now, your sergeant has thrust the shilling into hands that have directly spent it in a couple of decent Havannahs—one for sergeant and one for self—when friends have fallen away, and racing, yachting, and the many temptations have caused the bottom of a goodly fortune to be reached. There are "swells" who prefer the army, *sans* commission, to suicide; and here they are. *Bonheur* attend them, and better days.

But stay, it was not at Aldershot the other day that a consequential young cornet of Lancers was bullying his men to show his power of tongue, and, stopping before a smart young fellow, found fault with his seat in the saddle?

"Sit up, sir, and lengthen your stirrups; any one would think you meant to ride to meet. Johnson has complained of you before."

Johnson happened to be the riding master—a very brute to those whom he drilled.

"Johnson don't like me, sir," was the frank reply. "You must take his remarks *cum grano*."

"What? Silence, sir! How dare you? What do you mean? When did you pick up that scrap of Latin?"

"When you were my fag at Eton," was the sad reply; and the cornet coloured up like a girl, and rode on.

In spite of finer cloth, and his sword, the sergeant of the line looks shabby. Perhaps not, though, in the eyes of the lower orders. And those shillings—those promises of so much bounty, a free kit, the smart uniform, and the beer unlimited—what power they all have to induce a young fellow to take a step which all are said to regret! For they know so little beforehand of the rigid rules of discipline, the tight rein and curb with which they are driven, the regularity of hour, the pipeclay and weary drills; though, after all,

it must be a welcome change from the drudgery, starvation, and wretchedness to which so many have been long accustomed. There is warm, even if garish, clothing; a decent bed; a barrack-room, with regular meals; a club-room, with books, magazines, and papers, if they can read; and a schoolmaster to teach them if they cannot. Altogether, though, that Queen's shilling is not the silver key to open up to the recruit a region of lotus-eating bliss; yet, all the same, it may be a great change for the better if—if there was not always the grim image of Death grinning at him from behind the curtain of show.

### The Sleepless Man.

On this occasion I had the companionship of two young fellows, who had heard of the great eminence to which I had attained in the art of early rising, and had implored me to teach them its first principles. I cannot say that my task was an easy one. Indeed, I was compelled to enforce my precepts with the water jug before I could induce them to get up. But they will never forget that first lesson, and to that extent my educational system may be held to have succeeded. These young fellows have no sense of the shortness of life, and sleep as if the longevity of Methuselah were entailed upon them.

"Oh, fortune!" I exclaimed, as I shook first one and then the other, "how partial art thou in the distribution of thy gifts! One tithe of the sleep which thou dost lavish on these inappreciative cubs in a single month would furnish me with healthy rest for a year!"

Having at last roused them, they dressed themselves with great good humour, and we set forth. The elder of the two was a mighty moth hunter, who had conceived the bold idea of penetrating into the forests of the Boulonnais and tracking his savage prey to its lair. He strode along with his net over his shoulder, like the retiarius of the ancient arena, and with the death-dealing cyanide bottle lurking in his satchel; and I thought, as I marked his manly bearing, that the privet hawk who dared to encounter him would soon be enclosed in that "inevitable urn." The younger of the two had no special motive for the walk.

"He was going," he said, "because the other fellow was going. If the other fellow hadn't gone, he wouldn't have gone; but as the other fellow wanted to go, why, you know, he wanted to go."

For all this show of indifference, however, he saw as much and noted as much as any of us during our walk.

My two companions regarded the prospect from their own points of view. The entomologist pointed to a large patch of wood in the extreme distance, and observed that it looked like a "mothy place." The Indifferent took a leisurely survey of all the villages through my glass, and asked me "at which of 'em a fellow would be likely to get a good breakfast." I took the hint which each intended to convey, and we set forward on our walk.—*Scudamore*.

CONTEMPTIBLE BEHAVIOUR.—He was a mean man who, when asked for his money or his life, requested the burglar to take the life of his wife, as she could not possibly live if he died, but he could worry along without her.



## M. Hippolyte Speaketh.\*

OUI, monsieur, I like your country, I like your houses, your dresses, your eat and drink, but I love not your fog and rain and absence of sun. Your little Mees Anglaises are pretty, too, and nice, and have a grand appreciation of the chivalry, the noblesse, the polite of the French.

Aha, is it not so? Do they not worship the French fashion of their dress? Do they not wear their hair after the mode Français? French bonbons chocolat, French soups, French plays? Ah, I kiss the tips of my fingers to the little ladies English, for they appreciate, they love the French. But your Englishman? Bah! he is a coarse Bull rosbif, and cannot see that which is good. He would give his thick, big ear for my grand eyesight—yes, the eyesight of I, Hippolyte Legros.

I understand your tongue much. Bah! it is a broutal tongue that no one can learn. But I learn him, and speak him, and write him like a native. No one knows when I begin whether it is a John Bull rosbif who speaks or a Frenchman, for I have so study him up to so grand a state that I am his master. You see? Is it not thus? Aha! you give in to me, and it is.

I am in London three, four year. There makes a difficulty with my Government, and it goes to shoot me by mistake. I say, Aha! if these brigands shoot me there is no more Hippolyte, and France—my belle country—must suffer. I say, *Mourir pour la patrie* if it is to do her good; but if it is not to do her good, I say, No, I must save Hippolyte Legros to come back to her; so I save him by take him across the Channels in a steamboats—aha! you see I know all your names!—and I land him safe and sound at Dover Folkestones. But, ma foi, what boats! What cruel waters! They have no appreciation of the man of polish—of the French gentlemen—and I suffer; I am ill; I am stone dead three hours before I come to life again, and I say to myself, this is worse as bullets, and I groan till the steward mans and the sailor mans come and take hold of my heads and tails, and carry me down below to the cabins, where they brandy me till I get better and begin to groan myself.

But, enough; I bring Hippolyte Legros over the waters to your England, and I say to myself, I will be happy, I will be gay. My faith, I will sing and dance, and smoke the little cigarette, and drink the porter bière of the campagne, and grow stouts, and wear new English fashion made clothes, and the mees will fall in love with the foreigner—handsome. I my mind up make to marry a rich mees, with large rents of yellow boys, and we make the mare to go, as you call him in your brutal English sayings.

It is good. I have five hundred francs; I am rich, but it will not last for always; so I tell myself I must get introduce quickly, and marry a mees before I finish the five hundred francs, which I change for your dirty English moneys; and then I go down to the hotel coffee-room in dress perfect, looking the gentleman French, and casting my eyes round to see if I can find any friend to introduce me to the English mees.

I am fortunate. I find a young man English. He

smile, and ask me how I do—he mean how I carry myself—so I tell him. I offer him the cigare. He take the cigare and smoke himself, and I take the little cigarette and smoke myself. Behold, we are at once good friends.

I ask for a bottle wines, and we drink him. Then we go play billiards; and that night, when we make the good-byes, we embrace, and I know that I have well begun all I have to do.

The next mornings we meet ourself at breakfast, and we smoke and play billiard till lunch-time; when I am brave boy I come out—yes, out I come; I stand on a bench, and my new friend rejoices the band. He is glad—ha! ha! And when we have dine that night, we swear friendships, we are great chum, and my soul rejoices.

It grow itself fast. In two more day we love each other much. He confides to me that he loves an adorable Miss, and I tell him that I am Count in my own right, whereuponasmuch he ask me to come and spend much of my time down at his place of birth, and I go.

Aha! it's bean-time there at his place of birth on the banks of the River Temy. The little château is pretty, with green leaves, and path to walk yourself till you grow tired, and seat to sit yourself down till you are *délassé*—untired. He introduce me to his sister. Bah! She is *laide*—ugly; and to his beautiful blonde cousin—his *adorée*—and I feel myself *attrapé*, caught, taken, seized—what you call up to the ear in love.

I ask myself at night, Shall I make Hippolyte unhappy mans for an English rascal boys? and I say "No! Hippolyte is great; he is French; he is one of the world masters—the refined—the polished—the perfect. The big rosbif, John Bull boy must give place to the noble Frenchman," and the morning next I begin my campaign.

There is but little trouble. I find that the lovely Mees Anglais has a great *dot* of her own—the maid tell me five six thousand pounds; and it make me to sigh when next I look at her, and when I sigh she blush, and turn her head aside.

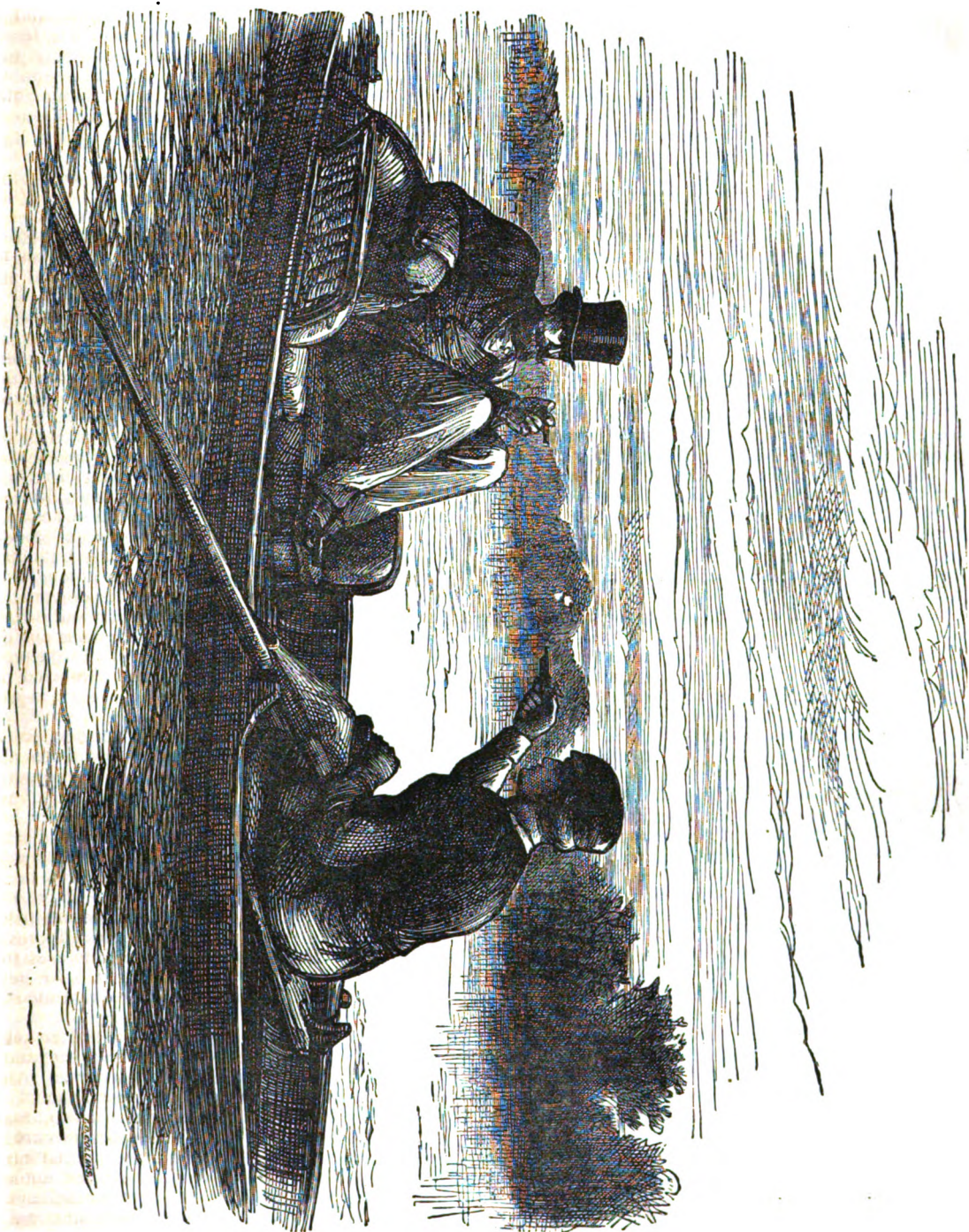
*Cher ange!* I say to myself, she is to me. It is a victory; and the Gaul triumphs once more over *perfide Albion*. Ha! ha! *Vogue la galère! Vive l'amour! Ourai!*

Matters are right for Hippolyte. We make the little picnics, and we fish us upon the river, where I press the hand of the fair Clementine, and make my eyes to tell her that I love her *de tout mon cœur*. Oh, we get on wonderfully, when the foolish boy grows jealous, and begins to hate me.

The first I know of his jealousy foolish is that he ask leave one day to row me up the river long way, and come ourselves all back. I say, "Yes, good it is. All right! back in five minutes! How's your mother?"

Then he laugh at me with much strange look in his eye—the poor, weak, idiot boy—as if a woman could love much such a poor, rosbif Anglais—who sell his wife after in Smitfield—when she can have the noble Frenchman. Howsoever, we go; and I sit in the back of the boat at my ease, while he, like the servant of me, pull the boat along as I smoke my cigar, sit at my ease, and smile at the soft water, the trees and grass upon the bank, and think how that I am superior to this common English boy.

\* We have been obliged to take a few liberties with M. Hippolyte's spelling; the rest stands as sent.



We row up the river one mile—two mile, and all this time he do not speak to me, and I do not talk to him; for I am dreaming of my fair angel, and of how soon I shall speak myself to her, and confess my love till she throw herself at my feet and say, “I will fly with the cher Hippolyte to sunny France as soon as it is safe for the *cher ange*!”

I am in this musing dreaming when the wretched rosbif stop rowing, and pull out a pistol, which he hold to shoot.

“Scoundrels!” he say, “swear that you will never speak to my cousin again! Swear that you go on shore this minute, or I blow your brains!”

I have big eyes, I tell you, and I sit and look hard at this John Bull’s boy; but he hold the pistol still, and make fierce face.

“Do you hear, traitor?” he cry. “Am I to fire?”

“Yes,” I say, bold-like, “fire if you dare!” for my great eyes tell me that he has no cap on the pistols; and little pistols never go out without their caps.

Oh, it were brave to see me sit and look down the wretched rosbif, who never know before how brave are the French. So I defy him. I look upon him with contempt; though I feel myself hot for fear the pistols go off without the little caps; but the rosbif has through him down in the bottom of the boat; and without word row ashore, and jump out to run home.

“Aha!” I say to myself, “the victory is great. Hippolyte conquer, and Waterloo is avenge. The fair Mees Anglais is to me, and all her *dot*. I am satisfied. I will to home.”

I go to the house, and I try to see the lady; but she will not; and I know that the villain rosbif has been speak against me; so I ask for the fathers, and two men come to me instead—the wretches—the dogs—and I am put of the house with kick, all of which I suffer, for I mean to was those kick with blood. Ha! ha! with the rosbif boy’s blood, and the servants’. But I can wait—wait a long while, till it comes the chance.

I am outside then the house, and think what I do for myself. I cannot lose the beautiful mees to the boy Bull; so I take my lodge close by, and wait.

The next time I meet the lady, she turn away her head, and I say—“More blood!” for this must wash itself clean. There has been treachery, and I must avenge my honour greatly.

So I wait again and again, and I find more treachery; for one morning when I go by the house I find his shutters up, and I know the coward have fled from me, the poltroons, the wretch, and leave me the master of the field. Ha! ha! I have been avenge; but all the same, the rosbif marry the little mees, and they laugh together as they pass me. They do not know I wait my day.

I have try many English mees since, but the rosbif boy must tell them all not, for they only laugh if I speak, and I do not find the way to their heart. P’raps they have no heart; I do not know. But the francs all melt away, all go, till I go to live near Lee-ces-tarr-square, where I wait till I am call back to my own country, or get a poste to teach my language to the English mees. If I do before I get too much old in my coats and pantaloons, I marry one who is rich and at her teeth I know the need demoiselle.

Heigho! alas! alack! as you say here in the English

grammar—I am not yet a happy man; that rosbif must tell story of me; but the times will come, and then Hippolyte the chivalric, the noble, who has stoop to come to this *brumeuse* land, may speak again to the perfide Albion people who are— Ah, bah! I cannot find myself to say how they are poor, and common, all but the English mees, and they owe it to La France, La belle France, my country—that’s all.

### The Post-office.

THE report of the Postmaster-General for 1874 was issued recently, and, as usual, it contains some extremely interesting and curious information. It appears that the number of post-offices in the United Kingdom was increased last year by 280, making in all nearly 13,000, about 900 of which are head offices.

The number of road letter boxes is now nearly 9,700, as compared with 9,000 in 1873. Thus, the total number of postal receptacles in the United Kingdom is more than 22,000, as compared with about 15,600 ten years ago, and with little more than 4,500 before the establishment of penny postage in 1840. In London alone there are nearly 1,700 such receptacles. The number of letters transmitted in England and Wales in 1874 was 804 millions; of post-cards, 66 millions; and of book packets and newspapers, 207 millions. In Ireland and Scotland the numbers were brought up to 967 million letters, or an increase of 60 per cent. The number of registered letters in the United Kingdom during the year was upwards of 4,000,000, or about one in 250 of the total number of letters. The letters received in the Returned Letter Office numbered more than 4,400,000, being about one in every 220 of the total. As respects more than three-fourths of these, it was found possible either to re-issue them or to return them to the writers. Upwards of 20,000 letters were posted without any address; one of these letters containing more than £2,000 in bank notes. A registered letter from Switzerland was found open in the chief office, London. The contents, which had become exposed owing to the flimsiness of the envelope, consisted of cheques for upwards of £200, and of bank notes to the value of more than £500. A registered letter containing Turkish bonds, with coupons payable to bearer, worth more than £4,000, intended for a firm in the City of London, was misdirected to a street in the West-end, where it was delivered. On inquiry being made for the packet it was found that the bonds had been mistaken for “foreign lottery tickets” of no value, and had been put aside for the children of the family to play with. In the chief office in London two gold watches were found, each enclosed in an unregistered book-packet, addressed to New Zealand; the leaves of the books having been cut so as to admit of the watches being enclosed. The packets were sent to the Returned Letter Office, whence information was forwarded to the addressees, there being nothing to show who were the senders. Among the articles posted contrary to the regulations of the department, and sent to the Returned Letter Office, were a horned frog alive, a stag beetle alive, white mice alive, snails alive, an owl, a kingfisher, a rat, carving knives and forks, gun cotton, and cartridges.



## Violets in the Snow.

## CHAPTER I.

ON one side there was a square, with trees that tried to look green in-summer, but in winter-time stuck in scraggy form out of the soot-peppered snow, with a beadle who wore a gold band round his hat, and lived in a lodge, out of which he issued every morning with a thin rattan cane to keep away the boys; on the other side there was a row of goodly mansions, with a mews for the horses and carriages of the grandees who inhabited those mansions; and down between square and mansions, hidden behind the mews, as if it were a brick-and-mortar snake, there was Gutter-alley.

People said, how could such a dirty, squalid, unhealthy, beggar-inhabited place get there between the mansions of the rich. People said so to the parish officers, and the parish officers shook their heads; not so much as to say that they did not know, but to imply thereby a great deal, as if the wickedness of the inhabitants had something to do with it. Then people said so to the dwellers in Gutter-alley in an ill-used fashion, to which Gutter-alley very reasonably replied that it must get somewhere, which was perfectly true; that it squeezed itself up as much out of the way as it could, which was also quite true; that it—to wit, Gutter-alley—did not get between the square and the row of mansions, but that the square came and sat upon it on one side, and the row of mansions came and sat upon it on the other, which was true again; and lastly, Gutter-alley said, where was it to go, for it must have living room? Then people who knew its squalor said that it was all very shocking, and that a meeting ought to be held. And it was very shocking, but a meeting was not held; and Gutter-alley stood where it had stood before, in the year of our Lord 1862, when there was a very great Exhibition building close at hand; and Gutter-alley remained an exhibition itself, staying as it did where, without much effort, it could have thrown a stone into the grounds of a palace.

## CHAPTER II.

NOW, whether in summer or winter, poor people can patronise as well as rich; and so it fell out that the custom in poverty-stricken, hunger-pinched Gutter-alley was for the poor folk there to speak condescendingly to old Dick Bradds, when he stood at the door of No. 5, with his poor old head on one side as he looked up the court, head on the other side as he looked down. "Dickey" he was generally called, and more than one stout costermonger—they did a deal in costering in Gutter-alley, and if you penetrated into the rooms of the human rabbit-warren, fish could be found mingled with furniture, turnips amongst the washtubs, and a good full bucket of mussels often formed the seat of the father of a family while he helped his wife to make up ropes of onions for the morrow's sale—well, many a stout costermonger told his wife in confidence that old Dickey Bradds always put him in mind of a moulting thrush. No inapt simile, and doubtless taken from the life, for there were always plenty of feathered captives to be seen in Gutter-alley.

It was quite true: Dick—old Dickey Bradds—did look very much like some aged and shabby bird, lame of one leg; and when he stood on a cold winter's morning peering up and down through the fog that loved to

hang about the court, no one would have felt at all surprised to have seen the old man begin to peck, or to whet his long sharp old nose against the doorpost.

Not that Dick did do anything of this kind—he only gave two or three keen, one-sided, bird-like looks about before slowly hopping upstairs to his room on the second floor—the front room—to wait for Jenny.

A keen old blade, though, was Dick—a piece of that right good true steel so often to be found in the humblest implements, while your finely polished, gaily handled, ornamental upper-ten-thousand cutlery is so often inferior, dull of edge, and given to shut up just when it is wanted the most. Dick was not human hurried up, but a piece of fine old charcoal-made steel. Toil and hard usage had ground and ground Dick till there was little left of him but the haft, and seventy years of existence rubbing away through the world—that hard grindstone to some of us—had made that haft very rickety of rivet and springs. Certainly there was blade enough left to cut in one direction; but you could not trust Dick for fear of his giving way, or perhaps closing upon the hand that employed him.

It was so with poor old Dick when he left the great auction rooms, where he had been kept as long as was possible; and, being proud, Dick would not believe in Nature when she told him that he had grown to be an old man, and that the time had gone by when he was lusty and strong, and able to lift great weights; and when Dick's fellow-porters told him that a piece of furniture was too heavy for him to lift, he only felt annoyed, and grew angry and stubborn.

The fact was that Dick knew from old experience how hard a matter it was for even an industrious man to get a living in the great city; and for him, whose livelihood depended entirely upon his muscles, to turn weak and helpless meant misery, privation, and perhaps the workhouse for his old age.

That was what Dick thought, and therefore he fought hard against even the very semblance of weakness, making a point always at the auction rooms of doing far more than he need, rushing at heavy pieces of furniture, tiring himself with extra work, and making himself an object of sport to the thoughtless, of pity to his older fellow-servants of the firm.

The consequence was that poor old Dickey Bradds had to go one day to the hospital, to lie there for many weary weeks, and come out at last lame and uncured, for at threescore and ten there is not much chance of a man building up new tissue, piling on fresh muscle and strength, and renewing the waste of so many years.

Poor old Dick left the hospital a confirmed cripple, but hopeful ever of regaining his strength and activity—at least, he said so, whether merely to cheer up his grandchild or to mask his sufferings, that was known only to his own heart.

## CHAPTER III.

NOW this was how old Dick became a cripple.

It was early in winter, and there was a heavy sale on at the rooms; for the furniture of a noble mansion had been sent up from the country, and bargain hunters and Jew brokers were there that day in force, chaffering, running down the value of the goods they coveted, and turning the crowded room into a Babel of confusion.

The sale was progressing, and under the superintendence of one Joseph Brown, the head porter, the lots had been submitted to competition with ease and facility. Old Dick had as usual been working very hard; but, not content to show the others his power, he sought to do more.

"You can't take that there chist o' drawers down," said the head porter, a man most careful in the way in which he looked after the corners and polish of pieces of furniture, saving them from scratch and chip. So careful, in fact, was Brown that he had never had time to look after the polish and corners of her Majesty's English, which he chipped and scratched most terribly. So "you can't take that there chist o' drawers down," said Brown, "it's too much for you;" and he meant it kindly, though his words were rough.

"You wouldn't ha' talked to me like that ten years ago, Joe Brown!" quavered Dick, turning angrily upon the porter; for he was hurt and annoyed at being spoken to before the other men.

"I didn't mean to hurt the poor old chap," said Brown at home to his wife that night, "for I like old Dick, who's as honest and true-hearted an old chap as ever stepped. All the years we've been together, I never knew Dick do a man an ill turn; while the way he turns out o' Sundays to take that there granchile of his to a place o' washup ought to be a patten for some on us.

"In course I wouldn't ha' spoke to him in that way ten years ago: for why? 'cos he could ha' carried the chist o' drawers easily; but 'stead o' actin' sensible, he was that proud, bless you, that he wriggled hisself under 'em like a young cuckoo with a hegg, hystes hisself up slowly by taking hold of the bannisters, and then begins to stagger downstairs.

"Now then: lot 'underd and two; waitin' for lot 'underd and two,' they calls out below. 'Comin'—comin'—comin'," pants out Dick; and I see as it was too much for the poor old chap, who felt touched at being thought past his work, though the governors only expected him to take down the light things. So seeing how matters stood, I steps forrard to help him, when if he didn't seem to shut up all at once like; and that there chist o' handsome French polished mahogany drawers, 'underd and two in the catalogue, went downstairs a deal too fast for its constitution.

"Poor old Dick! he never groaned nor made no fuss when we got him down to the cab to take him to the 'orsepittle, although his poor old leg was broke, through his coming down a whole flight arter that there chist o' handsome French polished mahogany drawers; but his lips was shaking, and his face drored as he gets hold of my button and pulls me to him, and says, says he, 'This'll be a sad upset for my Jenny; but don't let 'em frighten her, Joe Brown—don't, please. You're a married man and got feeling, though I spoke nasty to you just now. Please go and tell her gently, yourself. Oh, Joe, I sha'n't be able to help in many more sales.'

"Poor old chap, how the tears did run down his cheeks as he whispered me again.

"Don't say it's much, Joe; tell her it's a bit of a scratch, and she isn't to fidget about me. Tell her gently, Joe. Good-bye, Joe; I shall be over again to-morrow or next day, Joe. And, Joe," he calls out in his weak, piping way, as the keb begins to move, 'Joe,'

he says, 'just take my apren and give the lookin' glass in the big wardrobe a bit of a rub before it comes down; and don't forget about Jenny.'

"Poor old Dickey: got his 'art in his work, he had; and somehow as he went off, and I knew as we shouldn't never see him again at work, if we ever see him at all, my nose wanted blowing to that degree that nothing couldn't be like it; and it's my belief, Sarah, if I hadn't been roused up by a call for the next lot, that I should have turned soft; for you see, says I to myself, I says, suppose as that had been me?

"But he told me to tell Jenny gently, and I did."

#### CHAPTER IV.

OLD Dick went no more to porter at the rooms when he came out of the hospital; his smoothly-shaven face did not peer out of windows where he was hanging out hearth-rugs with, pinned upon them, the bills announcing the capital modern household furniture for sale; but when he returned to Gutter-alley, Dick would always be clean shaven of a morning, spending an hour over the process, pulling out wrinkles to get at the silver stubble lurking in the bottoms of the furrows, and stopping at times when his hands grew tremulous to rest. Many was the time that his grandchild, Jenny, would have to run down in haste to fetch a bit of cobweb from the cellar to stay the bleeding, when that tremulous old hand did make a slip; for the nap upon Dick's Sunday hat was too scarce to be used up in so wanton a way.

But at last Dick would strop and put away his razor and shaving-brush, hang up the little glass, and then tie on a clean white apron, take his round carpet-cap down from a nail, and carefully put it on so as not to disarrange his grey locks, and then sit patiently nursing his porter's knot and waiting, as he used to tell Jenny, for a job.

"Strong, my little lass? Strong as ever," he'd say. "If I could only get this leg right."

And then Jenny would drop her work, take his old face between her plump little hands, kiss him tenderly, and tell him to wait a little.

So old Dick Bradds used to wait on, day after day, waiting for the jobs that never came, and the injured leg did not get right. The old man's strength sufficed to carry him down to the front door and back again. Down he would go slowly, holding tightly by the balustrade, one leg always first, till he reached the bottom, where the mat should have been, only they could not afford mats in Gutter-alley; and then as regularly as possible the old man, in his thankfulness at being able to walk so far, would take off the old carpet-cap and say softly, when there was no one by, "Thank God!" and the same again when, after a visit to the front door and a glance up and down the court, he had slowly and painfully made his way up to his own room.

Jenny would have helped him; but no: the old man could not shake off the belief that he was in a state to do heavy work and to help his child. There was too much determination left yet in the old piece of steel, and heedless of rust and weakness, Dick struggled up and down.

People used to say that Sharpnesses, the great auctioneers, ought to have pensioned old Bradds; but they were people who made money fast, and knew its value



in too worldly a way to pension worn-out servants, so old Dick had to live as he could.

Jenny was Dick's support—Jenny, his grandchild—Jenny Blossom, as they called her in Gutter-alley. She was the last of the family—father, mother, and another child had died in Gutter-alley, where fevers used to practise and get themselves into full strength before issuing out to ravage the districts where sanitary arrangements were so perfect.

The place was very foul, but somehow Jenny grew brighter day by day, and the old crones of the alley used to chuckle and say no wonder, for flowers always thrive in the dirt. At all events, the foul odours did not take the bloom from her cheek, and when fever or cholera held high revel, Jenny had passed scatheless through trials when scores had fallen around.

Every one spoke well of Jenny; untidy women with bare arms and rough hair always had for her a pleasant look; great hulking market-attending men, with hoarse voices, would always stand aside for Jenny to pass; and the slatternly girls of the alley, though they occasionally glanced at her with envious eyes, displayed no open jealousy. Away from Gutter-alley it was different; but in the forty houses of the court, and their four or five hundred inhabitants, there was not one who did not look up to Jenny Blossom.

And no unsuitable title was that—Jenny Blossom; for whether taken in connection with her young and blooming face, or her trade, the name seemed equally adapted. Ask for her as Jane Bradds, and people would have shaken their heads; though the mention of Jenny Blossom brought a bright look into perhaps a scowling face; and No. 5 in the court was indicated directly.

### Transpontine Drama.

AUDIENCE play this, irrespective of the stage, which is not here discussed; for we are in a county theatre, on the other side of the water, where stalls do not fill, and private boxes are not in large demand; but where pit, gallery, upper and lower circles, are, on holiday nights, to use the words of a pit denizen, "a caution." A nice, large, cheerful theatre, with the pit but slightly curtailed—two rows of stalls being stolen only; and over these young Surrey leans and hurls jokes at the stage, at the performers, the orchestra, or slings them, stone-like, at the crowded gallery. Nut-cracking goes on in a perfect fusillade, and oranges are peeled to an extent that sends a Covent Garden Market fragrance through the house, swifter than fall the peely flakes from the gallery above.

The curtain is lowered just now; but the audience—a large mingling of which is boyish—bears the infliction patiently, the whole pit standing up for a change, and facing round to the recognizing of friends above and below, to whom they shout as Jack, or Tom, or Bill—or even names of a softer sound, as Mary Hann, or Sal. Healths are drunk in muddy porter, brought round by bare-armed men, or in the foaming beer of ginger—the Marsh champagne. Allusions loud, but merry, are made to dress; and a shout or a whistle often rises, till the striking-up of the orchestra with the first of a string of popular airs draws forth a chorus, given cheerily in the words of a song wedded to some

popular refrain, or even a foot accompaniment in a half-dance.

But it is cheery work altogether, in spite of a little noise; and when the curtain rises, and the heroine of the piece runs all manner of risks from villainy, there is no hissing here, no contemptuous indifference, no hardly-suppressed conversation—but deep, earnest attention, with feelings working up till they break forth in a roar of delight as the sanguinary Bill Sykish scoundrel obtains his deserts, and the heroine smiles resplendent to the advances of him who is to make her happy evermore. When the curtain falls, the characters are called before it, and then go homè to supper.

Truly, it must be satisfactory to write a transpontine play, with its persecutions, reverses, loves, likes, hatreds, tumblings-down, pickings-up, and thoroughly hearty applause of those nut-cracking ladies and gentlemen who form the audience; they are so hearty—so enthusiastic—so determined to take all as it is meant—and ready to good-humouredly wink at little failings in scenic arrangements, and the shortcomings of scene-shifters—disposed to laugh with supernumeraries, to the display sometimes of shirt sleeves, and even legs. For scene-shifters or carpenters are like ostriches, and when their heads are concealed, the rest of their persons still remains visible.

Altogether the scene here—of the house, not of the stage—is refreshing, indeed, after visiting West-end theatres, empty of stall and bench, with play after play dragging heavily on for want of appreciative audiences to cheer the actors in their task. There is interest enough, though, here; and now that the curtain is once more down, the orchestra is playing the accompaniment to a song commenced by one or two, but taken up by scores, and evidently enjoyed, till drowned by the buzzing of voices around—some laughing, some chatting, and some discussing the aspect of a favourite actor or actress. It is not refined, and there may be a tinge of coarseness—nay, not coarseness, but roughness—in the behaviour; but, somehow, having an eye to the future of those who are near and dear, one comes to the conclusion that the atmosphere of this theatre is moral—that purity is here—and that it would be far better to bring them where there is noise with manners unrefined, than to follow a fashionable lead, and take them to where Fritz lollops down upon the stage, where a favourite flourishes her whip, kicks, and pipes out, like a well-dressed bacchante, "Dites lui," and "Encore le militaire." But there, *que voulez vous!* this is an evil strain; bring hither the scissors, and we will cut it short!

YANKEE TACT.—You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day, when a weighty woman sailed into a Detroit shoe-store, and selecting an old pair of No. 4's, sat down to have them tried on, the shoemaker saw that she wanted 7's. But he didn't tell her so, and start her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled, and said softly, "Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities—and of course you want to follow the style?" She smiled in answer to his smile, and replied, "You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment." When she went out, she said she never had such an easy-fitting shoe on in her whole life.

## Things New and Old.

### Bootless Temptation.

A member of the coloured church was conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him changed into better paths; but the friend said that he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian.

"Whar's yer backbone, dat yer can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yer town I had a chance to steal a pa'r o' boots—mighty nice ones too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and somefing said take 'em; den a good sperit whispered for me to let dem boots alone."

"An' you didn't take 'em?"

"No, sar; I took a pa'r of cheap shoes off de shelf, an' left dem boots alone!"

### Catching a Trout.

"They're 'ansum trout, these Thames fish is—some on 'em, leastways; but really I think a Wycombe trout's 'ansummer for shape and make. They're more silverier, and liker a salmon. I caught one as weighed seven pound and a-half last week at Mr. T.'s. The fish had been there a long time, and he'd a-trie'd 'most everything for him; when last market day, as I was goin' through the market-place, he says, 'Tim,' says he, 'come, and I'll show ye a good un in my mill tail; but I can't catch him.' So I goes, and there close on to the wall *was* a beauty. 'What have you tried?' says I. 'Well, I've tried fly and worm, and meal worms and snails, leeches and minner; but it's all no use,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'have you tried a cockroach?' 'No,' says he. 'Well, then, let's try that.' So I goes to the cook and gets two or three, and whips a fine fat un on to the hook with one shot on, stands well up above him, some distance up, and lets it down to him. It passed within six inches of him, and he moved his head aside to look at it, though he never took it. 'That's more nor I've seen him do yet to any bait,' says T., quite excited-like. 'All right,' says I, 'then we'll give him five minutes' rest, and 'ave another try, and see if we can't get it a trifle nearer, so's he may smell it; for the smell of them beetles is very 'ticing to the trout.' So I gathers up, puts on a fine fresh un, werry, werry careful, and waits. Then I drops in again, and guides it down gentle, nearer and nearer, right in front of him, so as he might get the flavour on it in the water as it come to him; and as it reached about a foot or two above him, I see him get excited, and he give a short, angry jerk of the tail, as much as to say, 'Darn you, you will 'ave it, will you?' I let it on steady and sure, like old Time a-mowin' nothin' in particular, and, if you'll believe me, it went straight to his nose; and all as he did, I give you my word, was just to open his big, white mouth like a port-a-oney, without a-movin' of a fin, and take it in—a lubby a-takin' mother's milk couldn't be more unsuspiouse—*and* he gave one short, decided chump of his jaw as he did so, just as if to say, 'Got him that time, anyhow.' 'So you have, my fine feller,' says I, 'and more nor you bargains for'—and I hit him. Lor! if you'd a seed him streak right off up stream into the dark arch, and a dozen yards up it, right under the mill-wheel, where I heard

him a-flopping about like a goose in a duck-pond at Michaelmas! It were a caution, it were; but there worn't no home there for him, and he come down again. He made the mud fly, I tell you, but it worn't no use; for, though he fought hard for more than a quarter of an hour, we got the net under him, and spooned him out at last. And *he was* a beauty! he was as fat as a pig, and as silver as a salmon, and I heerd he cut as red as crimson."—*Francis Francis.*

### Female Slaves.

There's a nasty sound about the words "Black Country," and one involuntarily connects it with some savage land where heathenism and bloodshed rule; but, unfortunately, the Black Country is in our midst, and embraces the district where the coal and iron are obtained, and then tortured, to the tune of the furnace roar, into utility of some form or another. Bad reports come from these parts—of brutality, ignorance, and sensuality. Women work, in a kind of modern slavery, at the hardest of manual labour; and men who can earn large wages as puddlers, coal miners, and in similar employments, live on the winnings of their wives. The moral tone of the neighbourhood is atrocious—in fact, it is no exaggeration to speak of the people as the middy did of the manners and customs of certain savages. He wrote of them—"Manners: none. Customs: beastly." We have often heard of late of the Champagne drinking amongst the colliers. That may be a piece of hyperbole, but certainly the amount of drunkenness is astounding—men spending almost all they earn in drink, and the women having to bear the brunt, and find the money for the housekeeping. Mr. Baker, the inspector of factories, has just given us in his report a lamentable picture of the state of the Black Country, with women working ten and twelve hours a day, as puddlers, colliers, chain and nail makers. Others are at work in the brick-yards, carrying clay; and, consequently, all their feminine nature seems to be gradually ground out of them. Here is a quotation from the report, which will speak for itself; and if this is a fair example of the state of affairs, surely it is time for the Legislature to take some steps for the improvement of the land:—

"I was a stranger," said I, "who had come out of curiosity to see the chain-making country."

"And a bad place you've come to," said an old woman; "it's the worst country God ever made. The women do all the work, and the men do nothing."

"But they work sometimes?" I ventured to remark.

"Yes, they do," was the reply; "but they always spend all they earn, and more too, on themselves."

After this, the less we say disparagingly the better of the "noble savage"—the Red Indian who hunts, fishes, scalps, and amuses himself in similar sportive ways, while his squaw acts as beast of burden and is treated as such. But then, as Artemus Ward said, "Injuns is pyson wherever found." What, then, are the inhabitants of the Black Country, of whose grim realities and revolting abominations pen cannot tell? It is a blot, though, on our civilization; and it is lamentable that we will go on with our Jellybism—our telescopic charity, which sees so plainly all that is needed morally in other lands, while our own is loathsome with its plague spots and sores.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER VIII.—"OUR NEXT MEETING."

FIN REA stood gazing down for a few moments, and then said—

"No, indeed, I can't, Mr. Mervyn. Pray go."

"Oh, Mr. Mervyn," said Tiny, softly, "don't tease her any more."

"It is hard to refuse such a request," said the newcomer; "but, as trespassers, you must leave me to administer punishment. And, besides, I owe Miss Fin here a grudge. She has been laughing at me, I hear."

"I'll never do so any more, Mr. Mervyn—I won't indeed," cried Fin; "only let me off this time."

"Jump, you little gipsy, jump," cried Mervyn.

"It's too high—I daren't," cried Fin.

"I have seen you leap down from a place twice as high, my little fawn. Now, then, jump at once."

Fin looked despairingly round for a few moments, then made a piteous grimace, and lastly sprang boldly down into the strong arms, which held her as if she had been a child.

"Now," said Mr. Mervyn, "about the mistletoe?"

"Mr. Mervyn, pray. Oh, it's too bad. I—"

"Don't be frightened, little one," he said, tenderly, as he retained her with one hand, to smooth her breeze-blown hair with the other. "There, come along; let me help you down."

But Fin started from him, like the fawn he had called her, and sprang down the great bank.

"Mind my soup," shouted Mr. Mervyn; and only just in time, for it was nearly overset. Then he helped Tiny down, blushing and vexed; but no sooner were they in the lane, than Fin clapped her hands together, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Mervyn, don't go and tell everybody what a rude tomboy of a sister Tiny is blessed with. I am so ashamed."

"Come along, little ones," he said laughing, as he stooped to pick up the tin, and at the same time handed Fin her basket.

"How nice the soup smells," said Fin, mischievously.

"Yes; you promised to come and taste it some day," said Mr. Mervyn; "but you have never been. I'm very proud of my soup, young ladies, and have many a hard fight with Mrs. Dykes about it."

"Do you?" said Tiny, for he looked seriously at her as he spoke.

"What about?" said Fin, coming to her sister's help.

"About the quantity of water," said Mr. Mervyn. "You know we've a big copper for the soup; and Mrs. Dykes has an idea in her head that eight quarts of water go to the gallon, mine being that there are only four."

"Why, of course," laughed Fin.

"So," said Mr. Mervyn, "she says I have the soup too strong, while I say she wants to make it too weak."

"And what does old Mrs. Trelyan say?"

"Say?" laughed Mr. Mervyn. "Oh, the poor old soul lets me take it to her as a favour, and says she eats it to oblige me."

"It's so funny with the poor people about," said Fin; "they want things, but they won't take them as if you

were being charitable to them; they all try to make it seem like a favour they are doing you."

"Well, I don't know that I object to that much," said Mr. Mervyn.

"They're all pleased enough to see us," continued Fin; "but when Aunt Matty and papa go they preach at them, and the poor people don't like it."

"Fin," said Tiny, in a warning voice.

"I don't care," said Fin; "it's only Mr. Mervyn, and we may speak to him. I say, Mr. Mervyn, did you hear about old Mrs. Poltrene and Aunt Matty?"

"Fin," whispered Tiny, colouring.

"I *will* tell Mr. Mervyn; it isn't any harm," cried downright Fin.

And her sister, seeing that she only made matters worse, remained silent.

"Mr. Mervyn, you know old Mrs. Poltrene, of course?"

"Oh, yes, the old fisherman's wife down by the cliff."

"Yes; and Aunt Matty went to see her, and talked to her in her way, and it made the old lady so cross that—that—oh, I mustn't tell you."

"Nonsense, child, go on."

"She—she told Aunt Matty to go along and get married," tittered Fin, "and she could stay at home and mend her husband's stockings, and leave people alone; and Aunt Matty thought it so horrible that she came home and went to bed."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Mervyn. "Mrs. Poltrene has a temper; but here we are—you'll come in?"

Tiny was for drawing back, but her sister prevailed. They had been walking along the lane, and had now reached a long, low cottage, built after the fashion of the district, with massive blocks of granite, and roofed with slabs of the same. There was a strip of garden, though gardens were almost needless, banked up as the place was on all sides with the luxuriant wild growth of the valley. On one side, though, of the doorway was the simple old fuchsia of bygone days, with a stem here as thick as a man's wrist—a perfect fuchsia tree, in fact; and on the other side, leafing and flowering right over the roof, a gigantic hydrangea, the flower we see in eastern England in pots.

"Any one at home?" said Mr. Mervyn, walking straight in. "Here, Mrs. Trelyan, I've brought you two visitors;" and a very old, white-haired woman, who was making a pilchard net, held her hand over her forehead.

"Sit down, girls—sit down," she said, in the melodious sing-song voice of the Cornish people. "I know them—they come and see me sometimes. Eh? How am I? But middling—but middling. It's been a bad season for me. Oh, soup? Ah, you've brought me some more soup; you may empty it into that basin. I didn't want it; but you may leave it. They've brought me up some hake and a few herrings, so I could have got on without. That last soup was too salt, master."

"Was it?" said Mr. Mervyn, giving a merry glance at Fin. "Well, never mind, I'll speak to Mrs. Dykes about it."

"Ay, she's an east-country woman. Those folks don't know much about cooking. Well, young ladies, I hear you have been to London."

"Yes, Mrs. Trelyan."

"And you're glad to come back?"

"Yes, that we are," said Fin.

"Ay, I've heard it's a poor, lost sort of place, London," said the old lady. "I never went, and I never would. My son William wanted to take me once in his boat; but I wouldn't go. Your father was a wise man to buy Tolcarne; but it'll never be such a place as Penreife."

"You know Mr. Trevor's coming back?" said Mr. Mervyn.

"Ay, I know," said the old lady. "Jane Lloyd came up to tell me, as proud as a peacock, about her young master, talking about his fine this and fine that, till she nearly made me sick. I should get rid of her and her man if I was him."

"What, Lloyd, the butler?" said Mr. Mervyn, smiling.

"Yes," said the old lady, "they're Welsh people; so's that young farm-bailiff of his."

"You know the whole family?" said Mr. Mervyn.

"Why, I was born here!" said the old lady, "and I ought to. We've been here for generations. Ah! and so the young squire's coming back. Time he did; going gadding off into foreign countries all this time. Why, he's six or seven and twenty now. Ay, how time goes," said the old lady, who was off now on her hobby. "Why, it was like yesterday that the Lloyds got Mrs. Trevor to send for their sister from some place with a dreadful name; and she did, and I believe it was her death, when she might have had a good Cornish nurse; and the next thing we heard was that there was a son, and the very next week there was a grand funeral, and the poor squire was never the same man again."

"Ah! it was an artful trick that—sending for the nurse because Mrs. Lloyd wanted her too; and young Humphrey Lloyd was born the same week. Ay, they were strange times. It seemed directly after that we had the news about the squire, who got reckless-like, always out in his yacht, a poor matchwood sort of a thing, not like our boats, and it was blown on the Longships one night, and there wasn't even a body came ashore."

"Rather a sad family history," said Mr. Mervyn.

"Ay, sad enough," said the woman; "and now the young squire's coming home at last from sea, but he'll never be such a man as his father."

"Think not?" said Mr. Mervyn, musing.

"Sure not," said the old woman. "Why, he was petted and spoiled by those Lloyds while he was a boy, and a pretty limb he was. Him and that young Lloyd was always in some mischief. Pretty pranks they played me. I've been out with the stick to 'em scores of times; but he was generous—I will say that—and many's the conger and bass he's brought me here, proud of 'em as could be, because he caught them himself."

"Well, Mrs. Trelyan, we must say good morning," said Tiny, rising and taking the old lady's hand. "Is there anything you would like—anything we can bring you?"

"No, child, no," said the old lady; "I don't want anything. If you'd any good tea, I'd use a pinch; but I'm not asking for it, mind that."

"Where's your snuff-box, granny?" said Mr. Mervyn, bringing out a small canister from his pocket.

"Oh, it's here," said the old lady, fishing out and

opening her box to show it was quite empty. "I don't know that I want any, though."

"Try that," said Mr. Mervyn, filling it full; and the old lady took a pinch. "That's not bad, is it?"

"N—n—no, it's not bad," said the old lady; "but I've had better."

"No doubt," said Mr. Mervyn, smiling. "By the way, Mrs. Trelyan, how old are you?"

"Ninety next month," said the old lady; "and—dear, dear, what a bother visitors are. Here's somebody else coming."

For at that moment there was a firm step heard without, and some one stooped and entered the doorway, hardly seeing the group on his left in the gloomy room.

"Is Mrs. Trelyan at home?" he said; and Tiny Rea laid her hand upon her sister's arm.

"Yes, young man," said the old lady, shading her eyes, and gazing at the strongly-built figure before her. "I'm Mrs. Trelyan, and what may you want?"

"To see how you are, granny. I'm Richard Trevor."

"And—and—" cried the old woman, letting fall her net as she rose slowly and laid her hand upon his arm; "and only a minute ago I was talking about you, and declaring you'd never be such a man as your father. My dear boy, how you have grown."

"One does grow in twelve years, granny," said the young man. "Well, I'm glad to see you alive and hearty."

"Thank you, my boy," said the old lady; and then turning and pointing to the wall, "Look!" she said, "that's the very stick that I took away from you one day for teasing my hens. You were a bad boy. You know you were."

"I suppose I was," said the young man, musing.

"But I beg pardon; you have company, granny."

"Oh, that's only Mr. Mervyn, my dear, and he's going; and those are only the two girls from Tolcarne. I let them come and see me sometimes; but they're going now."

"Mr. Mervyn," said the young man, holding out his hand, which was taken in a strong grip, "I am glad to meet so near a neighbour; perhaps you will introduce me to the ladies?"

"That I will!" said Mr. Mervyn, heartily. "Mr. Trevor!"

"It's Squire Trevor now, Mr. Mervyn," said the old lady, with some show of impatience.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Mervyn, smiling. "Squire Trevor, your very near neighbours, Miss Rea, Miss Finetta Rea, of Tolcarne."

"Ladies whom I have had the pleasure of meeting before," said Trevor, with a smile.

And then, in a confusion of bows, the two girls made their retreat, followed by Mr. Mervyn.

"Oh, Fin, how strange!" exclaimed Tiny; "it's the gentleman who struck that ruffian at the race."

"Yes," exclaimed Fin; "and that horrid little man's sure to be close behind."

#### CHAPTER IX.—SAM JENKLES PREPARES FOR AN EXPEDITION.

THERE you are, Ratty," said Sam Jenkles, sticking a small yellow sunflower in each of his horse's blinkers, before mounting to his perch and driving out of the yard. "Now you look 'ansome. Only reckless

'ansome is as 'ansome does; so just putt your right leg first for once in a way."

He walked round the horse, giving it a smooth here and a smooth there with his worn-out glove, and patting its neck before walking back, and beginning to button-up for the day.

"Blest if ever I see such a tail in my life as he's got," he muttered. "Wonder what a hartificial one 'ud cost. It aint no kind o' use to comb it, 'thout you want to comb it out and leave no tail at all. I wouldn't care if it warn't so ragged."

It certainly was a melancholy-looking tail, but only in keeping with the rest of the horse's personal appearance, which was of the most dejected—dispirited. If it had only been black, the steed would have been the *beau idéal* beast for a workhouse hearse; as he was of a dingy brown, he was relegated to a cab.

"What's the matter, Sam?" said a cleaner, coming up—a man with a stable pail of water in one hand, a spoke-brush in the other, and a general exemplification of how, by degrees, Nature will make square people fit into round holes, and the reverse; for, by the constant carriage of stable pails, the man's knees had gone in and out of the perpendicular, so as to allow for the vessel's swing.

"What's the matter, Buddy? Why, everything. Look at that there 'oss—look at his tail."

"Well, he aint 'ansome, suttunly," said the helper.

"'Andsome!" exclaimed Sam; "no, nor he aint anything else. He won't go nor he won't stop. If you wants him to hold 'is 'ead up, he 'angs it down; and if you wants him to 'old it down, he shoves it up in the air, and goes scrambling along like a sick camel. He's all rules of contrary."

"'Oppin' about like a little canary," chimed in the cleaner.

"'Oppin' about!" said Sam, in a tone of disgust. "I should just like to see him, if on'y for once in a way. I tell yer what it is, Buddy, I believe sometimes all he does is to lift his legs up, one at a time, an' lean up agen his collar. Natur' does the rest."

"Werry likely," said Buddy; "but you can't expect everything in a cab 'oss."

"Heverythink?" said Sam. "I don't expect everything; I only want somethink; and all you've got there," he continued, pointing with one thumb over his shoulder at the unfortunate Ratty, "is so much walking cats'-meat."

"Yes, he aint 'ansome, suttunly," said Buddy, screwing up one side of his face. "But why don't you smooth him over? Try kindness, and give the whip a 'ollerday."

"Kindness—whip—'ollerday! Why, I'm like a father to 'im. Looky here."

Sam went to the little boot at the back of his cab, and tugged out the horse's nosebag, which was lined at the bottom with tin, so that it would have held water.

"See that?" said Sam.

"Yes; what's it for?" said Buddy.

"Beer," said Sam, fiercely, "beer! Many's the 'arf-pint I've poured in there along of his chopped meat, jest to cheer him up a bit, and he aint got no missus to smell his breath. I thought that 'ud make 'im go if anything would."

"Well, didn't it?" said Buddy, rubbing his ear with the spoke-brush.

"Didn't it?" said Sam. "Lets out at me with his orf 'ind leg, and then comes clay mill, and goes round and round till he oughter 'ave been dizzy, but he worn't. There never was sech a ungrateful beast."

Buddy grinned as Sam stuffed back the nosebag, the horse shaking his head the while.

"Try it on me, Sam," said Buddy, as the driver prepared to mount. "I won't let out with no orf 'ind legs."

Sam winked, and climbed to his perch.

"What's the flowers for, Sam?" said the cleaner.

"The missus. Goin' to call for her, and drive her to Upper Ollerway," said Sam, "afore I goes on the rank."

"Oh, will you tell her," said Buddy, earnestly, "as Ginger's ever so much better, and can almost put his little leg to the ground? He eats that stuff she brought him like fun."

"What stuff was that?" said Sam, gathering up the reins.

"Sorter yaller jelly," said Buddy.

"What, as smells o' lemons?" said Sam.

"Yes, that's it," said Buddy; "he just do like it."

"How long's he been bad now?"

"Twelve weeks," said Buddy; "and he's been most worn to skin and bone; but he's pulling up now. Takes his corn."

"Mornin'," said Sam.

And he tried to start; but Ratty went sidewise, laid a blinker against the whitewashed wall of the yard, and rubbed it up and down, so that it had to be wiped over with a wet leather by Buddy; and when that was done, he tried to back the cab into a narrow stable door. After that, though, he seemed better, and began to go in a straight line.

"Tried that there game at a plate-glass winder t'other day," said Sam, shouting over his shoulder as he left the yard. "He'd ha' done it, too, if it hadn't been for a lamp-post."

Sam and his steed went gently out of Gray's Inn-lane towards Pentonville, where, in a little quiet street, Mrs. Jenkles resided, and he began musing as he went—

"I smelt that there stuff in the cupboard, and meant to ask her what it was, but I forgot. On'y to think of her making that up, and taking it to poor Buddy's little bairn! Well, she's a good sort, is the missus, on'y she will be so hard on me about a drop o' beer. 'Old that there 'ead still, will yer? What are yer lookin' arter, there? Oh! that cats'-meat barrer. Ah! yer may well shy at that, Ratty; I don't wonder at it. Now, then, get on, old boy, the missus 'll be waiting."

On reaching Spring-place, where Sam dwelt, the horse objected. He was sawing along in a straight-forward way, when Sam drew one rein, with the consequence that the horse's head came round, his long neck bending till the animal's face was gazing at him in a dejected, lachrymose fashion: Ratty seeming to say, as plainly as looks would express it, "What are you doing?" while all the time the legs went straight forward up Pentonville-hill.

They had got twenty yards past Spring-place before Sam could pull the horse up; and then he had to get down to take it by the head and turn it in a very ignominious fashion.

"Jest opposite a public, too," said Sam. "I never



did see such a haggard beast as you are, Ratty. Here, come along. It aint no wonder as fellows drinks with a place offering 'em the stuff every five minutes of their lives, and when they've got a Ratty to lead 'em right up to it. Come on, will yer?"

Mrs. Jenkles was standing at the door ready, in a blue bonnet and red Paisley shawl—for she was a woman of her word. She had said that she would go up and see those people, and Sam had promised to drive her up.

### Taking the Shilling.

#### IN THE COUNTRY.

WE do things differently here—Westminster and showy placards, with one smart sergeant, will bring applications even in town; but out in the bucolic regions other machinery is set to work.

Our sergeant knows it, and while he gets extra pay in the shape of a per centage upon every recruit who is passed—a free kind of country life, and no supervision—let him fail to send in men, and he is soon recalled to the monotonous barrack-room, and another sent into the country to take his place.

It is in one of the larger towns in the provinces that Sergeant Smart is located. Well, it is market day at Slocum on Monday; at Hodgeville on Tuesday; Mudby on Wednesday; Lowmire on Thursday; his own town on Friday; and Copseton on Saturday.

Here, then, is Sergeant Smart's round; and here he culls those flowers of human nature which are to be drilled into mechanical targets for any enemy who may be at war with her Britannic Majesty, "Dei Gratia Reg. Fid. Def.," &c., &c., &c. A few yards of cheap ribbon will provide cockades—the more rainbow-hued the better—with something a little better finished for his own cap, and cockades and streamers of an intermediate character for the sergeant's staff.

For he has a staff here, consisting of one private—a fellow who can pour beer down his throat all day long without winking—a regular Colonel Quagg of a man, hollow all through to his toes; item, one fifer—a parchment-cheeked knave, who seems to have blown his stamina through his fife; item, one drummer, a boy of fourteen.

It is about twelve o' the clock, and the market is in full swing; but the eggs and cheese, pork and piggy, horse and cow, all are in full sale. Farmers and their wives are driving in, the former with pockets bulging with those samples of corn in their little bags, which they will carry into the Exchange to have shaken out and tossed about, and spilled, and scattered, before they part with them at so much per quarter—prices having improved since war was declared.

But now is the time: with colours flying the sergeant marches up to the front of the principal inn, followed by his staff, in all the pomp and panoply of war, *plus* pipeclay. Line is formed—of one; band on the right; the sergeant draws himself up, stiff as starch, in the gaze of the admiring, open-mouthed crowd; utters orders to imaginary brother-officers, draws his sword, salutes, and the band—fife and drum—strikes up with the first few bars of "God Save the Queen;" then the accoutrements are inspected; short, sharp orders given; band and the private face; the sergeant places himself

at the head; and then—to the piercing shriek of the fife in "Jockey to the Fair," and the incessant rattle of the drum—a march is performed all round the marketplace, and up and down the principal streets, with as much pomp, parade, and circumstance, as if there were a powerful band and a whole regiment at the sergeant's back. Perhaps he thinks there are, or he would never be able to go through the whole scene so many times.

But it takes—wonderfully; and these little representatives of war are followed by a mob of rustics, till drawn up again in front of the inn, once more there is the same pantomime of facing about, the returning of sword to sheath, with a great deal of saluting and mechanism, a few more strains from the shrill pipe, and then "Dismiss." The band is disbanded, and follows the sergeant to the tap.

So much for form and ceremony; now for business.

In the tap are plenty of young fellows: carters, the idlers of the town, lads out of place, a likely lot of gudgeons for the sergeant to fish for; and he fishes, baiting his hook with a compounded paste of bombast and beer.

There never was such a jolly good fellow; money is nothing to him; he will drink out of anybody's mug, or anybody may drink out of his. What matters! There's plenty more where that came from. Here, fill these two mugs again. "With the best, d'yer hear?"—the best; I'll pay. Ah, lads, you should join us. I can't understand smart young fellows like you, lopping about at a cart's tail all your life. Here you are—pay, prize money, smart uniform, and as much pleasure as you like. Not that I'd press any man if he didn't like it."

And so on.

Sergeant Smart is successful; the band, the show, the form, and the beer work their way, and the respectable inhabitants metaphorically pat the sergeant on the back, for he weeds the town of its idle, scampish characters; the men who are so often up before the three Solons of the petty sessions held in the justice-room, for stealing partridge or pheasant eggs; for trespassing in search of rabbits—"rabbuds," down there—or later in the season for that most heinous of all country offences itself—downright poaching. He's a fine man, is Sergeant Smart, and one way and another he makes a pretty good thing of it, though how his private can live without drowning in the sea of beer with which he is floated remains a mystery not to be solved.

There are tales told, though, of the shifts and tricks of recruiting sergeants when men are scarce, and will not listen to the voice of the charmer; when blandishments are of no avail, and beer proves to be a bad investment. It is said, and probably with truth, that though no press-gang work existed for forcing men to join the army, after navy fashion, simple clowns have been known to fall to her Majesty by the most disreputable of tricks. For instance, as a *dernier ressort*, when the shilling has been refused, the sergeant orders more beer—then sends for more—and at last asks the man on whom he has set his eye to fetch another pot.

"You may as well pay 'em for that and the last pot too," says the sergeant, holding out a coin, which the rustic takes; but before he is half-way to the door the sergeant claps him on the shoulder, calls him comrade, and tells him he shall soon have his bounty.

"What d'yer mean?" says rustic, half astonished.

"Why, you've taken the shilling, my lad; that's all."  
 "What?" cries the unlucky one, casting down the tricking coin.

"You're a private in her Majesty's 199th Royal Regiment of Foot, my boy."

Some have been known to take it sullenly—some to wait for an opportunity of escaping, but only to be hunted down as deserters. Some, again, have fought hard for their liberty, but only to be overcome—perhaps handcuffed—and taken away in dogged bitterness; while others, again, "pay the smart"—a guinea—to get free, and are glad to muster the amount amongst their friends, many of whom bewail the fact that John, Thomas, or Dick has taken the shilling.

Such discreditable means only can have place, though, at a time when war is raging; and there is a great reluctance shown by men to assume the uniform, and take their very small chance of rising from the ranks.

That some do rise is a fact; but the position of the lieutenant who has forced his way up is no enviable one, and men prefer the homeliness of the colour or staff-sergeant's life. However, our business has not been with the rise of men—simply with the recruits.

### Whistling Ways.

THE human voice is said to be the most perfect of all instruments. If it is, I lay no further claim to musical taste. I abhor music, in its highest forms at any rate, and prefer the abused barrel organ and kettle-drum, or the Hebrew lyre. I would rather have revived the instrument which was loudly sounded over Egypt's dark "sea-ee-ees," the sackbut and other obsolete instruments, than have to listen to the occasional vocal efforts of desultory musicians. How long the echoes of a Philharmonic concert are in dying out! They are continually bursting up out of throats whence they are least expected. Oh, give me really classical music at a concert! I love it less while I am listening to it than for the satisfaction I feel that my friends will not be continually warbling it out of their seraphico-comic countenances, while, peradventure, they move their arms as if in a state of levitation. Popular songs may be nice, so is champagne, so is flirting; but the consequences! Of the first we can speak feelingly and strangely, of the second we have heard a great deal, of the third we may have read in the *Madras Times*. How I have wished my friends would go bounding through upland and woodland and vale, and pitied any one who accepted the invitation to live with me—not me—and be my love! A precious lot of pleasures they would have to prove. I could wish that some of Annie Laurie's admirers would lie down and "dec." After all, there is an end to these echoes. The dabblers themselves get tired of being among the barley, or repeating confessions of inability to sing the old songs. But some of them never can surmount the habit of whistling. It amounts to a disease, which has not obtained sufficient attention from the medical faculty. Whistlers differ, as stars differ from one another; but we never heard one who could whistle equal to three pie worth of bamboo or a pennyworth of perforated tin. It is said that people whose habitat has been elevated often scratch their heads when the necessity for doing so no

longer exists, and so we presume that men whistle inadvertently long after they know that whistling, except during the period of tubbing, is not in accordance with one's duty to one's neighbour. We have heard of men who considered whistling a fine art, and would accompany their labio-pneumatic efforts on a piano. Generally speaking, we should have preferred their being accompanied out of the room. During the once popular mess chorus to "There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell," we have in our haste wished the whistlers where the farmer wished his wife. These bands playing in an evening are responsible for any amount of whistling which we should be afraid to estimate. They put snatches of melody into the hollows of the heads of well-meaning men, who not only persist in blowing them through their lips, but asking you what it was they blew.

It is those who have the most practice who whistle the most excruciatingly. We once knew a man given to boasting of the performances of his feet and hands; and it must be said, as it has been said of other great men, that he will leave many marks behind him, and perhaps carry some behind him also. His hands and feet, however, got somehow entangled in the law, and he accordingly wreaked his wrath on his fellow-creatures by whistling. We do not say that he ever meant to do more than experiment with his hands and feet, nor do we mean to insinuate that whistling was the result of more than constitutional vice. Lips were made to be used, and so were lungs, and the simple combination is, we imagine, had recourse to when no more rational combination of the human functions occur to the whistler, just as men rattle their finger-ends on a table, crack their joints, or exhibit other symptoms of at least temporary intellectual imbecility. Yet the whistler is not altogether ir reclaimable. We never recollect hearing any one whistle in church or at a funeral, and yet many whistlers are pious men. We often hear them humming the Old Hundredth, St. Ann's, Rockingham, and others more lively. If the most experienced whistlers can thus restrain themselves, the spirit of restraint might be carried further. It is too true, however, that the dread solemnity of Cutcherry is insufficient to impose universal restraint on whistlers. We have known some whistling at, in an attitude suggestive that they were talking to, ladies. It is impossible to lay down any salutary rule which whistlers could be expected to follow. They would whistle at it. We would recommend their medical advisers to prescribe brainial diet as a last resource.

LETTERS.—People may be surprised to hear that more letters pass amongst the people of Switzerland than of any other country. In a year they carry on a correspondence of 23 letters for each inhabitant. England comes next, with 20½, then the United States with 19. France holds the ninth rank as a letter-writing people. In telegraphy, also, the Swiss beat us easily. They forward 81 despatches for each hundred souls, a monstrous advance over our 54. I should conceive, however, that two-thirds of the telegraphic business in such a country would lie between foreigners. Holland sends 51 despatches for 100 souls, Belgium 47, the United States 32, Germany 31. France again comes in low. She holds tenth place amongst thirteen quoted. Russia is last, with one despatch per 100 inhabitants.

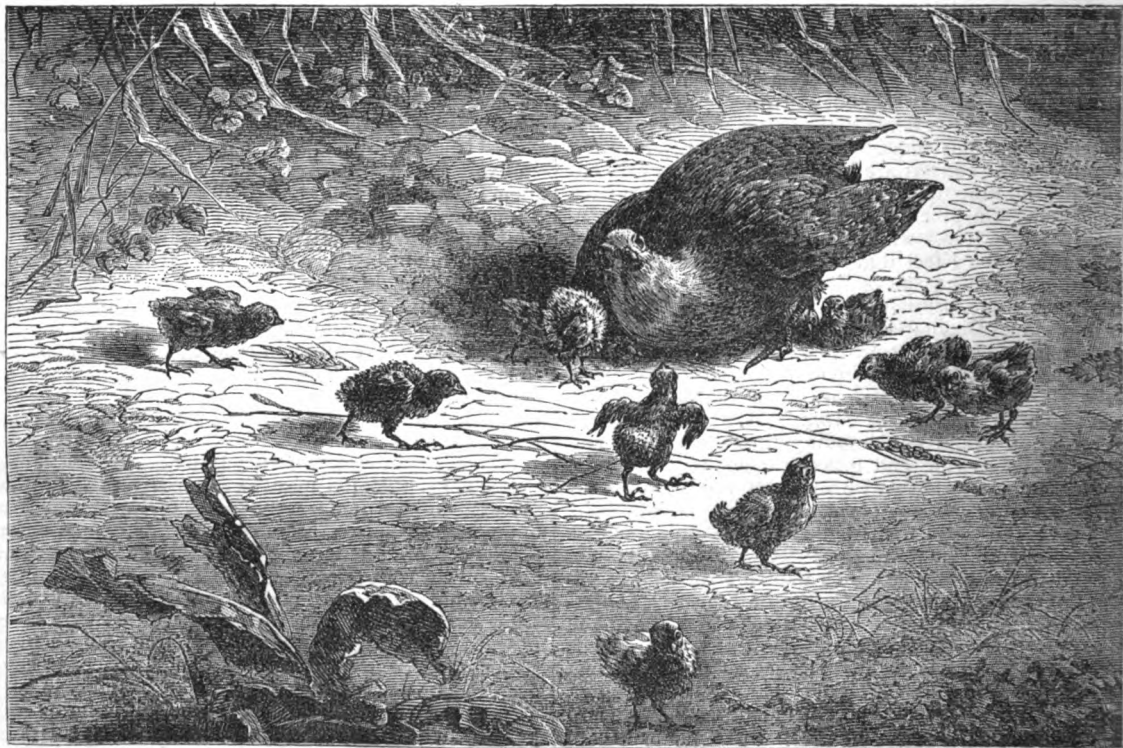
### A Woodland Sketch.

IT is only within the past few years that people have taken any interest whatever in the New Forest. Of course everybody knew that there was or had been a New Forest, where Rufus the Red King went chasing the deer, and was shot by an arrow from the bow of one Sir Walter Tyrrell, who—so says history in the person of Clio, a young lady who does not always confine herself to the truth—set spurs to his horse, escaped to the shore, and thence crossed to France. But, generally speaking, people thought this New Forest to be one of the has-beens—a place like the gardens of London, which are gardens no more. The New Forest was by most people believed to be a tract of land that had succumbed to the march of progress, and been cut down, enclosed, drained, planted with corn, potatoes, or mangold, if it was not with turnips, and became the seat of villages, towns, and a thriving population, such as was said to inhabit it before William the Norman destroyed some thirty or forty townships to make himself a hunting place—and succeeded, history says, only too well.

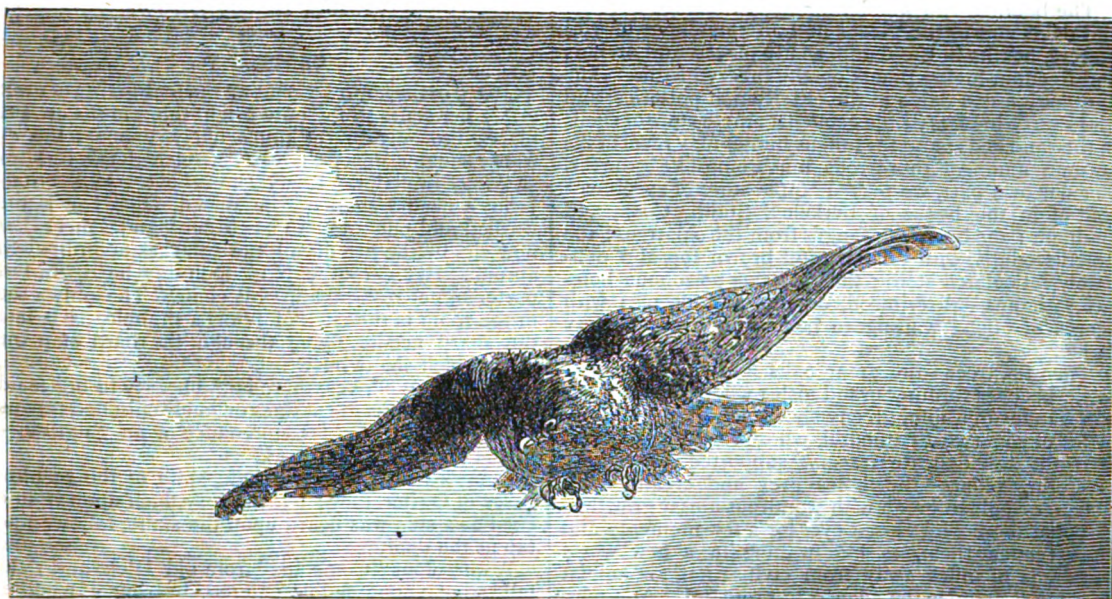
But in time came artists to break upon the New Forest solitudes. They wanted “bits” to transfer to canvas, and tramping about, they found that there really was a great forest, with a village here at Lyndhurst and a village there at Brockenhurst, and nothing

more save a few scattered houses in different parts of the Forest—a forest which, to all intents and purposes, stands in a great measure in the same state as it did when the Norman nobles sounded the cheerful horn and roamed amidst the mighty trees. They made their sketches, seated beneath white umbrellas in the dim twilight shades. Then their pictures were sold, and produced goodly sums of money. Then they talked about the Forest, and its beauties and objectionable qualities; the scarcity of accommodation and the grandeur of the trees. The consequence was that wives and daughters expressed a wish to go, and when ladies wish they prevail. The ladies talked—we had nearly said, as a matter of course—and by degrees the New Forest became fashionable, to an extent that last year the little village of Lyndhurst, which lies near the centre of the tract and boasts of the title of the capital, was crammed with visitors—so the inhabitants said who let lodgings; and really there must have been as many as twenty or thirty strangers there at one time—a tremendous influx for the little place.

It was some time in July that the writer found himself there, on the look-out for lodgings, which he found at last in a snug public-house yclept the Rose, at Brockenhurst, and began to take a look round, and soon found that the Forest is a forest indeed. By the way, every portion of the unredeemed land—whether woodland or furzy heath, of which there are many hun-



PARTRIDGE AND HER DOWNY BROOD.



"A GREAT HAWK CAME ALONG."

dreds of acres—is invariably called by the inhabitants forest.

For a lover of nature—whether a naturalist proper, with a pursuit of his own; whether entomologist, ornithologist, botanist floral or botanist fungological—the place stands alone; and when a fellow-creature is encountered—a friend said it was always a donkey—the individual is either an artist, a naturalist, or a sportsman.

For these latter have their attractions there; and for a sum of twenty pounds, paid annually, a licence can be obtained which gives the holder a right to fish and shoot over the Crown lands.

The fishing is almost *nil*. There are a few pretty streams meandering through the woodlands, but only such as you can leap over almost anywhere save at the pools, where now and then a small speckled trout may be seen, but nothing worth trying for with a fly, even if you could find room to throw it. In addition, there is a sheet of water—a mill-dam, in fact—of some five-and-twenty acres or so, on Beaulieu Heath, where there are bream, small perch, and pike, said to be in abundance, and where the writer contrived to take one long, lank, ill-fed fellow, with great dog-like tusks, evidently one of the oldest inhabitants. He weighed fifteen pounds, but from his lines should have been, if well-fed, thirty.

The handler of a gun is better off. There are partridges, a pretty brood of which, with their mother hen, I saw one day just as, with a flap and a glide, a great hawk came along, either a buzzard or a hen harrier, I am not naturalist enough to say which, by its flight. The great bird was just meditating a swoop when it caught sight of our little party, and the partridge had time to gather round it the downy brood, and bear them off

amidst the dwarf firs of a plantation amongst the heath.

Another time there rose close to our feet a splendid, glossy, purple blackcock, with his curled tail, to go off with a whirr far over the beautiful pink, creamy, and purple heath, mingled with dwarf golden gorse. Rabbits swarm, as do squirrels. There are but few hares and fewer deer in place of the lordly herds that used to rove through the woods. A curious bird that is plentiful in the woodland glades, with its peculiar laughing cry, is the great green woodpecker, specimens of which are often to be seen mobbed by smaller birds.

Snakes and vipers are said to abound, like lizards; but my number seen was limited to half a dozen, and a tremendously fat, squab-looking toad at the root of a tree.

Of various birds, though, there is a goodly store—owls of two or three kinds, pied and spotted woodpeckers, doves, and the ordinary wood-pigeons. There are said to be ravens, but they did not come within my ken, and I speak of what I saw.

The entomologist has a treat, though, in the variety and beauty of beetle, bee, and butterfly, moth and sphinx. There are specimens in plenty—purple admirals, red admirals, stag beetles, goat moths, privet, and sphinxes in variety enough to send the green net-bearing enthusiast into ecstasies at the richness of the ground. Here he stumbles upon a wild bees' nest; there upon a wasp's or a mole cricket's hole. Anon he is admiring some green, blue, or golden-armoured beetle, or the great horned monster that flies against you with a bang like a cockchafer; while flitting over every pool are the glorious, gossamer-winged libellulidæ or dragon flies—green, olive, blue, orange, and dusky-veined.



The botanist can wander amongst the huge beeches and oaks, and in the glades find an abundance of wild flowers, heaths in the damp, shady places, and orchids and freedom-loving plants on the breezy heaths. The antiquarian can delve in the old Roman potteries, and find shards in plenty; the geologist ample store of shells in the sand beds; and the fungus hunter may revel in the autumn amongst monstrous mushroom-like growths. For our own part, we picked ample store of specimens told of in the books of Berkeley, Smith, Cook, and Badham: the beefsteak fungus from the oak trees; the *boletus edulis*, with its beautiful brown top and delicately reticulated stem; the gorgeous poisonous *boletus satanas*—all crimson, orange, and purple; with scores of others waiting to be kicked over at every stride.

Then the trees—the great oaks and the huge, majestic beeches forming grand aisles where the traveller can wander in a dim, greeny shade, as if in the gloomy aisles of some vast cathedral, whose roofs are all giant fretwork and delicate tracery, supported by mighty clustering pillars—the boles grey and creamy with lichen, or golden green with wondrous mossy growths.

To sit there with closed eyes for a few moments, and then reopen them, is like waking in a new world hundreds of miles away from civilisation, for amidst these vast arcades the silence is profound. At times, as in a whisper, comes the chirp of a bird, and that but seldom; anon there is a sharp tap on the dead leaves beside you—the husk of a beech nut has fallen to the ground. Then all again is silence—a silence of a soft, sleepy kind, which woos the traveller to lie down and rest, with half-closed eyes to watch what seems like a fall of glossy holly leaves, or in another place a screen; while far away, where the sunlight comes aslant through the trees, the glance rests upon some distant ferns six or seven feet high, with great fronds looking like frosted silver in the sunlight, waving softly to and fro in the gentle breeze that seems to have lost its way amongst the trees, and to be going sighing about amongst them seeking for an outlet to the wide expanse of heath.

Health, rest, change, beautifully clear skies, and perfect peace—they are all to be found in the New Forest; and when the mind tires of its wild grandeur and the endless glades of trees reaching as far as eye can scan, there are those civilized scenes close at hand; for a run by rail from Lyndhurst or Brockenhurst Station will take the weary one to Lymington, where a boat will bear him shortly to pretty, cultivated, chalky Isle of Wight, with the open sea, and the soft, short grass asking him to lie down and rest.

A REPORTER being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting "was a large and respectable one," when only one other person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; for, said he, "I was large, and the other man was respectable."

A THREAT.—A Frenchman, who had lost an appointment he held, having publicly declared that it would cost the lives of more than five hundred persons, this statement came to the ears of the public authorities, who had him arrested, and asked him what he meant by such a threat. "I have threatened no one," he replied; "I only meant that I was about to turn doctor."

## Violets in the Snow.

### CHAPTER V.

NO. 5 in the court! Come up the four flights of creaking stairs to the only bright thing in the crowded place—the only bright thing likely to meet the eye, where squalor, misery, poverty, wretchedness, filth, and sickness ran riot. Breakfast is over, and so that Jenny's needle shall not be stayed, Dick has himself washed and put away the two cups and saucers, and now sits by the fire drying the splashes upon his white apron. His carpet cap is upon his head, and his porter's-knot rests against his chair. The only sound in the room is the click of Jenny's thimble, as it sends the sharp needle flying through the hard slop-work upon which she is busy.

Pretty! Well, yes, there is the beauty in her face of youth. No Grecian cut lines or finely chiselled features, but the simple bright countenance of an English girl, as she bends over her work.

Jenny's face was never pale, spite of the mephytic gases of Gutter-alley; but the rosy flush upon it deepened as a step was heard upon the stairs, followed by a tap at the door.

A querulous "Come in!" from old Dick, and then a tall, stout young fellow entered, bearing a basket of violets, whose sweet fragrance filled the room.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Harry?" said the old man. "Had you got money enough?"

"Oh yes, plenty; but I spent it all," was the reply. "The flowers are rare and fresh this morning."

"That's right, Harry—that's right," quavered the old man. "Set 'em down—set 'em down. And now what's to pay?"

"Pay? What for?" was the rather gruff response, as the new-comer looked hard the while at Jenny.

"For your trouble, Harry. You ought to take something for your trouble."

"Tisn't trouble!" said the young man, more gently, still looking hard at Jenny, who never raised her eyes from her work. "When I'm at market, as I've often said before, it isn't much to bring home a few bunches of flowers. I should like to bring them every morning, if I may."

He still glanced at Jenny, as if he hoped that the permission might come from her; but she made no sign, and old Dick himself broke the awkward silence by thanking the young man once more, and he then took his departure with a disappointed aspect.

The flower-bearer slowly descended the stairs, nettled at the calm, patronising manner adopted by the old man.

"Poor old chap," he muttered; "I wonder what he really does think."

He said no more, for at the foot of the stairs he encountered a smartly-dressed youth, apparently a junior clerk in some city office.

The look which passed between the young men was of no very friendly character; but, directly after, each went upon his way, thinking of his rival—the violet-bearer to his little half stall, half shop, where he, in a very humble fashion, contrived to make a good living—the other, smiling with contempt, ascending to old Dick Bradds' abode.

For be it known that fair young Jenny Blossom was



not without suitors, who were both at this time anything but peaceful at heart, since there was plenty of jealousy and annoyance at Jenny's coldness. They called it coldness, though hardly with justice, for the visits were none of Jenny's seeking, since she, poor girl, loved her grandfather, and though she confessed to herself that it was kind of Harry Smith to bring the violets, and to save her from going to the wet, cold market so early in the morning; yet she would very much rather that both—well, that Mr. John Wilson, Sharpnesses' clerk, would stay away.

But John Wilson was quite a favourite with the old man, and the intimacy had arisen when at several times the former had been the bearer of various small gratuities from the great auction firm to their old porter, while he was weak from his accident. Dick admired the young fellow's appearance and his smart way of dressing, so different from the fustian of Harry Smith, and upon more than one occasion he proved that years had not made him perfect, for said he—

"Only think what a good thing it would be for you, my pet," referring, of course, to John Wilson's attentions; "what would become of you if I were taken away?"

Jenny said nothing, and the old man talked on under the impression that affairs were as they were years before, and quite oblivious of the fact that Jenny had been for some time past his sole stay and support; and that if the young girl, with her busy fingers morning and evening, and the sale of her violets in the cold streets in the afternoon, could supply sustenance for both, her fate would not have been so very hard had he been taken away.

But there were other feelings animating the breast of old Dick Bradds, and he would have liked to see that the young girl had some one to take his place as protector before the great change came, about which he never attempted self-deceit.

#### CHAPTER VI.

GUTTER-ALLEY was certainly a gloomy home, but somehow time glided on as swiftly there as in more favoured spots. A year soon sped. The attentions of the young men had been incessant, but they had made no progress in their suits, for the love of Jenny continued to be centred in her grandfather, and if she had any to spare it was devoted to the row of flowers in her window, sickly plants which, sheltered though they were from the cold weather without, grew long of stalk and leaf as they strained and struggled to reach the light. But Jenny's patience was vain; the flowers always ended by drooping, turning yellow, and slowly withering away, even as drooped the wretched birds, supposed to be fowls, which pecked about in the alley, dropping a feather here and a feather there in their perpetual moult and raggedness, but about which fowls there was a legend known to every child in the court, in which it was related that the feathery scarecrow known as "the hen" had once laid an egg—a real, genuine egg, like those labelled at the cheese-monger's as "Sixteen a shilling," though no one had ever been found, from the owner of the fowls to the youngest inhabitant, who could conscientiously declare that he or she had seen that egg in its new-laid form.

For, as has been before hinted at, Gutter-alley had an atmosphere of its own, where not only flowers had

their life dried out of them, but human beings grew more sickly day by day. The children became pale and stunted of growth; their elders unwholesome of mien and habit. It was one of Death's London strongholds, and the visits of parish surgeon and undertaker were frequent here. The close crowded court was one of the spots where typhus lived till it was tired, surfeited with the ill it had done, when for a time it slept.

It was summer, and there was much meeting of women in the court, where they would stand together after their fashion, with apron-wrapped arms, to gossip and compare notes. Now there was a funeral, and that had to be discussed, being considered a decent "berryin," wherein all took deep interest, for most likely the majority had subscribed their mites to assist the neighbour in trouble. No matter how poor the sufferers, a decent funeral must be had; and it was no uncommon thing for the undertaker to be called upon to take off the bare, wretched, poverty-stricken aspect of the parish shell by decking it with a few rows of black nails, and a breast-plate and set of handles.

Now the doctor had been seen to go into No. 8. Where would he go next? How was Mrs. Rose? Was Banks's child better? Would Widow Robinson and the five little ones have to go to the workhouse? Plenty of such questions were discussed in those days; and it happened that as four of the women were watching for the return of the doctor from one house, that, laden as usual, Harry Smith came up the road, set down his basket, and then taking out almost an armful of moss roses, he was about to enter the door of No. 5, when one of the women partly covered her face with her apron, and then whispered something to the young man, which made him hesitate for a moment. Directly after he smiled, shook his head, and entered the house, to return in a few minutes without the roses.

The next morning he found that there was still a discussion going on in the court, and on approaching the door of No. 5 it was shut, and entrance was denied.

He could not see any one, a parish nurse said, for the fever was very bad in the house, as at many more in the court; and the young man sighed as he went away to encounter John Wilson at the end of the alley, glancing down it for a moment before passing on again.

For the fever was bad indeed, and once and twice a day shabby funeral processions left the place. Now that the trouble had come, parish meetings were held, and timid men made some little paltry attempts at battling and staying the progress of the distemper. But in spite of all they could do, the fever still raged; and at last, when he came one morning, Harry Smith learned from the women of the court that Jenny Blossom lay a-dying.

No one now saw the blooming girl, basket in hand, go out to sell her fragrant flowers, and No. 5 was shunned as the blackest plague spot in the court.

But still, day by day, came Harry Smith to the door, where he was never admitted. Not laden now with heavy bunches of flowers, but bearing a few sweet buds, to send by the hands of the nurse to the sick girl's room. Twice over, though, had Harry to stop, shuddering, to let the bearers of something pass; shuddering from no selfish fear, but lest some one might have been suddenly snatched away. For in those times he knew that it was not long before the

cold, harshly-shaped coffin was called into requisition, and his dread was great until the woman at the house set him at rest.

Then came Harry's turn: one morning he tried to rise for his market trip, but only to find that he had been stricken down by the enemy, and he was soon fighting hard with the fever that had fastened on him.

It was a long, hard fight that, but Harry was young and hopeful, he had much to live for, and he won the victory, but only to be left weak as a little child, and unable to stir from his humble bed.

As soon as he could crawl about, by the help of a stick, Harry's steps were directed to Gutter-alley, where, after a long and painful walk, he stood leaning against a wall for support, feeling deadly faint, for there was another funeral at No. 5.

"From which room?" he asked, huskily, for there was one of the court women at his side.

"Second floor front," was the reply.

And the young man groaned, impotent to ask further questions.

"Is it—is it?" he could say no more; but the woman divined his thoughts.

"No, no," she answered, eagerly, "the poor darling has been spared. It is the old man who is gone to his long home. Jenny has been about this fortnight now, and nursed the old man through it all."

"Was it fever?" asked Harry, more for the sake of speaking than from curiosity, for he wanted to conceal his weakness as far as he could.

"Some say it was; but I don't think so," she replied. "But you ought to be at home, with the rain falling like this. Why, you look fit to be in your bed, and nowhere else."

"Yes, yes," said Harry, "I'll go soon."

"He was very old," said the woman. "I knew him years ago, when I lived over there, before he broke his leg. I've been to see Jenny, God bless her! She's half broken-hearted, and has now no one to look up to."

Harry Smith, in spite of the inclement, wintry weather, stopped by the mouth of the court awaiting the coming of the funeral, and a faint flush came into his hollow cheeks as he thought of the woman's last words, and wondered whether Jenny would now choose a protector, and whether that protector would be John Wilson.

#### CHAPTER VII.

**H**ARRY SMITH, the very shadow of his former self, waited until the procession neared, and then stood aside to let the one sad woman pass to the shabby funeral carriage, after which he made his way back into the court, to listen to the narrative of the sad havoc worked by the disease while he had been tossing in delirium upon his own pallet. But he went home sad and yet happy, as he pondered upon some information he had gained from the neighbours; for he learned for certain that no one whose visits he had dreaded had passed up the court to No. 5.

The days glided on. It was the depth of winter, and the snow lay thickly upon the housetops. It was churned up into a black mud sometimes in the streets; but, in spite of powdering blacks, it still struggled to lie white and pure upon the ledges and window-sills. The storm came again and again, and Jenny's window-sill was covered, and somehow, in the morning when

she rose, there lay a tiny bunch of sweet violets in amongst the snow. From whence did the offering come? There was but one explanation—it must have been thrown across from a neighbour's window; and morning after morning the flowers were there, and as Jenny took each bunch and placed it in water, she thought of the market and its floral treasures even at that season of the year, and a blush burned hotly in her cheek, for she remembered who had brought roses during the illness, and wondered why he had ceased to come.

There was much for Harry to ponder upon, though, in the long hours during which for want of strength he was compelled to remain idle: he thought of his own rough ways and garb, as compared with the bearing and dress of his favoured rival; telling himself that he was mad and foolish to expect that Jenny could prefer him to the man chosen by her grandfather. If she could only read his heart aright, he thought that there might be hope for him; but how could he expect that!

And time still sped on, giving to Harry Smith once more muscle and vigour, but little peace of mind, since now Jenny declined to let him bring her flowers, for she kept entirely to her needlework, lodging with an old widow on the opposite side of the court. But the flowers once more began their struggle for life in Jenny's window, and with better success, for there was quite an hour's more sun on that side of the way, so that the once bare window-sill grew gay with bright-hued blossoms.

But as Jenny grew brighter with her flowers, day by day, Harry Smith's heart grew sad within; for with her consent or not—how could he tell?—John Wilson, the fair-weather friend, was frequently to be seen by the young girl's side, as she was going to and from the warehouse whence she obtained the work, which made sore her little fingers. Harry knew not that poor Jenny was pestered sadly, and went to the warehouse at different hours each day, so as to avoid a meeting. Harry judged only from what he saw, and grew daily more disheartened and sad. He did not rail against her, he only blamed his own folly, and at last made up his mind to leave the country—his attention having been taken by the inducements held out by emigration placards.

But this was not until nearly a year had passed; and now that his mind was fully made up, he watched for an evening when he could see Jenny alone, and tell her—he thought he would like to tell her how he had loved her—before he went.

Harry's words were nearly left unsaid; for it happened that one evening he saw Jenny hurrying through the busy streets laden with the work she was taking home, and at a short distance behind he could make out John Wilson, following rapidly in her steps.

The sight made the young man's heart sink within his breast, and he was about to turn back when he saw that the young girl was panting beneath her burden, and half angrily he hastened up, and asked if he might carry it, determined for this time not to be driven away.

And it came to pass that evening that as they stepped into the quieter streets the bells of one of the old churches began to peal up joyfully for a practice, and, it may be, they inspired the young man with hope to declare his intentions, and then to his own surprise

he grew warm and eloquent, reproaching his companion even for her conduct towards one who had loved her long and well.

"Oh, Jenny!" he exclaimed, "I have always looked upon you as a violet growing therein—"

"A violet in the snow," she said, archly, as she gazed in his face; and—

Well, the street was very dark—he held her for a moment in his arms.

She shrank from him startled and angry, and he felt hurt once more.

"Ah!" he said, bitterly, as they reached the door in the alley, "fine feathers make fine birds, and perhaps Jenny Blossom likes such birds to watch for her, and follow her about."

"Can I help it, Harry?" said Jenny, softly, as she laid one little work-scarred hand upon his. "I have no one to protect me."

And before he could speak again, she had hurried upstairs.

There must have been something more than the ordinary interpretation of those words, so effectually to drive away Harry Smith's anger. Perhaps it arose from the way in which they were said. At all events, John Wilson must have imagined that a fresh plague had broken out in the court, for he came near no more; and at one regular hour every evening Harry was to be seen accompanying the dainty little maiden to the warehouse, turning himself into a regular packhorse with parcels, and all to the great hindrance of the emigrating scheme.

And so weeks—months passed, and then something more must have been said; for one day Harry Smith was seen busily carrying Jenny's flower-pots from her lodging to his own home, which could have been from no other reason than that Jenny had at last consented to tend them there, and send brightness to the honest young fellow's home. And so it passed, for from that time Jenny Blossom's name faded out of the chronicles of Gutter-alley. Year after year, though, when tiny, little blue-eyed children were born to Harry in the cold wintry season, there was a fancy of his which may be recorded. It was only the fancy of a rough, honest worker—a soldier in the fight of life; but all the same, the idea had its tinge of poetry. The idea was this—to say that the tiny blossoms that came to find this world in its wintry garment of purity were like Violets in the Snow.

#### THE END.

## Things New and Old.

### Life in 'Frisco.

To the dangers of the streets of San Francisco arising from the sports and quarrels of the rowdy "hoodlum" element must be added the chances of being shot by a policeman or sheriff. These gentry are always armed with revolvers; and, indeed, it would appear to be illegal under the constitution of California to deprive them of firearms if they choose to carry them. Within two or three weeks, three men have been shot down like dogs in the public street by "officers of the law." In one of these cases a man, named Patrick Coffey, had been taken into custody by two policemen, on a warrant issued on a charge of larceny. The man

was arrested on board a steamer lying at a wharf, and he proceeded quietly along the streets without offering any resistance. One of the officers stepped into a foundry to inform the proprietor of the arrest of the prisoner, who was left standing outside in charge of officer Waite. Coffey seems to have struck Waite in the face, and to have then run away. The policeman gave chase, and fired at the man, not intending, he says, to shoot him, but merely wishing to frighten him into stopping. A ball, however, lodged in the right lung, and the wretched man died a few minutes after he had been taken to the City Prison. As the law considers every man innocent until he is proven guilty, it does seem strange that while there is the greatest difficulty in getting a jury to bring in a verdict of "Wilful murder," it should be considered an offence worthy of death for a presumably innocent man to run away from a policeman. This, however, the coroner's jury in effect decided in the case of Coffey by bringing in a verdict of justifiable homicide; thus making the policeman at once judge, jury, and executioner. If some green hand, who is not as good a shot as Waite, should miss a flying prisoner and shoot a grand juror, it is to be hoped this remarkable verdict will be remembered by the jury who sit on the inquiry. About the same time another officer, having been informed that a burglary had just been committed on his beat, saw two men carrying bundles. They ran away when they saw him, and separated. The officer gave chase to one, and, an order to stop being disregarded, brought down his quarry with a bullet in the knee. A second prisoner who broke away from a policeman on that same night was fired at, but fortunately was not hit. A few days afterwards the deputy sheriff of Stanislaus County was taking a man who had just finished one term of imprisonment in the State Prison to be tried on a fresh charge of perjury in Stanislaus County. The sheriff took his prisoner into a chop-house, and gave him some breakfast, removing his handcuffs in order to let him eat more comfortably. When the sheriff attempted to replace the handcuffs, the prisoner struck him in the face, and, springing out of the restaurant, started down one of the principal streets at a run. The sheriff, having several times called to him to stop, fired two shots at him—the second bullet striking him just below the shoulder-blade. The man then dropped, and was taken to the City Hospital. He has by this time, I believe, nearly recovered from the wound.

### A Darning Machine.

Imagine, ye mothers of large families, who ruefully contemplate dilapidated socks by the dozen, after the week's washing, with visions of strained eyes and tired backs floating across your minds: imagine a little apparatus, infinitely more simple than the sewing machine, which repairs the hugest darn in much less time than we (*Scientific American*) can describe the operation, and far more neatly than you can do it, with all your years of practice. This is what it is. Two small plates, one stationary and the other movable, are placed one above the other. The faces are corrugated, and between the "holy" portion of the stocking is laid. Twelve long eye-pointed needles are arranged side by side in a frame, which last is carried forward so that the needles penetrate opposite edges of the hole, passing in the corrugations between the plates. Hinged

just in front of the plate is an upright bar, and on this is a cross-piece carrying twelve knobs. The yarn is secured to an end knob, and then, with a bit of flat wire, pushed through the needle eyes. Then the loop between each needle is caught by the hand and hooked over the opposite knob, so that each needle carries really two threads. Now the needles are carried back to their first position, and, in so doing, they draw the threads, which slip off the knobs through the edges of the fabric. A little push forward again brings the sharp rear edges of the needle-eye against the threads, cutting all at once. This is repeated until the darn is finished, and beautifully finished it is. The inventor is Mr. O. S. Hosmer, of Boston, and we predict for him the blessings of the entire female community. The cost of the machine is but ten dollars.

#### Military Costume.

"When I am off parade, I wear a brown coat," was the significant remark made three generations since by a colonel of Foot Guards, called Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, and that which his Royal Highness did his junior officers were proud to emulate. The practice, however, was purely a metropolitan one; and we find that when her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, was in command at Gibraltar, he was never seen in public out of uniform, and would never allow his officers to wear plain clothes. There is no evidence to show that the Duke of Wellington, during the whole of the Peninsular War, at any time assumed absolute mufti; but, averse as the great Captain was from vain parade and show, he reduced the wearing of uniform to its very simplest form. Ordinarily he himself wore a plain grey or blue tunic, pantaloons, high boots, a white cravat and a cocked hat; the whole without one shred of lace or a single gilt button. The officers of his army, distant as they were from home, were permitted to dress pretty much as they liked; but in all cases, from the Commander-in-Chief to the youngest ensign, the cocked hat, with the sword, was insisted upon. Now, an officer in a cocked hat cannot certainly be said to be in complete mufti, even though the rest of his costume consist of a Tweed shooting suit, or even a blouse and knickerbockers. The Duke's plain tunic and pantaloons constituted him, nevertheless, the substantial inventor of undress uniform in the army. Hitherto the rule at home had been full regimentals, or none at all; but in country quarters complete military panoply formed the rule, with scarcely any exception. Again, the tendency of the officers of the Guards to doff their uniforms when off duty proportionately increased as the national dress of civilians became, after the first French Revolution, plainer and plainer every year. In 1780, for example, a Guardsman resplendent in scarlet and gold, hair powder, and black cockade, would gain little on the score of privacy by exchanging his uniform for perhaps a square-cut coat of blue velvet, a brocaded waistcoat, pink silk stockings, with a gilt-hilted rapier by his side, a gold-laced cocked hat on his head, and very likely diamond buckles in his shoes; for such was the everyday attire of a man of fashion at that period, and most Guardsmen were then, as they are now, men of fashion. It was an age of splendid costume. Peers wore their robes, or, at the very least, the ribbons of their orders, during the debates of Parliament. Barristers went to dinner parties

and balls in forensic guise—precisely as Counsellor Silvertongue is clad in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode;" clergymen would have deemed it derogatory to their dignity to be seen in public out of their cassocks and bands; and so late as the year 1812, Cobbett describes an old friend of his, Mr. Baron Maseres, one of the Judges of the Court of Exchequer, coming to visit him in Newgate in his wig and gown. Imagine Mr. Baron Bramwell walking up Regent-street in judicial silk and horsehair!

#### Marching.

Comparing the principal armies of Europe, we (*Land and Water*) find the German with a stride of 31½ in., and a cadence of 112 per minute; the Austrian with one of 29½ in., and a cadence of 115 to 120; the Italian with one of 29½ in., and a cadence of 120; and the English with a pace of 30 in., and a cadence of 116 to the minute. Hence the German infantry would gain 48 in. every minute on the British, or at the rate of 240 feet per hour. In like manner, the Austrian and Italian gain 65 in. every minute, or at the rate of 345 ft. per hour, on our troops, and 105 ft. per hour on German infantry. Taking an eight hours' march as a fair sample of what might be expected from trained soldiers on active service, it therefore results that British infantry regiments would, at the termination, be 1,920 ft., or more than the third of a mile, behind Germans, and 2,760 ft., or more than half a mile, in rear of Austrians and Italians. The gain or loss of distance being, however, of less importance than the fatigue caused by its accomplishment, it is to this latter point that we would direct the attention of the military authorities. According to our own experience, gained during marches in India, aggregating several thousand miles, a short, jerky pace is infinitely more tiring than a long, measured stride. In the first regiment in which the writer had the honour to serve, "stepping out" was the order of the day, and the men made nothing of rattling off their twelve or fifteen miles. But in his second corps a cramped, dancing sort of gait had come into vogue, to the great distress of every individual, officer or private, who possessed the ordinary length of leg. Of course, this is the man's factor to be considered when dealing with the question, the same length of pace being clearly impossible for a regiment of ducks and a battalion of storks. But it having been just proved that French soldiers, who are notoriously short-legged, can step 29½ inches at a cadence of 115 to the minute, there seem valid grounds for believing that something better than a pace of 30 inches and a cadence of 116 might be expected of the comparatively long-limbed British soldier.

#### A Settler.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"

"I reckon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"

"Well, I do, old hoss."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Y-e-es, sir."

"Now, how do you know?"

"'Cause I can't write."

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER X.—GOING THE ROUNDS.

FIN was quite right. They had not gone above a couple of hundred yards down the lane, with Mr. Mervyn between them, swinging his empty soup tin, when they became aware of a loud whistling, as of some one practising a polka. Then it would cease for a few moments, and directly after begin again.

"There's somebody," said Fin; and then, turning a sharp corner, they came suddenly on Mr. Frank Pratt, perched in a sitting posture on the top of a huge, round lith of granite, with his back to them, and his little legs stretching out almost at right angles. He was in his threatened Tweeds, a natty little deerstalker's hat was cocked on one side of his head; in one hand he held a stick, and in the other a large pipe, from which he drew refreshment between the strains of the polka he tried to whistle.

Mr. Frank Pratt was evidently enjoying the beauty of the place after his own particular fashion; for, being a short man, he had a natural love for elevated places. As a boy, he had delighted in climbing trees, and sitting in the highest fork that would bear him, eating cakes or munching apples; as a man, cakes and apples had given way to extremely black pipes, in company with which he alternately visited the top of the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and the golden gallery of St. Paul's, where he regretted that the cost was eighteenpence to go any higher. In these places, where it was strictly forbidden, he indulged in surreptitious smokes, from which his friends deduced the proposition that if not the cakes, probably the apples had been stolen.

The tall stone then being handy, Mr. Pratt was enjoying himself, when he suddenly became aware of steps behind, and hopped down in a most ungraceful fashion to stare with astonishment so blank, that by the time he had raised his hat Fin had gone by with her chin raised in the air, and a very disdainful look upon her countenance, and her sister, with a slightly heightened colour, had plunged into conversation with Mr. Mervyn.

Pratt stood half paralyzed for a few moments watching the party, until a turn in the lane hid them from sight, and then refilled and lit his pipe, from which the burning weed had fallen.

"It's a mistake," he said at last, between tremendous puffs at his pipe. "It's impossible. I don't believe it. One might call it a hallucination, only that the beardless female face is so similar in one woman to another that a man easily makes a mistake. Those cannot be the same girls that we saw at the steeplechase—it isn't possible; but there is a resemblance, certainly; and, treating the thing philosophically, I should say here we have the real explanation of what is looked upon as infidelity in the male being."

A few puffs from the pipe, and then Mr. Pratt re-climbed to his perch upon the stone.

"I'll carry that out, and then write it down as a position worthy of argument. Yes, to be sure. Here it is. A man falls in love—say, for the sake of argument, at first sight, with a pretty girl, quite unknown to him before, upon a racecourse. Symptoms: a feeling of

sympathetic attraction; a throbbing of the pulses; and the heart beating bob and go one. Say he gets to know the girl; is engaged to her; and is then separated by three or four hundred miles."

A few more puffs, and sundry nods of the head, and then Mr. Pratt went on.

"He there encounters another girl, whose face and general appearance are so much like the face and general appearance of girl number one, that his secondary influences—to wit, heart, pulses, and sympathies generally—immediately give signals; love ensues, and he declares, and is accepted by girl number two, while girl number one says he is unfaithful. The man is not unfaithful; it is simply an arrangement of nature, and he can't help himself. Infidelity, then, is the same thing in a state of change. Moral: Nature has no business to make women so much alike."

Mr. Pratt got down once more from his perch, and began to stroll up the lane, to encounter Trevor at the end of a few minutes.

"Did you meet any one?" was the inquiry.

"Yes," said Pratt, "a gentleman and two ladies."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Did you not recognize them?"

"Ah!" said Pratt, "then you, too, recognized the similarity of feature, did you?"

"Similarity?"

"Yes; wonderfully like the ladies we met at the steeplechase, were they not?"

Richard Trevor looked hard at his friend's face for a moment, and then they walked on side by side; for at a turn of the lane they met the young farm-bailiff, who had so suddenly changed the aspect of the encounter on the course.

"Ah, Humphrey!" said Trevor, "I'm glad I've met you. I'll have a walk round the preserves."

The farm-bailiff touched his hat, changed the double gun from one shoulder of his well-worn velveteen coat to the other, whistled to a setter, and led the way to a stone stile.

"Another curious case of similarity of feature," said Trevor, laughing.

"Well, no—I'll give in now," said Pratt; "but I say, Dick, old fellow, ought coincidences like this to occur out of novels?"

"Never mind that," said Trevor; "the farm-bailiff here, who used to be my playmate as a boy, was as much astonished as I was—weren't you, Humphrey?"

"Well, sir," said the young man, "when I see you the other morning, I couldn't believe my eyes like, that the gentleman who'd pummelled that fellow was the one I'd come up to London to meet. I saw you, too, sir," he said, touching his hat to Pratt.

"Yes, my man," said Pratt, "and felt my toe. I'm sorry to find you did, for you've blown up one of the most beautiful propositions I ever made in my life."

"Well, now then," said Trevor, "I'll see about matters with you, Lloyd; but, by the way, you had better be Humphrey, on account of your father."

"Yes, sir; Humphrey, please, sir," said he.

"Well, now then, as we go on," said Trevor, "if it don't bore you, Pratt, we'll have a talk about farm matters."

"Won't bore me," said Pratt; "I'm going in for the country gentleman while I stay."



"Well, then, Humphrey, how are the crops?"

"Well, sir," said Humphrey. "Ah, Juno! what are you sniffing after there?" This to the young dog, which seemed to have been born with a mission to push its head up rabbit burrows too small for the passage. "Well, sir, begging your pardon, but that dog's took more looking after than e'er a one I ever had."

"All right, go on," said Trevor, following the man across a broad, rock-sided ditch, with a little brook at the bottom.

"Well, sir," said the bailiff, "the corn is—"

"Here, I say, hold hard a minute! This isn't Pall Mall, Trevor," shouted Pratt. "How the deuce am I to get over that place?"

"Jump, man," said Trevor, laughing and looking back. "That's nothing to some of our ditches."

Pratt looked at the ditch, then down at his little legs, and then blew out his cheeks.

"Risk it," he said, laconically; and, stepping back a few yards, he took a run, jumped, came short, and had to scramble up the bank, a little disarranged, but smiling and triumphant. "All right," he said, "go on."

"Corn is, on the whole, a fair crop, sir," said Humphrey.

"And barley?"

"Plenty of that, too, sir. But I've a deal of trouble with trespassers, sir."

"How's that?" said Trevor, looking round at the bright, rugged hill and dale, with trees all aglow with the touch of autumn's hand.

"You see, sir, it's the new people," said the keeper.

"What new people?"

"The old gentleman as bought Tolcarne, sir."

"Well, what of him?" said Trevor, rather anxiously.

"Well, sir, he's a gentleman, and a Sir, and a great City of London man, and he wants to be quite the squire. The very first thing he does is to get two men to work on the estate, and who does he get but that Dick Darley and Sam Kelynach; and a nice pair they are, as you may know, sir."

"Seeing that I've been away for years, Humphrey, I don't know," said Trevor.

"Well, sir, they was both turned out of their last places—one for chicken-stealing, and the other for being always on the drink. They know I don't like 'em—both of 'em," said Humphrey, with the veins swelling in his white forehead; "and no sooner do they get took on, than they begin to worry me."

"How?" said Trevor, smiling.

"Trespassing on my land, sir—I mean yours, sir, begging your pardon, sir. They will do it, too, sir. You see, there's a bit of land at the corner where Penreife runs right into the Tolcarne estate—sort of tongue o' land, sir—and to save going round, they make a path right across there, sir, over our bit of pasture."

"Put up a fence, Humphrey," said Trevor.

"I do, sir, and bush it, and set up rails; but they knocks 'em down, and tramples all over the place. Sir Hampton's got an idea that he's a right to that bit, as his land comes nigh surrounding it, and that makes 'em so sarcy."

"Well, we must see to it," said Trevor. "I want to be good friends with all my neighbours."

"Then you've cut out your work," said Pratt, drily.

"You won't be with Sir Hampton, sir, you may

reckon on that," said Humphrey. "Lady Rea is a kind, pleasant lady enough, and the young ladies is very nice, sir, and he's been civil enough to me; but he upsets everybody nearly—him and his sister."

"Never mind about that," said Trevor, checking him. "I wish to be on good terms with my neighbours, and if there be any trespass—any annoyance from Sir Hampton's people—tell me quietly, and I will lay the matter before Sir Hampton."

"Or we might get up a good action for trespass," said Pratt. "But, by the way," he said, stopping short, and sticking one finger on his forehead, "is this Sir Hampton the chuffy old gentleman we saw at the steeplechase?"

"Yes, sir; and as told me I might get up on the box-seat. That was him, you know, as that blackguard touched with his stick."

"Phew!" whistled Pratt. "I say, Dick," he whispered, "the old chap did not see us under the best of auspices."

"No; it's rather vexing," was the reply.

And they walked on from copse to meadow, through goodly fields of grain, and down in deep little vales, with steep sides covered with fern, bramble, and stunted pollard oaks.

"Poor youth!" said Pratt, and stopped to mop his forehead. "How low-spirited you must feel, to be the owner of such a place. It's lovely. Nature's made it very beautiful; but no wonder—see what practice she has had."

Trevor laughed, and Humphrey smiled, saying—

"If you come a bit farther this way, sir, there's a capital view of the house."

Pratt followed the man; and there, at about half a mile distance, on the slope of a steep hill, was the rugged, granite-built seat—Penreife—half ancient, half modern; full of buttresses, gables, awkward chimney-stacks, and windows of all shapes, with the ivy clustering over it greenly, and a general look of picturesque comfort that no trimly built piece of architecture could display. The house stood at the end of one of the steep valleys running up from the sea, which shone in the autumn sun about another half-mile farther, with grey cottages clustering on the cliff, and a little granite-built harbour, sheltering some half a dozen duck-shaped luggers and a couple of yachts.

"Ah," said Pratt, "that's pretty! Beats Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street all to fits. Is that your master's yacht?"

"The big 'un is, sir—the *Sea Launch*," said Humphrey; "the little 'un's Mr. Mervyn's—the *Swallow*."

"By the way, who is this Mr. Mervyn?" said Trevor, who had sauntered up.

"Well, sir," said Humphrey, taking off his hat, and rubbing his brown curls, "I don't kinder know what he is. He's been in the navy, I think, for he's a capital sailor; but he's quite the gentleman, and wonderful kind to the poor people, and he lives in that little white house the other side of the cliff."

"I can't see any white house," said Pratt.

"No, sir, you can't see it, 'cause it's the other side of the cliff; but that's his flagstaff rigged up, as you can see, with the weathercock on it, and— Here, hi! you sir, come out of that! Here, Juno, lass, come along."

"Has he gone mad?" said Pratt.

For Humphrey had suddenly set off down a steep

slope towards a meadow, and went on shouting with all his might.

"No," said Trevor, shading his eyes, "there's a man—two men with billhooks there—labourers, I should think. Come along, or perhaps there'll be a quarrel; and I can't have that."

#### CHAPTER XI.—THE LION AT HOME.

SIR HAMPTON REA was out that morning, and very busy. He had been round to the stables and seen the four horses that had arrived the night before, and bullied the coachman because he had said that one of them had a splinter in its leg, and that the mare meant for Miss Rea had rather a nasty look about the eye.

"You're an ass, Thomas," he said.

The man touched his hat, and Sir Hampton walked half across the stable-yard.

"Er-rum!" he ejaculated, half turning; and the coachman came up, obsequiously touching his hat again.

"Those horses, Thomas, were examined by a veterinary surgeon?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Er-rum! And I chose them and examined them myself."

"Yes, sir."

"You've made a mistake, Thomas."

"Very like, sir," said the man. "Very sorry, sir."

Sir Hampton did not respond, but gave a sharp glance round the very new-looking stable-yard and buildings, saw nothing to find fault about; and then, clearing his throat, went into the garden as the coachman winked at the groom, and the groom raised a wen upon his cheek by the internal application of his tongue.

"Er-rum!—Cutbush!" cried the knight.

And something that had worn the aspect of a huge boa constrictor in cord trousers, crawling into a melon frame, slowly drew itself back, stood upright, and revealed a 'yellow-faced man, with a scarlet head and whiskers.

Perhaps it is giving too decided a colour to the freckles which covered Mr. Cutbush's face to say they were yellow, and to his hair to say it was scarlet; but they certainly approached those hues.

"Er-rum! Cutbush, come here," said Sir Hampton.

Cutbush leisurely closed the melon frame, and raised the light a few inches with a piece of wood, and then slowly approached his master, to stop in front of him, and scrape his feet upon a spade.

"Er-rum! I'm going to inspect the grounds this morning, Cutbush," said Sir Hampton.

Cutbush, head gardener, nodded; for he was a man so accustomed to deal with silent objects, that he seldom spoke, if he could possibly help it; but here he was obliged.

"Shall I want a spade?"

"No; certainly not."

"Nor a barrow?"

"No!" sharply.

"Maybe ye'll like me to bring a billhook?"

"Er-rum! No. Yes; bring a billhook."

The gardener went slowly off to his toolhouse, and returned as leisurely; Sir Hampton the while fiercely poking vegetables about with his stick—stirring up

cabbages, as if angry because they did not grow—beet, for having too much top—onions, for not swelling more satisfactorily—and ending with a vicious cut at a wasp, bent on a feast of nectarine beneath the great, new, red-brick wall.

Wasp did not like it. Ignorant of any doctrine concerning *meum* and *tuum*, he looked upon all fruit as *pro bono publico*, as far as the insect world was concerned. The nectarines might be choicely named varieties, planted by Sir Hampton's order, after having been obtained at considerable expense—the wall having been built for their use: fruit was fruit to the wasp, so long as it was ripe; and he resented interference. Pugnacity was crammed to excess in his small, yellow body, and prevented from bursting it by a series of strong black rings; so it was not surprising that the insect showed fight, and span round the new magistrate's head with a fierce buzz.

"Css! Get out! Sh!" ejaculated Sir Hampton; and he struck at the wasp again and again. But the little insect was no respecter of persons. He had been insulted, and, watching his opportunity, he dashed in, and stung the knight in the tender red mark where his stiffly starched cravat frayed his neck, gave a triumphant buzz, and went over the wall like a yellow streak.

"Confound! Ugh!" ejaculated the knight; and then, seeing Cutbush coming slowly back, he played Spartan, and preserved outward composure, though there was a volcano of wrath smouldering within.

He strutted off, with the gardener behind, fired a couple of shots at gardeners two and three, who were sweeping the lawn, and then entered into a general inspection of the garden.

"How—Er-rum!—how is it that bed is not in flower, Cutbush?"

"Done blooming," said Cutbush, gruffly.

"Done blooming, Sir Hampton!" exclaimed the knight, facing round.

"Done blooming, Sir Hampton," said the gardener, slowly; and he looked as expressionless as a big sunflower.

"Take off that branch," said the knight, pointing to an overhanging bough; and it was solemnly lopped off.

"Er-rum!" ejaculated the knight, when they had gone a little farther. "How is it that patch of lawn is brown?"

"Grubs," said the gardener.

"Grubs, Sir Hampton," said the knight, fiercely.

"Grubs, Sir Hampton," said the corrected gardener.

"Oh!" said Sir Hampton, and they went a little farther.

"Those Wellingtonias are not growing, Cutbush."

"Two foot this year," said the gardener.

"That's very slow."

"Fast," said the gardener.

"Fast, Sir Hampton," said the knight.

"Fast, Sir Hampton," said the gardener, corrected again.

"Er-rum! Ah! This won't do. This clump must be moved farther to the right," said Sir Hampton, pointing to a cluster of shrubs.

"Kill 'em," said Cutbush.

"Then we'll set more," said the knight; and he went on to the farthest entrance of the garden, and the paths cut through the plantation, with a general desire exhi-

bited in his every act, that as he had, so to speak, made the place and planted the grounds, it was absolutely necessary that he should have all the trees pulled up at stated intervals, to see how the roots were getting on.

There was a small iron gate at the end of the plantation walk, and this the gardener opened for his master to pass through, closing it after him, and sticking the billhook in his breast.

"Er-rum! Where are you going, Cutbush?"

"Back," said Cutbush—"taint garden here."

His domain extended no farther.

"Come along this moment, sir; and stop till I dismiss you."

The knight looked purple as the gardener slowly unlatched the gate, and followed him about a quarter of a mile, to where the estate joined that of the Trevors; and here, as they neared the pastures, angry voices were heard.

"Quick, Cutbush," said Sir Hampton—"trespassers!"

The next minute they were upon an angry group, consisting of Trevor, Pratt, Humphrey, a man with a sinister look and a mouth like a rat-trap, and a stumpy fellow, who was armed with a long plashing hook.

"Er-rum! what's this?" exclaimed Sir Hampton, with the voice of authority.

"These men of yours, Sir Hampton," said Humphrey, flushed and angry, "always a-trespassing across our ground."

"My servants would do nothing of the sort," said Sir Hampton.

"But they've done it, Sir Hampton," said Humphrey. "There they are; there's their footmarks right across the field; and they're always at it, and breaking down the bushes."

"Hold your tongue, Humphrey," said Trevor. "I beg your pardon—Sir Hampton Rea, I believe?"

The wasp sting, kept back so long, now came out.

"And pray, sir, why are you trespassing on my grounds?" exclaimed the knight, furiously.

"Excuse me, I am on my own," said Trevor.

"Your own! I never heard such insolence in my life. Who are you, sir? What are you? Where do you come from?"

"Well," said Trevor, with a red spot coming into each cheek, but speaking quite coolly, "my name is Trevor. I am the owner of Penreife, and I have lately returned from sea."

"Then—then—go back to sea, sir, or get off my grounds; or, by gad, sir, my labourers shall kick you off."

The men advanced, menacingly; but, with a face like fire, Humphrey rolled up his cuffs.

"Humphrey! Stop, how dare you!" exclaimed Trevor, angrily.

And the young man drew back, grinding his teeth; for the others continued to advance, and the rat-trap-mouthed man, finding Juno, the dog, smelling about him, gave the poor brute a kick, which produced a loud yelp.

"Excuse me, Sir Hampton, but—"

"Get off my grounds, sir, this instant!" roared the knight.

Wasp sting again.

"Look here," said Pratt, "if it's a question of boundary, any solicitor will look through the deeds, and a surveyor measure, and put it all right in——"

"Who the devil is this little cad?" exclaimed Sir Hampton.

"Cad?" said Pratt.

"Yes, sir, cad. Oh! I thought I knew you again. Yes; you are one of that gang on the omnibus who insulted me the other day. And—and—" he stammered in his rage, turning to Trevor, "you were another of the party. Get off my grounds, sir—this instant, sir. Darley, Cutbush, Kelynach—drive these fellows off."

The three men advanced, and Sir Hampton took the general's place in the rear, quivering still with rage and the poison of the wasp. Trevor was now flushed and angry, and Humphrey evidently ripe for any amount of assault or resistance, when Pratt stepped forward, and laid his hand upon the arm of the angry knight.

### Suspended Animation as a Preserving Agent.

**A**MONG the many experiments which have been made in order to discover some way of preserving fresh meat for an indefinite period of time, none have as yet been conducted, so far as we are aware, with the object of finding out how to keep the flesh other than in a dead state—to preserve, in other words, the living animal itself. A rather anomalous suggestion, the reader may say to himself, for will not the mere presence of life answer that end? Certainly, we reply, if the animal be fed and cared for; but that is not the question. The problem we set out with is: How can we box up an ox, for example, in the narrowest space, strike him into the hold of a vessel, pile other boxes of oxen on top of him like bales of goods, nail down the hatches, and transport our bovine cargo for a hundred days' voyage, and at the expiration of that time, take out our animals, kill them, and proceed to eat them up?

In all original investigations, there is but one source for answers to our questions, and that is Mother Nature. What hints, then, will that venerable dame accord which seem to bear on our subject, and through which at some time, perhaps, a clue may be found leading to a solution? Three: first, the power which some animals have of rendering their natural prey utterly insensible for an indefinite period; second, the peculiar effect of cold on some of the lower animals, which reduces them to a state not death, nor yet the ordinary torpidity caused by low temperature in other organisms; third, hibernation. We propose to consider, briefly, each in turn.

There abounds in America a peculiar species of wasp known as the "digger." The male insect does no work, but the female does the double duty of bearing offspring and providing for its wants. She begins by boring a hole in a clay bank, in order to form a nest, and then sets out on a hunt for the peculiar spider or other insect which forms her natural prey. Pouncing upon her victim, she pricks it very gently with her formidable sting. No sooner is the wound made than the assailed insect falls paralysed; even the great tarantula succumbs as quickly as the tiniest spider. Seizing

the apparently inanimate body, the digger flies off to her nest, therein to deposit it, and, renewing her hunt, captures victim after victim until a sufficient supply is secured to feed one of her larvæ to maturity. Then she deposits her egg amongst the bodies, seals up the nest, sets to work on a new hole and a new hunt, and thus she continues until her stock of eggs is exhausted. In course of time the larvæ—soft white maggots—appear; but before they are ready to form cocoons several weeks must elapse, during which time their nourishment must be fresh meat. It has doubtless already been divined how beautifully Nature provides for this want, for were the captured insects shut up in the nests dead, they would speedily putrefy, and be unfit for their purpose. Kept alive, however, though inert and senseless, they remain in natural condition indefinitely, or until eaten by the maggot; and this is the effect of the digger's sting. The wasp administers a hypodermic injection of something—some virus, perhaps, which paralyzes the brain and its sensory ganglia, while the spinal system remains awake. Nature suggests to us a definite question to be put to her, through the chemist and the physiologist—namely, what substance, injected hypodermically into the veins of an ox or sheep, will reduce the animal to the state of the digger's prey? What will produce complete anæsthesia, to last as long as we choose, without causing death or injury?

To pass to the second hint. Dr. Grusselbake, professor of chemistry in the University of Upsala, Sweden, has succeeded, we are told by a foreign scientific contemporary, in so treating a little serpent by cold, that the reptile, to all appearance, becomes dead, and as stiff and rigid as a stone. By rubbing it, however, with some stimulating substance, the reptile revives, and becomes as lively as when captured over ten years ago. Now, this is not the effect of hibernation, for, as will be seen below, there is an entire absence of irritability; nor yet is it identical with the torpidity produced by cold. It is a state difficult to explain, and is the same as that of several species of fish, which, if completely congealed, die; but yet, when frozen stiff, possess sufficient vital action in the circulatory organs to insure their revivification when thawed in warm water. What the condition is remains to be seen; and such an examination would lead us to the thought of whether there is not a point at which the higher animals may be brought to the same state. If there is, then can it be obtained by the skilful use of chemical freezing mixtures in lieu of ice? Or, if an ox cannot thus be reduced, can he be rendered actually torpid by cold?

Lastly, we have to deal with the phenomenon of hibernation, or that peculiar lethargy into which certain animals fall, principally during winter. During this period no nutriment is required; the blood-making processes cease; respiration is very nearly or entirely suspended; the heart beats regularly, but the circulation is very slow; the blood, from the absence of respiration, is entirely venous. The muscular irritability of the left ventricle, highly increased, however, permits it to contract under the weak stimulus of the non-oxygenated blood; and it is this exaltation of a single vital property which preserves the animal life. Sensation and volition are quiescent. Respiration is, however, quickly excited by irritating the animal, and the call of hunger and the warmth of returning warm weather will

cause a cessation of the lethargy. Hibernation is, however, not due to cold, since the tenrec, a nocturnal insectivorous mammal, passes three of the hottest months in the year in that condition; and the hedgehog, the dormouse, and the bat hibernate regularly every twenty-four hours. The influence of cold is due only to its tendency to produce sleep, to which state of the body hibernation is closely allied, differing only in degree. Most animals lay up a store of fat under the skin, which is slowly absorbed during the lethargy.

Whether it is open to discovery to find a way of making brutes hibernate, when that state is not peculiar to them, is a question difficult to consider in view of the little that is known regarding the trance condition in any organised being. It is a wise law of nature which provides for the animal in seasons when its food is hard to obtain, or is absent altogether; and it is perhaps akin to that merciful interposition of insensibility which relieves the human being at instants of acute suffering.

Perhaps, some day, some one will find solutions to the questions suggested above. Perhaps we shall transport, not merely living brutes, but living men. Imagine a military transport ship, with the soldiers stored in tiers with the beef and pork barrels! Perhaps Poe's sarcastic prediction, that the time will come when, sick of the turmoils and troubles of life in the nineteenth century, we will step across the street to our physician, and have our animation suspended, say for a hundred years or so, waking up in a new era, will, at some future period, be realised.

**JEWELLERY.**—The jewels worn by the little Guicowar of Baroda on the landing of the Prince of Wales are estimated at two millions sterling. The principal features were a plume of diamonds in his turban, and a large bunch of pearls fringed with gold; he also wore the famous diamond Star of India, the purchase of which nearly broke the Baroda exchequer.

**A STRUGGLE.**—The wrestling begins. Half a dozen couples are at it together. It certainly is not Cumberland fashion, this Baroda wrestling; neither can it be said to be Cornish fashion; but resembles rather a bastard Lancashire style, in which the niceties of science and skill are not leading features. There is no "dodging for the hold;" we see nothing of "cross buttockers," or crafty "inside knipes." The two wrestlers, holding their bodies as far away from each other as possible, clutch each other by the raised and projected hands, and then, if they can, get to closer quarters with a grip of head, shoulder, neck, or throat. They are brawny, muscular fellows, and hard to throw in their suppleness; for they wriggle like eels out of the hand grips; they "go to grass" together in a seemingly inextricable contortion, and they wriggle and struggle on the ground—the lower man clinging face down to the earth like a limpet, lest he should be turned helplessly, turtle fashion, on his back; the uppermost athlete straining every nerve so to turn over his antagonist that the two shoulders of the latter are on the ground simultaneously, the accomplishment of which feat is the goal of the struggle. Only one bout was thus brought to a termination; the others assumed the character of dead-locks, and to all appearance the competitors might have been struggling until the going down of the sun, but for the signal to desist.

### Birds and Birds.

NO man with a love of nature can fail to be struck with the beauty of birds. Taken in whatever way, there is something to admire—form, instinct, notes, the wondrous precision with which, completely untutored, a pair of any particular family will make in confinement precisely the same shaped nest as would be formed by their parents in a state of nature. Go where we will, the woodland, the field, the mountain, the mere, or desert, all are made beautiful by birds; and even dingy, dull, and foggy London has its denizens in the shape of a few odd pairs of rooks, who affect the trees left in the City; pigeons, who flutter round the capitals of the Royal Exchange, the roof of the Guildhall, and the ancient gables of Westminster; and smoky, merry, pert-looking sparrows, whose hearty chirp is heard in the plane trees in the courts and yards behind the busiest streets, where they rummage to pick up a living, especially where cabby's horse tosses his nosebag on the rank.

There are very few who have not been at some time or other in their lives thoroughly delighted with birds and their actions; but, after all said and done, no land birds can compare, for dash and rapidity of action, with those which haunt the sea. Many a time, when far at sea, have I watched the tiny petrels following the ship for miles—the “Mother Carey's chickens” of the sailors—whose coming is said to portend foul weather, but whose visit is generally to skim up from the surface of the swell some scrap of grease or drop of oil that has escaped from the cook's galley.

On the Mediterranean, too, how often I have leaned over the gunwale to see a flying fish dart out of the smooth, oily sea, make a long, skimming flit in company with a shoal of its fellows, and then, in a “Dick, duck, and drake” fashion, drop back into its native element; but only to take a fresh flit out, pursued by some voracious enemy of the sea; and then, when apparently there has not been a bird in sight, down have come a flock of gannets, to wheel and skim and dash after them, picking up first one and then another, acting as a kind of aerial fire to the poor fish who have

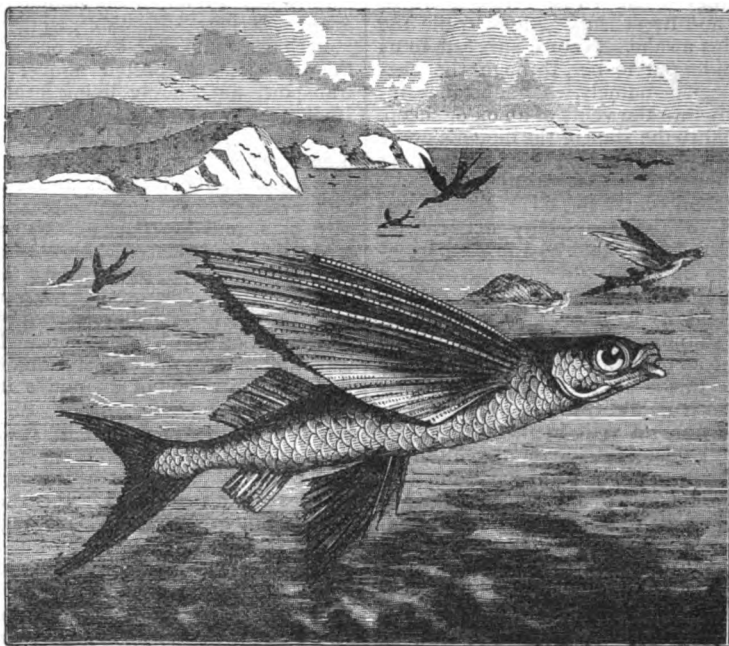
leaped out of their watery frying-pan into a life-sustaining death.

The gulls in the Mediterranean are very beautiful; and it is even wonderful to watch their flights as they glide onward, ever onward, in the wake of the great vessel that is your home. There is a flap now and a flap then given with their wings, but apparently without the slightest effort; and yet it proves sufficient; for the soft, feathery creatures glide on and on through the ether, as if they were moved by some hidden power, and they have but to will themselves here or there to achieve their end.

For majesty of flight, though, no sea-bird seems to come up to the great albatross, with its vast spread of wings. This bird, once started on its career, seems to do nothing but turn itself to right or left, and glide—now up, now down a series of airy, inclined plains—

skating, as it were, through the air, and without the slightest effort, till it espies something in the shape of prey, when with a dash it seizes it, and gulps it down.

The razor-bills are wonderfully active as they play about a shore in search of food. Their feeding hours are spent amongst the billows that are about to break upon the sands. Every now and then something is thrown up, and a dash is made for it, the bird seeming threatened by the coming wave, but its motions are too quick; touch,



RACE FOR LIFE.

seize, go, seem to be the words of command, and the plumage never seems to be wetted. Similar is the action of the black lestris when making a raid upon a shoal of sardines. The silvery fish are playing about in a shoal, and the bird is among them in a moment. Away they scatter, the lestris in hot pursuit of one. We will leave them, and follow another: he skims the sea, every now and then making a furrow on the calm surface with his bill—perhaps each time he picked up a shrimp; suddenly he turns right over, and then with a long, graceful swoop snaps up a tiny fish; now he has reached the shore, and as the huge surf of the Southern Ocean rolls its hoary crest on high, you see him as it were in the curl of the wave—his white wings gleam against the green water. He must be shut in by the toppling wall! Not a bit of



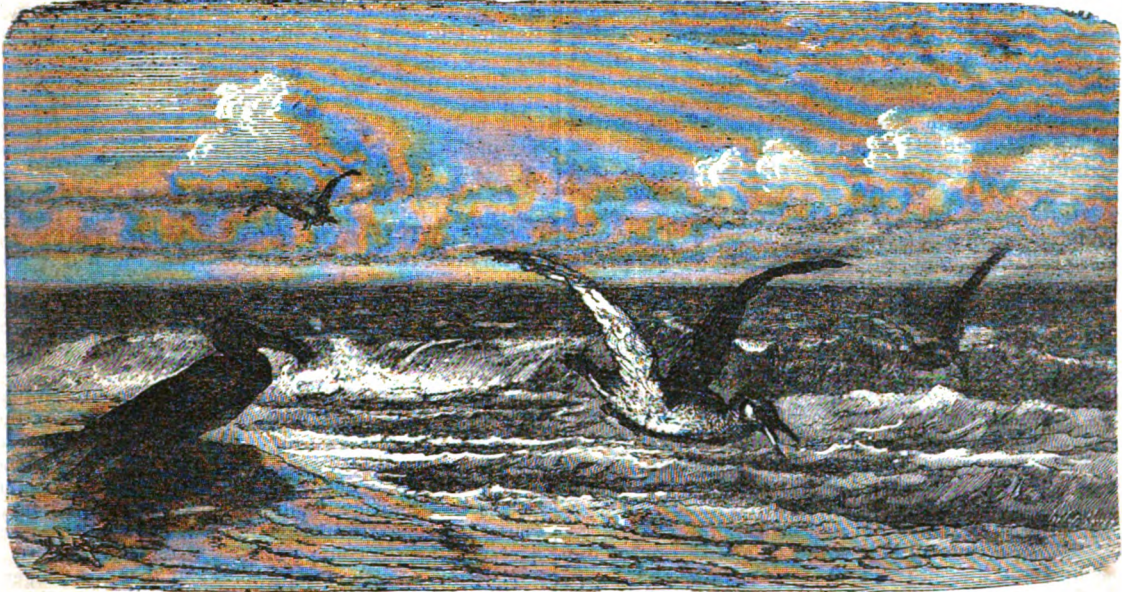
it! He simply picks up a small crab that was not quick enough in sinking into the sand, and as the mass of water thunders on the beach he is hovering over it, looking out for some "flotsam and jetsam," he being lord of the manor for the time being.

The terns, those swallows of the sea, are also very beautiful in their flight. Their rapidity is something astonishing. Now up, now down, now skimming like feathery lightning over the water, they play about. At times they dart through the foam-capped summit of a wave, at others seem to be admiring their plumage in its glassy sides; now they hover over a shoal of tiny fish, and like a falling star one after the other darts perpendicularly headlong, and is lost for a moment beneath the glass-like waters of the bay. Before the spray of the splash has fallen, up they come, as buoyant as corks, to the surface, and, with an upward

up near you. If you take a shot at twenty-five or thirty yards, long before the pellets reach him he turns a somersault, and they strike but the circles on the water he has left behind when he dived.

The gannet perhaps, though, is the king of the birds in its dash and skill in capturing its prey. It is a singular and beautiful sight to see a flock of gannets harrying a shoal of fish. They fly thirty or forty feet above the water, and one by one, as each selects its prey, they half close their wings, and descend with marvellous velocity, apparently *screwing* themselves through the air. The plunge submerges them for some seconds, and sends up a cloud of spray; indeed, the surface of the water is usually in a white foam from their oft-repeated and headlong descents.

Apparently, they are insatiable, for their constant appeals to the great larder of the sea are astonish-



SEEKING A DINNER.

spring and a shake all over, are away, each with a fish in its bill.

The penguins are curious birds; and seen on shore, they waddle and hop about in a peculiar manner; but seen at sea, their motion is almost marvellous. Their web feet are placed so far back that they stand upright, like some of the English divers; and in place of wings they have three powerful flippers, with which they aid their swimming and diving. In the clear water about the wharves of Table Bay they may be seen pursuing and capturing their finny prey among the piles: a fish has no chance with them. They ply their powerful paddle-wings at their sides, and the double propeller behind (a mixture of the old paddle-wheel steamer with the twin-screw principle!) with such force that they literally dart through the water like arrows.

If you wish to shoot one, you must wait till he comes

ing, and to judge from appearances, they might be supposed to be distended to the greatest extent; but digestion must be exceedingly rapid, and probably it is one of nature's great arrangements for keeping down the over-abundance. Certainly it is one of the great causes of the production of such large deposits of guano, with which man is made wealthy and earth fertile.

The pelicans, among which naturalists class the gannet, play a great part in this production, and they may be seen in some parts in countless thousands, sitting on the rocky shores. These, with the endless list of cormorants—rightly named shags and divers—all play their part in the manufacture of guano. It is impossible to describe their numbers. I have seen flocks which, measured by known objects along the shore, extended upwards of three miles in length and over a quarter in breadth. Up the western coast, all

writers describe the vast armies they see. What must be the amount of fish required for the support of such multitudes?

Fortunately nature has been provident for them: a single glance at the roe of a fish, with its hundreds of thousands of eggs, is enough to show the curious that there is no fear of the supply of food failing for the feathered multitudes.

The pelicans, especially those which affect the Cape of Good Hope, deserve a few special words of description, though I am not naturalist enough to give them their proper titles and place in natural history; but, after all, this is unnecessary in a popular article upon birds.

The first and largest is widely distributed, frequenting the mouths of our rivers, and seeking its food indiscriminately in salt or fresh water. It swims with great velocity, and scoops up its food while sitting on the water in shallow places. I never saw one plunge from a height, as some have stated. It breeds on Dyer's Island, laying a creamy white egg, covered with chalk, but very smooth and satiny; the yolk is a bright crimson colour, unlike that of any other egg. The young are a dark brown, almost black, becoming white as they advance in age. The captain of one of the eggng cutters told me that the old birds feed them with fish, and the young squabs of the cormorant and solan geese; the "egggers" therefore destroy all the nests they can find. The smaller is very elegantly coloured, being white, frosted with grey on the wings, tail, head, neck, and belly; tinged with yellow on the lanceolated feathers of the breast, and with a lovely pink behind the thighs and down the back. The pouch is also bright yellow, with perpendicular crimson lines. These are quite dandies amongst the ordinary sea-fowl, whose prevailing tint is grey-black and brownish grey.

Allusion has before been made to the speed of birds, and certainly it is wonderful; otherwise they would often go dinnerless. The swallow catches up the fly with care, but what is to be said of the sea-bird who plunges down from on high into the water, chases a fish in its natural element, and makes of it a captive?

Here is a description of the doings of one of the occupants of the air:—

Sitting upon the rocks one day far in the south, far beneath lay a patch of white sand below the clear water, in which were plainly visible a shoal of fish about six or eight inches long. A gannet came flying past; without altering his course or speed, he darted slantingly into the water, struck his fish, reappeared on the surface on the other side of the sand patch, and continued his line of flight. It was all over in an instant, and from my perch I saw the whole like a picture; and it gave me a better idea of the velocity of a bird's movements, and the adaptation of certain species to perform certain functions, than whole pages of letterpress could have done.

Our illustration gives a very good idea of the busy habits of the sea-birds—habits which are a study that never tires.

**LITTLENESS.**—The hardest thing in the world for a little man to learn is that people don't give themselves the trouble to think about his littleness. This is equally true in its moral application.

## The Wrecks of Arginusæ.

BY PLIMSOLLIDES.

"History repeats itself."

### INTRODUCTION.

AS my name indicates, I am a Greek by extraction, and naturally take an interest in the ancient history of my country. I often think that I see in its records lessons which would be very instructive to England, the country of my adoption. Thus the events connected with the Battle of Arginusæ seem to me particularly worthy of her consideration at the present time.

In the summer of B.C. 406, the Athenians had lost the command of the sea by the defeat of Conon, at Mitylene. With wonderful energy, they fitted out a new fleet of 110 triremes in thirty days, and defeated Kallikratidas, the Spartan, at the Battle of Arginusæ. This battle occupies a very prominent place in our history, in consequence of the deplorable events which immediately followed it. For some reason, the Athenian generals neglected after the battle to rescue their countrymen in the damaged ships, and consequently numbers of them were drowned. The generals were brought to trial for their neglect, and put to death; the fury of the people against them having been very much increased by the circumstance that the festival of Apaturia, corresponding socially in some degree to our Christmas, intervened between the arrest and trial of the generals. How the duty of saving their drowning countrymen came to be neglected was much disputed at the time, and has never been clearly explained since. From ancient documents preserved in my family, it appears that it arose from the unsatisfactory state of the laws relating to life assurance. *This is not generally known.*

The character of Zoë's lover in the play resembles that of Kallikratidas in history. But the union of the Greeks against the world, destined not to be realized for two generations, was one of the questions of the day; and we may easily believe that in many Grecian circles the fond imagination of friends invested their young hopefuls with the qualities which they saw were necessary for the coming man.

It is needless for me to point out to an intelligent race how these things are related to their own affairs.

PLIMSOLLIDES.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARES, a young Athenian speculator.

HIRAM, a Tyrian merchant.

CIMON, a young Athenian.

DION, old Athenian merchant, father to ÆNONE.

ÆNONE, daughter to DION, in love with CIMON, but intended by DION for CHARES.

ZOË, friend to ÆNONE, engaged to one of the generals of the fleet.

An old Sailor. An old Citizen. Slaves. Guests.

### SCENE I.

*A private garden at Athens.*

CHARES, a young Athenian speculator. HIRAM, a Tyrian merchant.

CHARES. What say you, sir? My trick is known in Tyre,  
Thy ancient home? That on the blazing pyre

For this my little venture they'd consume  
My goodly limbs?

*Hiram.* Well, yes; or else presume  
To stretch thy noble form upon the cross,  
That those bereaved through thee might mourn their loss

Around thy feet, and soothe thine agony  
With the poor widows' and the orphans' cry.

*Chares.* In Athens, there's no law 'gainst what I've done.

Upon the lives of men I've staked and won.  
Why should I not? for men may live or die;  
And if they die in war, it is not I  
Who am to blame. I calculate the chance  
Of peace or war; and if the hostile lance  
Destroys the precious life of one insured,  
What blame? e'en though my profit's thus secured.

*Hiram.* No blame, if *thus*. And you may ask, what odds

Could the insurance make? and yet the gods  
Did somehow seem to love these men, we found  
So many early died—were lost or drowned.  
You see, with us the business is not new.  
Commercial people, older much than you,  
We've tried these things; and now the laws restrain  
All plans by which another's death is gain.

*Chares.* In Tyre, you've got some rascals, sir, I fear.  
We're not like that, I can assure you, here.

*Hiram.* Well, may be not; but 'tis a dangerous game,  
And you had best beware, for I could name  
A friend—a noble soul—who's sworn to teach  
All such how far the legal arm can reach.

*Chares (aside).* It seems to me, a confidant to make  
Of this old Tyrian was a grand mistake.

*(Aloud.)* Your kind advice I'll note. This venture o'er,  
In moneyed risks I'll dabble never more.

My fortune now will satisfy the greed  
Of Dion, old and stern, nor shall I need  
Henceforth to strive for more. But let's away,  
To seek our watchman looking o'er the bay.  
The orders were, before this evening's dews  
To let the *Procnæ* come with latest news.

I have some friends on board—if we can gain  
A little start through them, you'll not disdain  
(Although to-day your principles are stern)  
To do some business on the facts we learn?

*Hiram.* Oh, no. I call myself a business man:  
That means, I take advantage where I can  
Of others' ignorance. So lead the way  
To where your man is watching in the bay.

## SCENE II.

*The sea coast near Athens.*

An old Sailor on a rock. An old Citizen approaching.

*Old Citizen.* O patient watcher, whom with sheltering hand,

And straining eye, long have I seen to stand  
Searching the distant seas from off this rock,  
Dost thou discern, returning as a flock  
Of silver-winged doves, in hasty flight,  
Our ships, so late sent forth to fight

The boastful Spartan bridegroom of the main?

*Old Sailor.* I see them not.

*Old Citizen.* So far, 'tis well. I fain  
Would hope e'en now that Conon's bride  
Hath been reclaimed, and that our triremes ride

Victorious by the distant Lesbian shore.

But much my heart misgives me; for with more  
Of haste than care, with more of zeal than sense,  
Our ships were built, and on their frames immense  
Were engines piled, and iron shields and prows  
Of newest form, designs of men, whose brows  
Have scarce been dashed by foam of angry seas,  
Nor sailed beyond the sheltering Cyclades.

*Old Sailor.* Good cause hast thou for fear, for well we know

That skill's attained by painful steps and slow  
With all things new. So tardily doth grow  
The needful confidence in the things we use,  
That oft is seen the wise man to refuse  
The better weapon for the better known,  
And giant strength by weakly skill's o'erthrown.

*Enter CHARES and HIRAM.*

*Chares.* What are these prosy gentlemen about?  
Praising the days gone by, and throwing doubt  
On all things new? Ah! one's the man we seek,  
The watchman whom we sent to mount the peak.  
Let's ask him what he sees. Old man, I say,  
We never told you to come here, and play  
The modern Solon, with your sage remarks.  
The ancient Argo, or old Homer's arks,  
You think the fittest things, no doubt, you ass!  
To face the ships of Kallicratidas.

But Athens thinks not so. She did not fail  
To find the men to build. The men to sail  
She too will find, though wrecks the Attic shore  
Should strew, and blundering captains by the score  
Be sent to spend in idiotic ease  
Their time and wits unfitted for the seas.  
But eastward turn, and let thy practised eye  
Search o'er the distant waves. Canst thou descry  
The herald-bearing *Procnæ*?

*Old Sailor.* Sir, I see  
A speck, which grows and grows—it may be she.

[A pause.]

Behold a flash. With polished shield, methinks,  
The golden rays of Phœbus, as he sinks  
In western waves, hither some sailor throws.

*Chares.* Ay, ay, old man. Let not thine eyelids close  
One moment—watch!

*Old Sailor.* Now all is dark once more—  
The flash!

*Chares.* Now, tell me, if thou countest four?

*Old Sailor.* Ay, four.

*Chares.* Then joy, old man, to thee a riddle  
A victory—four flashes mean *nikê nikê*.

## SCENE III.

*In the public way before a house in the neighbourhood of Athens.*

CIMON, a young Athenian, ÆNONE'S lover. ÆNONE, an Athenian Girl, in love with CIMON, but intended by her father for CHARES.

*Enter CIMON and ÆNONE (accompanied by a number of young Girls) from opposite sides.*

*Cimon.* And whither doth the fair Ænone stray,  
With her attendant slaves, this happy day?  
Art thou so good a patriot that my news  
Hath sent thee forth to brush the early dews  
With tender feet, and hold high festival  
Ere birds have sung their morning madrigal?

*Ænone.* Am I Athenian, did you ask, good sir?  
For every Attic breast such news must stir  
Of man or maid. But why this sweet surprise?  
Do you suppose that men monopolize  
The patriotic soul? that were there need,  
We girls and women would not suffer, bleed,  
And die as well as you for this dear land?  
I know you think—I wish you would not stand  
And smile incredulous—Cimon, I know  
You think, I early rose to see you go  
To Athens past this spot. Oh! how I wish  
I had not come.

*Cimon.* My dear Ænone—hish!—  
What have I done? You know, you say, my thought.  
You wrong me and yourself, fair maid. What brought  
You here I think was this—to tell your friend,  
To be the first to tell her, what will tend  
To make her happy; and I thought, Was ever seen  
A girl so kind as this, my love, my queen?

*Ænone.* If thou must call me names, call me thy friend.

To wealthy Chares doth my sire intend  
To give his child. Desist. I'm sold and bought.

[*CIMON, who had been kneeling and trying to kiss her hand, here stands up, and she continues.*

The joyful news no sooner hadst thou brought  
Than I to dearest Zoë's home had planned  
To bring at earliest dawn my choral band,  
That sweetest news at this the sweetest hour  
Might sweeter seem through music's magic power.  
Art thou in haste? or, Cimon, wilt thou stay  
While these pour forth their little simple lay?  
Come, Cimon, stay, and after we'll delight  
Her ear with all you told me yesternight.

#### *Song.*

There's a word on the morning breeze—  
It is filling our hearts with glee,  
It is whispered in rustling trees,  
It is called by the dancing sea;  
It is lisped by the bubbling springs,  
It is sung in the woodland shade,  
O, hath it not crept o'er the yearning strings  
Of thy waiting heart, dear maid?

There is victory written on high,  
There is victory written below,  
It is seen in the cloudless sky,  
It is seen in the earth's rich glow.  
The pulses of heaven and earth  
Are beating in time to this.

O wilt thou not join in our festive mirth,  
And share in our nation's bliss?

Must we whisper one word in thine ear,  
Ere thou lettest thine heart go free?  
Is there some one who is to thee dear,  
E'en dearer than Athens can be?  
We will pardon the womanly wrong,  
As a bride thou hast right on thy part.  
O wilt thou not join in our festal song?  
For he's safe, the dear man of thy heart.

(*Zoë comes out of the house and embraces ÆNONE.*)

*Zoë.* My dear Ænone, this is kind indeed.  
From what a load my bosom hast thou freed!

*Ænone.* Thank Cimon, here. To him our thanks  
are due

For all we know. He has, besides, for you  
Some things to say should fill you with delight.

*Cimon.* Fair lady, hear. That in the deadly fight  
Thy prince and future lord, if need arose,  
Would princely courage show, there's none but knows.  
In Athens all are brave. But they are few  
Whom the great gods in high degree indue  
With manner's charm, and suavity and grace  
To win the hearts of men. These find a place  
In him. Therefore, to him are turned all eyes,  
As one by nature fit to hold allies  
In union firm—to join the Eastern states  
By bonds of loyal love, and (if the fates  
Permit to reach our highest goal)  
To weld our empire vast to one harmonious whole.

[*They go off the stage conversing.*

#### Quacks and Humbugs.

THE quack plays upon the credulity of mankind.  
The first wish of the sick is relief. The quack  
proclaims his special knowledge, and promises a cer-  
tain cure. Instead of suiting his remedy to the disease,  
he reduces all diseases to a common remedy, or his  
treatment to a common principle. A hundred years  
ago the belief in specific or certain remedies was almost  
universal, and doctors sought for them as eagerly as  
patients. A thousand nostrums came out and failed  
in turn. Whilst ignorance remains this will ever be the  
case, and the "elixir of life" reappears daily under some  
other name. On the theory of sympathy, Sir Kenelm  
Digby first recommended that the remedies then in  
vogue should be transferred from the wound to the sword  
which made it; and on the same theory applied with  
regard to colours, saffron was given for the measles,  
and dragon's blood for hæmorrhage. This also is the  
principle of modern homœopathy, that like cures like.  
Every disease has its appropriate remedy, says Hahne-  
mann. Apply that remedy, and the cure will be certain  
and complete. The history of quackery reflects the  
scientific phases of the time. Soon after the discovery  
of electricity, a man named Graham became the  
quack of the day. He let out electrical beds at  
fifty pounds a night, in which those who slept were  
promised certain cure. The old were promised youth;  
the impotent strength; the lame were to be made  
whole, and the sick were to be restored to health.  
He soon retired with a gigantic fortune. The electric  
bed has now been changed into the electric bath, with  
like promises and also like results. In France, Gra-  
ham was eclipsed by Mesmer, to whom thousands  
went for cure. So great was the crowd that he mes-  
merised large trees, and the patients who reposed  
under their branches took up their beds and walked.  
Modern spiritualists and clairvoyants follow at a long  
distance behind their prototype. In all its phases,  
quackery remains the same. In its mildest form, it  
lurks in the artful hints of the titled doctor to his con-  
fiding patient, that he alone understands the disease,  
and that he alone can cure. Or it comes forth with  
unblushing effrontery offering an universal remedy for  
all the ills that flesh is heir to. The quack invariably  
appeals to experience in favour of his system. There  
is no folly for which evidence is not forthcoming. For  
upwards of three hundred years, there prevailed an

universal belief that the kings of France and England had the power of curing the king's evil (scrofula) by laying on of hands. Until the beginning of the present century days were set apart for this purpose, and the court journals of the day told of the numbers touched. Nobody doubted the power. Thousands could attest the cures; and yet no one could now be found to believe in the practice. When the great English quack, St. John Long, was indicted for manslaughter, he having killed several patients by his violent system of blistering, peers, judges, lawyers, and clergymen gave evidence in his favour. The popularity of Morrison's pills was established by the thousands who testified as to their efficacy when the quack was charged with murder at Bath, in Somersetshire.

The true physician, on the contrary, has long ceased to believe in specific remedies. He distrusts, above all things, the evidence of facts. There are agues which quinine will not cure. Nature often acts in spite of remedies; hence it is that the quacks denounce the genuine physician. They study the treatment of disease from different points of view. The quack cares little about symptoms and details. Take my pills, use my ointment, and the cure is sure and simple. The physician observes the complicated structure of the body, and the subtle forces which constitute the phenomena of life. He finds, happily, that there is within a tendency to health; he seeks to direct this force, not to substitute another in its place—to give it free way, and not to oppose it. He is careful in his examinations, and pays the greatest attention to symptoms often light as air, but fraught with danger. He promises charily, because he knows that a scratch may kill in spite of his best efforts; and he generates confidence not by boasting, but by diligent research. On the other hand, the public may detect the quack by his pretension, by his hatred of doctors with diplomas, and by his unblushing promises of cure.

The humbug differs from the quack, because, having neither honesty nor convictions, he is an unmitigated fraud. All successful quackery contains an element of truth. The success which followed the practice of anointing the sword instead of the wound, led to the most important surgical discovery of modern times. Hunter proved that if the wound is let alone it heals; and the success of homœopathy proved a similar principle to be true in medicine, for until the introduction of infinitesimal doses, patients were undoubtedly poisoned by excess of physic. Humbugs are more contemptible than quacks. The latter are sometimes honest, the former never. The quack, like the doctor, sometimes takes his own physic; but it must be owned that both prefer precept to example. The unmitigated humbug is generally an unsuccessful quack driven to his last resource. He travels from state to state, and from city to city. He announces his arrival with a great flourish of advertisements as great doctor this or professor that. He takes the money of his dupes, and gives them nothing in return. There are also minor phases of this same deceit. The men who drive furiously up and down the streets as if they were always in a hurry—who hang about the doors of hotels as if they were hospitals—who fill their waiting-rooms with sham patients—who write long prescriptions in order to share the plunder with the chemists—these are not quacks, but humbugs of the meanest kind.

## Things New and Old.

### Artificial Pearls.

It was about the seventeenth century that it was tried with more or less success to imitate real pearls, and the most successful means to which recourse was had was with the aid of the "Oriental essence," or a pearly-white solution from the scales of the bleak, called guanine. In giving to this product the name "Oriental essence," it was with the intention of keeping the substance secret. In Anjou, although this industry (that is to say, the bleak fishery to obtain the "Oriental essence") is little known, it is no less certain that the fishermen of Ecoufflans and Ponts-de-Cé largely aid the manufacture of imitation pearls, and that they still use this name, or that of bleak white. The scale of the bleak is lubricated by a mucus, which was for a long time considered albuminous, but it is not so. This essence is very abundant, and is difficult to mix with water. It coagulates by heat to a thick white deposit, and becomes black in time if a proper remedy be not applied to prevent this deterioration, especially during the time of intense heat, during which period fishing is at its height in the Loire and the Mayenne. If the scales of the bleak are examined under the microscope, the smallest are found to be nearly round; and if the surface of one of the larger ones is lightly pressed, this "Oriental essence," under the form of a small pearly drop, issues from one of the canals and sticks to the fingers. In this mucilage an infinite number of small, rudimental, pearly scales can be seen. The largest scales are square, nearly rectangular, four times as long as they are wide; each scale has three colourless cylindrical veins. It is to M. Jaquin that this invention is due, all the more fortunate as it remedied the difficulties and bad effects of the pearls made of quicksilver placed in a glass bulb. In Anjou, in order to obtain this "Oriental essence," they only fish for the bleak; however, the scales of the dace furnish it also. The bleak (*Leuciscus alburnus*) is the only river fish which is not used for food; it is a white fish, well known in the running streams and on the flat, sandy coasts of France, where the water is not deep; it is also found in the Seine, Marne, Moselle, Escaut, &c., never descending into the Black Sea, being principally found at the mouth of rivers. In Anjou they spawn on the sand in the months of May and June. For its propagation in certain parts of France, artificial spawning places are made by the aid of heaps of sand, where they multiply. In Anjou, recourse is not had to any artificial means; they breed under the shelter of the flat, sandy coast, thus avoiding becoming the prey of other fishes.

The fishermen use a mesh net, and catch the bleak by thousands as they travel in shoals in the current, taking care not to let them get entangled in the meshes, or wound themselves, or lose a part of their large scales; but above all not to stain themselves with blood. The following is the process of extracting the "Oriental essence":—Men and children, provided with blunt knives, take the fish one after the other and scrape them over a shallow tub, containing a little fresh water. Care is taken not to scale the black or the dorsal part, as these scales are yellow, while the white scales are very valuable. The whole is received



on a horsehair sieve. The first water, mixed with a little blood, is thrown away. The scales are then washed and pressed; the essence settles at the bottom of the tub, and it is then that we have a very brilliant, blue-white, oily mass. Warm water must not be used for the washing, as it would promote fermentation. It takes 40,000 bleaks to furnish two pounds of essence. The fishermen put this guanine in tin boxes, which they fill up with ammonia; the box is then closed and sent to Paris. Others prefer to put it in large-mouthed bottles. If a drop of the essence is taken up by a straw and let fall upon water, the guanine floats, giving forth the most brilliant colours. The intestines of the bleak are thrown away; they are, however, covered with this mucus. There is here great negligence, and, in spite of all the advice given on this subject, the fishermen lose a large part of the produce. This guanine is insoluble in water, in ammonia, and in acetic acid, but combines with sulphuric and other acids. We know that the pancreas also furnishes this substance. There is no doubt that they are wrong to neglect that which covers the intestines; although the yield would be small for each fish, it is none the less true that large quantities could be so obtained.—M. MENIERES (Angers), *Journal of Applied Sciences*.

#### A Fit.

A short time since two fashionable German ladies were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress—

"And does it fit well?" asked one.

"Fits as if I had been melted and poured in."

#### A Situation.

"I cannot conceive," said one nobleman to another, "how it is that you manage. Though your estate is less than mine, I cannot afford to live at the rate you do."

"My lord," said the other, "I have a place."

"A place? You amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray, what place?"

"I am my own steward."

#### The Champion of England.

"The Loiterer," in the *Pictorial World*, gives the following:—

"The Champion of England dropped in upon me the other day. I don't mean the hereditary champion who showed forth on coronation days; I fancy he is extinct, and perhaps his office also a decided anachronism. Nor do I mean the champion of the prize ring; him I know not, nor have ever heard his name. My visitor is named Theodore Nero; he is the champion Newfoundland dog of England. He carries on his collar the record of twenty-one victories, though he has only been exhibited nineteen times. Such a splendid black fellow! He was condescending enough to allow his owner, Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., to accompany him. Talking over dogs, we came upon white Newfoundlands with black spots; and Dr. Stables told me that, since Landseer took to painting them so often, they have been known as the Landseer Newfoundland. This reminds me of a good story of Landseer told by Lord William Lennox. The great painter was expected at Badminton. There was a dispute as to which was the handsomer of two dogs, one a King Charles's spaniel, Dash, belonging to the Duchess of Beaufort,

the other a terrier, the property of a naval officer who is now an admiral. A wager was laid on the subject between the duchess and the captain, of a dozen pairs of gloves against a hunt waistcoat; and it was agreed that Sir Edwin's involuntary remarks on them, no hint of the wager being given, should decide. Dash had the first innings, being in the dining and drawing-rooms all the evening, but Landseer said nothing. Next morning, when they went to the stables, out ran Tyke. "What a beauty!" said Sir Edwin. Tyke was sketched, and is the terrier in that delightful picture, "Dignity and Impudence." The painter and Tyke's owner did not meet for fifteen years, and then by accident in a railway carriage. Landseer looked at the captain with an uncertain, half-recognizing eye; at last, making out who he was, but unable to recall his name, he blurted out 'Tyke!' The great painter of animals evidently remembered dogs better than men."

#### The Clown and the Poet.

When Lord Byron frequented the green-room of Drury Lane, he occasionally met Paulo, the clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was English, not only to the backbone, but to the roots of his tongue, "Paulo" being merely his *nom de théâtre*. His lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany. Paulo was amazed, and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered—

"Yes, sir—I mean, my lord—very likely—just so!"

His lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good night," and walked away.

"Old un," said Paulo to his pantaloons, pointing to the retreating figure, with the well-known black cloak gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot—"see him?"

"Yes."

"Lord Byron—poet."

"I know."

Paulo placed his mouth close to the pantaloons's ear, and whispered—

"Mad—as a hatter!"

#### Wanted.

As illustrating the humorous, Professor Lowell mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since:—

"Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

#### The Doll.

A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter:—

"What have you done with your doll?"

"I have put it away to keep for my children when I grow up."

"But if you shouldn't have any?"

"Ay, well, then it will do for my grandchildren."

#### Better.

George III., speaking to Archbishop Sutton respecting the largeness of his family, made the remark—

"I believe your Grace has better than a dozen?"

"No, sire," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven."

"Well," replied the King, "isn't that better than a dozen?"

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XII.—HEBE.

"STAND back, sir—get off my ground, sir!" cried Sir Hampton, furiously. "Look here, men, this is—er-rum—an assault."

"No, it is not, Sir Hampton," said Pratt, coolly.

"Look here, my good man."

"Your good man, sir?"

"Yes," said Pratt, quietly; and there was something in the little fellow that enforced attention. "You are, I believe, a magistrate here—for the county?"

"Yes, sir; I am, sir; and—er-rum—"

"Be cool—be cool," said Pratt. "You called me a cad just now."

"I did, sir; and——"

"Well, I am a barrister—of the Temple. There is my card."

He stuck the little piece of pasteboard into the magistrate's hand.

"Confound your card, sir! I——"

"Now, now, look here," said Pratt, button-holing him; "don't be cross. Let me ask you this—Is it wise of you—a justice of the peace—to set your men on, right or wrong, to break that peace?"

Sir Hampton Rea stopped short for a moment or two, and then gasped, seemed as if he would choke, and ended by snatching his coat away from Pratt's grasp.

"Darley, Cutbush, come back—go back," he said at last. "These people shall hear from me."

The rat-trap man stood looking coolly at the young bailiff, and the Scotch gardener took a pinch of snuff. Then they slowly followed their master, and the coast was clear.

"You're sure, I suppose, about this tongue of land?" said Pratt. "By Jove! what a rage, though, the old boy was in."

"Sure? yes—oh, yes," said Trevor. "Wasn't it here that they sunk the shaft for the copper mine, Humphrey?"

"Yes, sir, twenty yards farther on, under that clump. It's 'most filled up, though, now."

"To be sure, I recollect the spot well enough now. But this is a bad job, Franky," he continued, in an undertone. "I wanted to be on the best of terms with my neighbours."

"Specially that neighbour," said Pratt, meaningly.

"With all my neighbours," said Trevor.

"You've made a nice beginning, then," said Pratt.

"If there is any fresh upset, Humphrey, let me know; but don't pick a quarrel," said Trevor. "I shall not go any farther to-day."

"Very well, sir," said the bailiff; and then in an undertone, as he stooped and patted the dog, "Kick you, would he, Juno, lass? Never mind, then, he shall have it back some day."

The dog whined and leaped up at him, as he rose again, and looked after his master.

"Well, he's grown into a fine, bold-speaking gentleman," he said to himself; "but I should have liked it better if he'd tackled to and helped me to thrash them two ill-looking fellows."

Meanwhile Trevor and his old schoolfellow had been

walking sharply back towards the house, where they were evidently being watched for by the old butler, Lloyd—the remains of a fine-looking man, for he was bent now, though his eyes were clear and bright.

"I saw you coming across the park, Master Dick," he said, his face shining with pleasure. "You'll have a bit of lunch now, won't you?"

"Early yet, isn't it?" said Pratt.

"I don't think so, sir," said the old butler, austere.

"I'm sure Master Dick requires something after his long walk."

"Yes, yes—that he does," said a rather shrill voice; and an active, grey-haired woman of about fifty came bustling out. She was very primly dressed in black silk, with white muslin kerchief, white holland apron, in whose pockets her hands rested; and her grey hair was carefully smoothed back beneath her plain white muslin cap.

"No, no; it's only twelve o'clock, Mrs. Lloyd," said Trevor, good-humouredly. "I lunch at one."

"You take my advice, Master Dick, and have it now," said the butler.

"Yes, Lloyd, have it brought in; and ask Master Dick if he'll have some of the old claret," said the woman.

"My dear Mrs. Lloyd," said Trevor, smiling, "this is very kind of you—of you both—but I'm not ready for lunch yet. You can both go now. I'll ring when I'm ready."

He led the way into his handsomely furnished study, the beau-ideal of a comfortable room for a man with a mingling of literary and sporting tastes.

"Here, let's sit down and have a cigar," he said, pushing a great leather-covered chair to his friend; "it will smooth us down after our encounter."

"No; I'll fill my pipe," said Pratt, suiting the action to the word, and lighting up, to send big clouds of smoke through the large room.

"You mustn't take any notice of the old butler and housekeeper, Frank," said Trevor, after a pause.

"Don't mean to."

"You see, they've had their own way here since I was a child."

"And now they don't like to give it up?"

"I suppose not. But they mean well. They were always, I can remember, most affectionate to me."

"Yes; they seem to like Master Dick."

"Pish! yes, of course—their way. Sounds stupid, though, Franky; but you can't wonder at it."

"I don't," said Pratt. "But I should put my foot down, I think."

"That I most decidedly shall, and before Van and the little baronet come down."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Pratt, starting; "why those two fellows are coming to-morrow."

"Yes; they'll be here about five."

"And what in the world are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, there's plenty to do—billiards, and cards, and smoking in-doors; fishing and yachting out of doors."

"Yes," said Pratt, with a sigh; "but they'll both be murmuring after the flesh-pots of Pall Mall. You'll have your hands full."

"Never fear," said Trevor; "I shall be able to entertain them. How strange it all seems, though—such a

little while since we were boys at Eton, and now Van a perfect exquisite."

"Landells an imperfect ditto."

"You a barrister."

"Yes," said Pratt, "very barrister, indeed; and you altered into a tawny tar, regularly disguised by Nature." Here there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Trevor, who was sitting in a low, big-backed chair. And then, as the door opened, "Who is it?"

"Hebe!" said Pratt, softly.

"Eh?" said Trevor.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Lloyd said I was to bring this in," said a pleasant little voice; and Trevor swung himself round in his chair, to gaze upon a pretty little, very round-faced girl of about seventeen or eighteen, with smooth brown hair, clear white complexion, rather large eyes, ruddy lips, and a face like fire with confusion. There were the faint traces, too, of tears lately wiped from her eyes, and her pleasant little voice had a plaintive ring in it as, in answer to Trevor's "Eh?" and wondering stare, she repeated her words—

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Lloyd said I was to bring this in."

"And pray what is this?" said Trevor, glancing at the salver the girl carried, bearing a good-sized silver lagon, with chased lid, and a snowy napkin placed through the handle.

"If you please, sir, it's a pint of new milk, beat up with three eggs, three glasses of sherry, and some lump sugar," said the girl.

"And who's it for?" said Trevor.

"For you and the gentleman, sir; Mrs. Lloyd said the sea air must have made you faint."

"Well," said Trevor, "hand it to Mr. Pratt, there."

The girl bore the flagon to Pratt, who took it, but emitted such a volume of strong tobacco smoke that the girl sneezed, and choked, and then looked more scarlet and confused than ever.

"I beg your pardon," said Pratt; and then he raised the flagon to his lips, and took a long draught, wiping the brim afterwards with the napkin. "Splendid, old fellow!" he said. "Take it to—your master."

"And pray who may you be, my dear?" said Trevor, looking critically at the girl, but relieving her from his gaze the next moment, in compassion for her confusion.

"If you please, sir, I'm Aunt Lloyd's niece," said the girl.

"And are you anything here—housemaid, or—?"

"Oh, no, sir, if you please. I am here on a long visit to my aunt; and she said I was to help her."

"Well," said Trevor, setting down the flagon, "tell her the milk was excellent; but she is not to send anything in again without I ring for it. Well, what's the matter?"

The girl was looking in a pitiful way at him, and she remained silent for a few moments, when he spoke again.

"Is anything the matter?"

"Must—must I tell her that, sir?"

"Yes. Why not?" said Trevor.

"Because—because, if you please, sir, I—"

The girl did not finish, but uttered a sob, and ran out of the room.

"Cornwall promises to be a queer place," said Pratt; "but that stuff was heavenly—did you finish it, Dick?"

"Not quite, I think," said Trevor.

"And you sent it away. Oh, Dick!"

The little maid had hardly got outside the door, when Mrs. Lloyd came across the hall, followed at a short distance by the butler, rubbing his hands, smiling feebly, and looking anxious.

"Crying?" said Mrs. Lloyd, sharply. "You little goose!"

"I—I—couldn't help it, aunt, indeed," sobbed the girl.

"Sh! not a sound," said Mrs. Lloyd, sharply; and she caught the girl by the arm. "Did he drink the milk?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Did that other gentleman take any?"

"Yes, aunt—a lot."

"As if he couldn't come home without bringing such a pack with him. Now come into my room, and I'll talk to you, madam. Lloyd, take that waiter."

She led the way into the housekeeper's room, as her husband obediently bore off the flagon to his pantry; and then, shutting the door, she took her seat in a stiff, horsehair-covered chair, looking as hard and prim as the presses and cupboards around.

"Now listen to me," she said, harshly.

"Yes, aunt."

"I'm not going to boast; but what have I done for you?"

"Paid for my schooling, aunt, and kept me three years."

"Where would you have been if it hadn't been for me?"

"Living with Aunt Price at Caerwmylch."

"Starving with her, you mean, when she can hardly keep herself," said Mrs. Lloyd, sharply. "Now, look here, Polly, I've taken you from a life of misery to make you well off and happy; and I will be minded. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Then do as I tell you, exactly. Do you hear?"

"I'll try, aunt."

"Try? You must. Now, then: did he speak to you?"

"Yes, aunt."

"What did he say? Come, speak, child."

"He asked me who I was, aunt; and what I had come for."

"Of course, you silly little thing. There, no more tears. It's dreadful treatment, isn't it, to go in and attend to him a little?"

"Please, aunt, I don't mind that," said the girl.

"No, I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Lloyd. "He's an ogre to look at, isn't he?"

"No, aunt, I think he's a fine, handsome man."

"Not a finer, nor a handsomer, nor a nicer in all Cornwall; and you ought to be fine and pleased to be in the house. And now look here, madam—no more tears, if you please."

"No, aunt."

"And you're always to be nicely dressed, and do your hair well."

"Yes, aunt."

"And keep yourself to yourself, madam. Recollect, please, that you're my niece, staying in the house, and not one of the servants."

"Yes, aunt."

The door opened, and the butler put his head in.

"It's lunch-time now, and I am having the things taken in again."

"That's quite right."

"Do you want to come?"

"Not now; only Mary shall bring in the vegetables."

"Hadn't William better help?" said the butler.

"No, not to-day. There will be a pack more people here to-morrow, and she can't come then. Here, child, take these clean napkins, and be ready to carry them into the dining-room."

"But my face, aunt—won't they see?"

"What—that you have been crying?" said the housekeeper, critically. "No, they won't. Stop here a minute, while I go out into the hall."

The girl, from being scarlet, was now pale, but quite a little "rustic beauty" all the same; and she stood by the linen press, looking very troubled, while Mrs. Lloyd went back into the hall, where Trevor had stepped out to speak to the butler.

"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Lloyd," he said, in a quiet, decided tone of voice. "I was just speaking to Lloyd about one or two little matters. Of course, I feel the highest respect for both you and your worthy husband."

"Thank you, Master Dick," said the housekeeper, stiffly.

"Yes, that's it," said Trevor. "And of course you can't help looking upon me as the boy you were almost father and mother to at one time."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Lloyd, stiffly; "but you don't mean to turn us away now you have grown a man?"

"God forbid!" said Trevor, earnestly. "While I live, this is your home, and I shall interfere but little with you in the conduct of the house. But I take this opportunity of saying that I must ask of you both to remember—old friends as well as old servants of the family—that I have now come back to take my position here as the master of Penreife, and that, in speaking to me before visitors, 'Master Dick' sounds rather childish. That will do, Mrs. Lloyd. Yes, Lloyd, you can bring in some of the claret."

He walked into the dining-room, the quiet, calm man of the world, with enough dignity and self-assertion to show the housekeeper that the days of her rule had departed for ever.

"That's going to sea, that is," she muttered. "That's being used to order people about, and being an officer. But we shall see, Master Dick—we shall see!"

And with a quick, spasmodic twitching of her hands, as she smoothed down her apron, she went back muttering to her own room.

A KISS.—A country girl coming from the fields was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by dew. "No, indeed," was the simple reply, "that wasn't his name."

COMPOSITION.—An editor out West, who thinks the wages demanded by compositors an imposition, has discharged his hands, and intends doing his own typesetting in future. He says:—"owING To the eXorbiTant WAgES dEMANdEd by priuteRT wE hAve ConCluded To do ouR o Wn tYpe sEtTing in the fuTuRe,; ANd ALThouGH we never lEaUed TqE BuSIness we dO Not see eNy gReAt mAsTeryery in tHE aRt."

## A Pipe of Tobacco.

"Put this in your pipe, and smoke it."

"HE who doth not smoke, hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrow which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that: Jupiter, hang out thy balances, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed." So wrote the immortal bard—immortalized alike by his own genius, and the caustic parodies of the same which Mr. Thackeray gave to the world under the guise of the "Yellow-plush Papers."

"The soverane weede," as Spenser called it, has had many historians, and has been perhaps the best praised as well as the most denounced of any "herb-bearing seed" upon the face of all the earth. Popes have cursed it, kings have "Counterblaste"-ed it, poets have sung it, martyrs have died for it; and in these later days of civilization and enlightenment, when about two million tons is the world's estimated consumption per annum, the weed has achieved its apotheosis in the establishment of the British Anti-Tobacco Society!

The use of tobacco may be traced back to an era old enough to satisfy the keenest stickler for the antiquity of the practice, if he is not too nice as to his authorities. The tombs at Thebes are said to contain the representation of a smoking party, and a legend of the Greek church ascribes the inebriation of the patriarch Noah to the temptation of the devil by means of tobacco. Coming down to later times, the numerous pipes of a primitive form which have been found on Roman sites, alongside other genuine Roman remains, amply warrant the pleasant fancy which pictures the Roman legionary indulging the luxury of a pipe to beguile his dreary outlook from the bleak Northumberland outposts of imperial civilization. The first week of November, 1492, made the Europeans acquainted with the Indian custom of tobacco smoking. But though the habit was a novelty to Columbus and his sailors, the aborigines of Central America had rolled up the tobacco leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries ages before Columbus was born or Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan court.

Mr. Fairholt,\* the historian of the weed, does not attach much importance to what he terms the "wild assertions and conjectures which presuppose the monstrous improbability that the world had smoked on unwittingly for some three thousand years, and then accepted the weed from the aborigines of America as a new gift." But we are loth to abandon an idea that seemed to evoke a new bond of sympathy between the ancient classic world and our own.

\* "Tobacco: its History and Associations. Including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, with its Mode of Use in all Ages and Countries."—London: Chatto and Windus.

One thing is certain, "the little tube of magic power" has its representatives on many "ancient monuments;" and we prefer, for our own part, to regard the pencilings of the ingenious artists "as the faithful sketches of the pipe they loved wisely if not too well," rather than accept the prosaic explanation which accounts for these old-world drawings as representations, not of smoking, but glass-blowing.

Jean Nicot, ambassador to the Portuguese Court in 1559, has given the name which is still preserved to us as Nicotine, the scientific synonym for the essential oil the tobacco plant contains. Steadily and quietly the art of smoking made its way in Europe, until, about ten years after its introduction, we find the commencement of allusions to its prevalence in English authors, amongst the earliest of whom may be mentioned "rare Ben Jonson," who, in "Every Man in his Humour," describes a character, one Sogliardo, as "an essential clown, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it if he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco."

What we now call smoking was at this period generally termed drinking tobacco. Samuel Rowlands, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth and James, and whose works are now exceedingly rare, declares that—

"Much victuals serves for gluttony to fatten men like swine,  
But he's a frugal man indeed that with a leaf can dine,  
And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,  
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe."

The commencement of the seventeenth century was the golden age of tobacco. It received a larger amount of literary notice at this time than ever after fell to its share. "The Metamorphosis of Tobacco" was a curious poem, by an unknown author, dedicated to Michael Drayton. Ben Jonson mentions the weed frequently in his plays, as does Marston, and Butler in his "Hudibras." On the title page of Middleton's comedy, "The Roaring Girl," appears a portrait of Mary King, better known as Moll Cutpurse (1), that "bold virago,



(1)

stout and tall," in the costume of a man, smoking tobacco. The upper part of the cut is here given in *fac-simile*. This lady was a noted character in her day, and varied her profession occasionally as a fortune-teller, pickpocket, thief, highwayman (she robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath), or forger, as accident

suitied. She died of dropsy in the seventy-fifth year of her age; "but," says Granger, "would probably have died sooner if she had not smoked tobacco."

Ladies have been known to indulge in the weed from its first introduction, and many of the maidens of Spain and South America still practise the habit, as not a few elderly ones in England. Appended is a

copy of a curious female portrait (2), painted about 1650, in which a fair lady with tobacco box in hand is enjoying the solace of a pipe, which she wields in the graceful and ladylike manner for which, Miss Pardoe tells us, the daughters of the *Grande Monarque* were celebrated.

King James's famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco" is well known, and certainly the Royal author was not



(2)

sparing in his terms of condemnation of the weed. He declared it to be "the lively image and pattern of hell," and his Majesty professed that "were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes—1st, a pig; 2nd, a pole of ling and mustard; and 3rd, a pipe of tobacco for digesture." The duty on tobacco in his day was twopence per pound, but James raised it to six shillings and tenpence, which, as a matter of course, gave rise to smuggling.

Cromwell sent his troopers to trample down the growing crops of tobacco wherever they found them, and the soldiers revenged themselves by smoking at his funeral.

In Charles the Second's reign, tobacco smoking once more became popular, but it was during the reign of Anne that the custom obtained its greatest height in England. Addison, Congreve, Phillips, Prior, and Steele were all smokers, whilst Pope and Swift took it in the form of snuff. In later days, Cowper, Goethe, and Heine were opposed to the practice; but the gentle Elia, Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, and Byron delighted in its enjoyment, as do the present Laureate, Tennyson, and the philosophic Carlyle.

The form which the pipe has taken has been most varied. This engraving (3) represents a few selected from many hundreds by Mr. T. Crofton Croker, author of "The Fairy Legends of Ireland," who devoted much attention to this subject.

Fig. 2 was found in a Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester. The rest are chiefly of Irish origin.

The Persians invented the luxurious mode of drawing the tobacco smoke through waters, and so cooling it before it was inhaled. The mechanism of one of these elaborate contrivances is seen in the next cut (4).

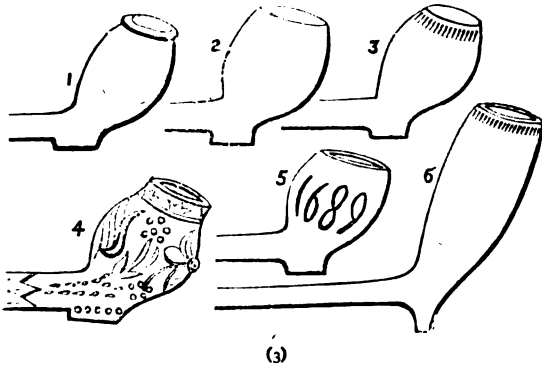
The hookah, however, is the acme of that luxuriousness in which Eastern taste has far outshone all other nations in the costly character of the pipes used by its grandees. This one, for instance, is the correct sort of



thing to use, should any of our readers aspire to the regal solemnity of taking a pipe with the Grand Turk (5).

To Catherine de Medicis is attributed the first use of tobacco in the form of snuff, which became of course a fashionable habit with the court party, and equally so an abomination to the Protestants. The ingenuity of French art led to the introduction of all kinds of expensive snuff boxes, of which the engraving here given shows a specimen, back and front, copied from a finely sculptured ivory (6).

Snuff-taking, though very much decreased in practice, is still by no means extinct. Professor Wilson loved



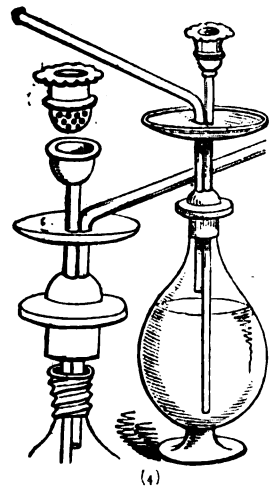
(3)

it well, and the late Dr. Guthrie is said to have dispensed with a box by filling his waistcoat pocket!

The use of tobacco for smoking is, if figures are to be trusted, largely on the increase at the present day; and we are inclined to join with Mr. Fairholt in taking a philosophical and charitable view of this, which after all "is but one of the minor indulgences of life, and which, as a comfort to the poor and a luxury to the rich, unites all classes in a common pleasure."

We cannot do better than conclude this monograph on the weed by an extract from a recent paper by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, published in an American magazine last November, and written in the charming style for which Nathaniel Hawthorne's son is already becoming celebrated:—

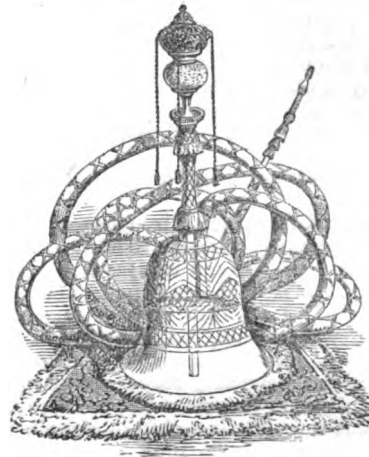
"Much thought, supplemented by no little experience, has led me to prefer the pipe before all other methods of tobacco using. But there are pipes and pipes—from the Irishman's black cutty to the jewelled hookah of Turkey's Sultan. One's choice must be determined by



(4)

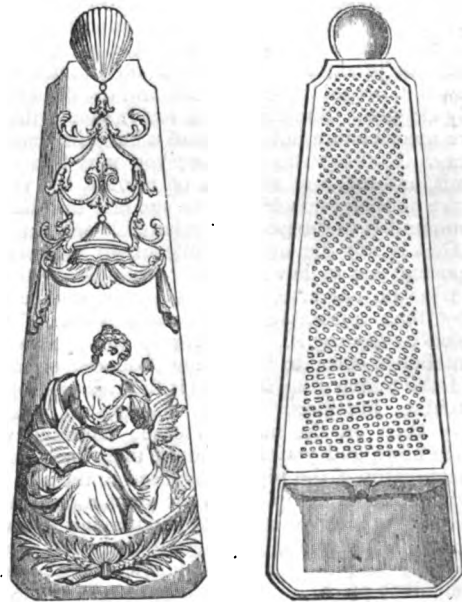
taste and temperament. You may often study a man through his pipes, and the tobacco he puts in them: the nature ever shapes the equipment. Be it observed, however, that the same man smokes not al-

ways the same pipe. If the Irishman becomes Governor of New York, perhaps he will set up a meerschaum; the Sultan, deposed and driven into exile, may content himself with a briar-wood. As to tobacco, it varies in strength as the head and stomach, and also as the



(5)

years. In college, we used to smoke Cavendish and perique in Gambier clays, which speedily grew jet-black in the face, and even broke into a sable sweat when hard run.



(6)

"In styles of pipe I have experimented largely; have sounded the gamut of plain clay, Gambier, meerschaum (and chip), charcoal, porcelain, and briar. The plain clay—the cutty—is workmanlike and democratic. I think I should adopt it if I were running for

high office. Gambier is rather fantastic, but colours as easily as sweet sixteen. To me it is an objection that, being made in moulds, I know not how many thousand people may be puffing at the twin brother or sister of that between my fingers. As for the charcoals, they promised well, and were not without their season of popularity. There was something of classic elegance and simplicity in their smooth, black dress and silver trimming. But they didn't wear well, somehow; they broke and got incurable croup, and of course never altered their colour for better or worse. And the porcelain was hard and harsh, heating and unabsorbent.

"So the question finally lay between meerschaum and briar.

"Now, than a fine piece of true meerschaum, nothing is more fascinating, sweeter, handsomer. Mark its tender, creamy tint, its soft fine lustre, its smooth texture. Lift it—it is light as a sponge; and you can almost indent it by the pressure of your fingers. You fill it (rather, if you are wise, you fill a false bowl set on to it), and as you draw in the smoke, you can almost see the delicate brown flushing deeper and deeper through the white. By slow degrees, lest you overheat it, with most jealous care, lest you chip or scratch it, do you prosecute the experiment, until after some weeks or months the point of perfection is attained. Not always, however, nor indeed often, is success in meerschaum colouring met with. In the first place, instead of meerschaum it turns out to be 'chip,' which is shavings of meerschaum welded together, and so recut; the pipes look well enough in the shop, but all the sponginess and delicacy are lost; the oil cannot penetrate, or comes out in blotches here and there; the bowl becomes rusty and dirty; all the perique in the world can produce nothing better on it than a dirty yellow tint, irregularly distributed, and the draught gets easily clogged. Similar is the result should the pipe prove meerschaum indeed, but of a hard, impenetrable variety. Nothing can be done; you may boil it, and burn it, and make it all sorts of colours, but you can deceive neither yourself nor any one else into thinking it comparable to the genuine, inimitable sea-foam.

"This is not the only trouble about meerschaum. Supposing you to have secured a fine piece—the best piece in the universe, say—you would not be more happy than miserable. The whole universe seems leagued to destroy it. You fear to put it away, lest harm should come to it in your absence; equally do you dread taking it up, for there is the risk of dropping, scratching, breaking. While smoking it, you cautiously keep on the morocco case: handling would soil the bowl, and you have heard that the colouring oil evaporates if the pipe be exposed to the air. The longer and more completely your precautions are successful, the greater your anxiety and nervous apprehension; and if, after all (it generally ends so), the cherished, the inimitable, the invaluable meerschaum is broken all to pieces, your agonizing sense of loss pays dear for your season of uneasy ecstasy.

"This ever-present excitement and unrest is destructive to the peace and comfort which should attend thoughts of pipe smoking. Our pipe should be our refuge and solace rather than our care and torment. You will seldom find a smoker of age and experience indulging his habit through a costly and fragile me-

dium. Possibly, if he be rich, he will have you to his cabinet, and parade before you a choice specimen of 'real Vienna;' but you will notice that the clay is still virgin, and having carefully locked it back in the cabinet, your experienced friend picks up some battered, disreputable-looking old corn-cob or other, which he loads and fires with a sigh of relief and satisfaction; and when he is through smoking, he throws the corn-cob carelessly on the table, nor careth he should it fall thence to the floor;—bless you! the corn-cob can stand it. Be not deceived by this seeming neglect, however. Trust me, your wise friend loves corn-cob from his heart, and would feel its loss there, while the 'choice Vienna's' evanishment would chiefly harm his pocket.

"We vote for briar-wood, then? Well, at any rate, it behoves us in this place to speak of it. There is a charm about a fine briar, as regards tint, texture, and gloss, not so captivating as meerschaum, of course, but a very substantial, legitimate charm, nevertheless. It is a genuine natural product: nothing about it is artificial except the shaping; it has been neither baked, moulded, nor painted. A new briar has a very clear and wholesome look, connecting itself in the mind with a sense of strength and durability. The pale salmon colour of the wood is curiously mottled and streaked, giving the pipe a piquant interest such as no plain, unvariegated wood, whatever its tint, could possess. You are conscious of a feeling of good humour and easy familiarity towards the thing—a sentiment that may easily ripen into warm regard or love: very different from the awful reverence and fearful affection inspired by the immaculate meerschaum. Here is a pipe—handsome, sincere, and practical; useful in rain or shine; superior to morocco cases, indifferent to knocks and scratches; a pipe innocent of false bowls and buttons; withal a pipe which will last your lifetime, and mellow in taste and appearance year by year. An inexpensive pipe, lastly, and one where expense will be no risk. These considerations, supplemented by the accident of coming across a remarkably fine specimen, were potent enough, some ten years ago, to influence me. I bought a briar-wood with all the fervour of youthful enthusiasm; nor has the cooling of a decade of winters moved me to regret the deed."

COLIN BROWNE.

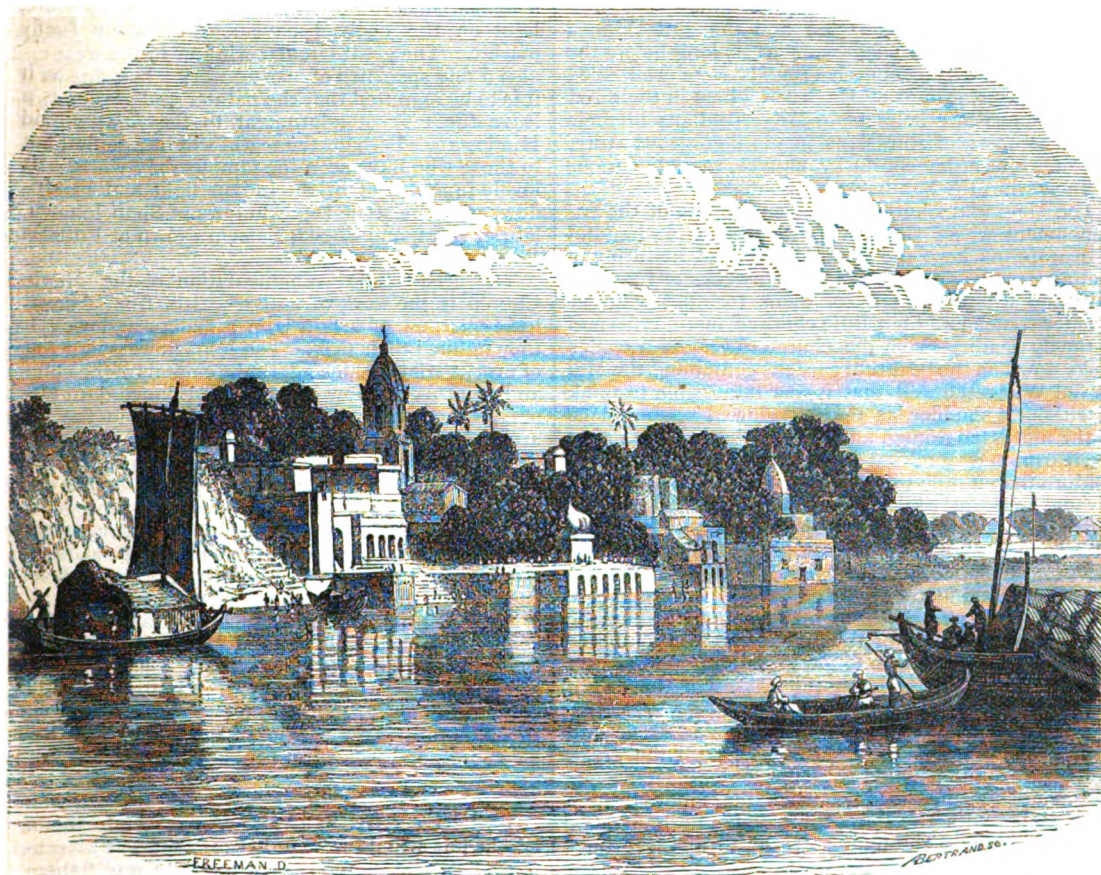
THE BRIDGE.—Two Dutch settlers in Canada, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to purchase a few planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighbouring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge." "How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer. "Not more ash five to'llar," replied the Dutchman. "Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes, and giving him the other; "take this note, and go and get the bridge repaired. It is the best course you can take." "Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly; "yaas, dat ish more petter ash quarrel mit Hans." But as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

### A Visit to Cawnpore.

THE name of Cawnpore is one that will always be remembered in English history as that of a place as famous as, perhaps more so than, the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta. For the horrors in connection with the latter were as much due to blundering ignorance and indifference to the prisoners' fate as to barbarity; and it is only fair to give the author of the troubles credit for meaning only to imprison his captives, regardless of their fate, and not for any desire to mas-

sisters, and daughters—and of tiny, innocent children. Their religious scruples did not touch them here, and we all know what followed.

Cawnpore is written in letters of blood in the history of India, and its tragedies are even now spoken of with bated breath by all who recall the horrible news that thrilled England through and through. But more peaceable memories are beginning to cling to it as well, and the following account of the present state of the famous river by the Ganges may not be uninteresting.



GHAT AT CAWNPORE.

sacre them. But the Cawnpore atrocity was mixed up with so much cold-blooded treachery, cruelty, and desire to exterminate one and all, that it stands almost alone in the history of civilization.

The tale is a well-told one—how rumours of dissatisfaction began to run through India, and how the refined and high caste religious people made an excuse for their revolt that they were expected to handle cartridges that had been greased with the fat of pigs, the mere touching of which would defile their hands—hands that they did not scruple to defile with the blood of brave men, of true-hearted Englishwomen—wives,

Five years after the terrible tragedy, and when peace once more reigned in India, it was determined to erect some memorial to the martyrs who were slain in the city and on the river. This memorial, it was decided, should be a church, and the first stone was laid in 1862.

India is not a place of progress; on the other hand, it shows decadence in many places, and, consequently, where there is an advance it is a slow one. These torrid regions are not suited to rapid, energetic effort; and it was not till a few weeks since that the church was ready for consecration, a ceremony which has just

been performed by Dr. Milman, the Bishop of Calcutta. The East Indian Railway Company generously offered to convey by special train, for any distance and free of charge, all who were able and willing to attend so solemn and impressive a ceremony. Sir John Strachey invited every civilian who could possibly be spared to be present on the occasion. The result was that hundreds of visitors from many towns and stations throughout the north-western provinces (as also from Oude) were converging on Cawnpore. The train in which I travelled contained at least two hundred visitors from Allahabad alone.

The scene partook as much of the nature of a military as a religious spectacle; and the dark-skinned natives looked on in silent wonder as, long before the appointed hour, the church grounds were well filled with carriages, groups of English soldiers in their red jackets and white helmets, of Anglo-Indians in their plain costumes, of Eurasians in more gorgeous attire, and of white-turbaned, dusky natives, vaguely curious to know what the Sahibs were about.

The Memorial Church stands on the site of the entrenchment where General Wheeler and his handful of Europeans kept the Nana Sahib and his army of mutineers at bay during the terrible weeks of June and July, and where so many of them, together with our countrywomen and their little children, met a cruel and untimely death. From the church tower the traveller looks down on the beautiful gardens containing the Memorial Well—the well that it was impossible to think of without a shudder, as the unhallowed resting-place of the mutilated women and children hurled down after the fearful massacre that was so amply avenged.

More than a mile to the south stands the half-ruined Sivada house at which the Nana had a battery, and which is now being repaired by its owner, a Cawnpore *mahajan*, or merchant and money-lender. At about the same distance lies the *ghat* where the defenders were fired upon as they were embarking for Allahabad, after being assured that they might go in peace by the treacherous followers of the Nana, who were as faithless as the Afghans who followed Sale's brigade in its memorable retreat through the passes of the north-west.

The engraving represents the riverside scene and *ghat* or landing-place of Cawnpore, with the great, sacred, crocodile-haunted river flowing on past mosque and temple, as in the days when the muddy waters were fouled with the stains of blood, and body after body was swept away by the stream, to find a resting-place unhallowed and unknown.

On every side stretches the great plain of Hindostan, bounded only by the round horizon, level as the sea, and with the monotonous brown of its sands relieved by dark lines of trees and far-away flashes of the Ganges; while close at hand are the busy signs of peace, and it seems hard to believe that such a tragedy could ever have been performed here.

The church is noticeable for its architecture, as well as for its hallowed memories. It measures 152 ft. from east to west, and 80 ft. from north to south. Its spire is about 110 ft. or 120 ft. high. The building material is red brick and reddish-grey sandstone, of which the naturally obtrusive colour is relieved by the shade of the loophole fenestrations of the lower, and of the deeply-cut, close row of lancet windows in the upper,

line of the building. Inside, the general effect is very pleasing. The two sides of the nave contain eight piers, with, between each pair, two circular columns supporting round arches, over which rise the thirty-six pointed arches of the galleries. The alternate reds and greys of these last relieve the rather monotonous white of the nave walls and vaulted roof. The lancet windows, beautifully coloured, are inscribed with the names of their donors. The vaulted ceiling of the chancel is painted with fleecy clouds on a sky dark blue and interspersed with stars.

In the east end a double window—the ornament of a semicircular row of five—threw its flood of gorgeous light on the chancel pavement of white Jodhpore marble. The great circular window in the west end is also a fine specimen of artistic work; but, fine as it is, it is to be regretted that the painter and glazier did not leave the task of adornment to the *jalee* worker of Hindostan. Perhaps the regret will be intelligible only to those who have seen the famous *jalee* work, with its lovely interplay of bright Indian light and black shadow, as in the stone-lace windows of Shah Jehan's palace at Agra, and Sheikh Suleem's town at Futtehpore Sikri.

The architectural ornamentation of the Memorial Church is the work of native artists from Agra—the head-quarters of art in Upper India—and well have they fulfilled their task. The lotus flowers and foliage of every variety, which adorn the capitals of the columns and great piers, show a grace of outline and an eye for perspective which are too often wanting in the grand architectural monuments of Upper India.

Never had memorial service a significance so pathetic and sorrowful. Every accessory of the service was in keeping with the main idea. The musicians were the well-trained bandmen of the 65th Regiment, stationed at Lucknow, who led, with their rich and solemn harmonies, the long train of English and Hindoo clergymen up the main passage of the church.

Altogether it was a most successful and satisfactory ceremonial, and could not be without its effect upon the natives, who would learn that, though England is swift to avenge wrong and stern in reprisals, she is not without the tender motherly feelings of a parent whose thoughts turn to the welfare of her children in the far-off shores, and is ready to mourn the memory of her dead.

**THE REIGN OF TERROR.**—An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

**COSTLY.**—The elephant howdah in which the Prince of Wales made his entrance into Baroda was of fine gold, worth £40,000. The elephant trappings were of cloth of gold, and the animal, like the fourteen others in the procession, was beautifully painted and otherwise decorated.

**LIVELY.**—The person who sent an effusion entitled "Nothing but Flowers" to a paper for publication, is on the sharp edge of mortification. The poem appeared as "Nothing but Fleas." When the compositor was reasoned with, he said he thought there ought to be something lively about the poem.



## The Wrecks of Arginusæ.

BY PLIMSOLLIDES.

"History repeats itself."

## SCENE IV.

*The feast of Apaturia at the house of DION, ÆNONE'S father. The first arrival among the guests is HIRAM.*

*Enter HIRAM to DION.*

*Dion.* Hiram, my friend, I'm glad to see you here. 'Tis long since last we met. And how this year Hath business gone with you?

*Hiram.* I've little done Till late. But, happily, the news we'd won At Arginusæ reached me somewhat soon (Chares, your friend, conferred on me that boon). And knowing some who held desponding views, I bought their ships before they heard the news.

*Dion.* Ah! good, indeed, and served the cowards right:

Despair in merchants is as bad as flight In soldiers. If to fight our country's foes We lend no hand, we may at least repose Our confidence in her. Though oft perplexed Myself, my country first, my pocket next, Has been my rule through life.

*Hiram.* O, sir! 'Tis known What love for Athens you have always shown.

*Dion.* They know it now; but many years ago My envious rivals coolly tried to show That I it was who did my pockets fill With price of spear-heads sent to Thrace to kill Our Attic troops.

*Enter CIMON.*

Friend Cimon knows the tale.

*Cimon.* Ænone bade me say you must not fail To send her slave to Chares' house to get Her casket, which before the supper's set She needs.

*Dion.* Excuse me, Cimon knows the plan By which I won my case. *[Exit DION.]*

*Cimon.* The dear old man! He's on his spear-head case again, no doubt. Full twenty times I've heard it all throughout.

*Hiram.* And I. What news from Athens hast thou brought?

*Cimon.* There is no business done; but men are wrought

To frenzy on this matter of the wrecks.

None heed the victory, while each mourner decks Himself in black, regardless of the day; And chance survivors straggle in and say There was no storm—no storm which could prevent The crews from giving aid, had ships been sent.

*Hiram.* It must be clear to all that grievous blame Doth lie at some one's door. Was Chares' name E'er mentioned?

*Cimon.* Aye, sir, that it was. I fear— But say no more. Our worthy host I hear. It will go hardly with the generals now.

Quite lost to justice, men are heard to vow That instant vengeance they will have; and those There are who fear what trial may disclose, And seek to hide the truth, saying that all Together tried shall either stand or fall.

*Enter DION with the guests, CHARES among them. ÆNONE comes last, looking wildly excited, and carrying a casket.*

*Dion.* Come, seat yourselves, my friends. Behold this seat,

My child—for thee and Chares here. How fleet A messenger was thine. *[Said to ÆNONE.]*

*Ænone.* It had been sent, I find, this casket, ere the servant went.

I'll set it here. *[DION is going to open it.]*

I pray you to refrain.

We will not open it yet. It doth contain Most costly things, and wrought with various art. Methinks the sight will almost break the heart Of some who're here.

*Dion.* Well, you shall have your way; But sit you down, and let me have my say.

My friends, at festal seasons such as these, It is our wont to tell of things that please.

What I shall tell I hope will please, although Festal is scarce the word this year, I know.

I see around too many chairs unfilled By men of whom we cannot say they spilled Their blood for Athens. They were truly brave; But sloth; or worse, stretched out no hand to save, And doomed our sailors to a watery grave— Cursed be the men through whom such sorrow came!— A shame to Athens and the Grecian name.

But still the world moves on. We must not bar The happiness of youth, nor selfish mar Its weal. 'Tis well to pluck the ripened fruit, Whate'er the season be. Full long his suit Hath Chares pressed for fair Ænone's hand; And now he doth both ample means command, And credit fair. And this, my darling child, E'en as I wished, upon his suit has smiled.

*Ænone.* Kindred and friends. I know you'll doubtless think

It better suits with virgin grace to shrink, And blush, and smile, than thus to throw aside Before you all the maiden's modest pride, And stand to speak. My friends, I think so too. But I have learned such things that, if they're true, So dreadful are—so freeze the tender heart, That if in telling I should now depart

From modest maiden ways, you'll pardon me.

*All.* Ænone—speak, dear girl; we'll pardon thee.

*Ænone.* E'en now my father spake of that dark cloud, Which, wrapped about our victory like a shroud, Distorts its glorious form. The nation mourns: Grief enters here. Zoë, my earliest friend, Beside her hearth with clasped hands doth bend Her cherished head, and in the winds that moan About her ears she hears the dying groan Of him she loves. Hopeless of all relief She sits, and rocks the cradle of her grief. Behold this vacant seat, and these around our board, This all is that man's work, that man abhorred.

*Chares* (*shaking DION by the arm, who looks stupefied*). Rouse up, old man. The girl hath lost her head.

Dion, I say, why don't you have her led From out the room? Too great upon her brain Of Zoë's grief hath been the painful strain.

*Dion.* Sir, hold thy peace, and let my daughter speak. List, now she speaks again.



*Ænone.* Oh! I am weak,  
 Ye gods, support me. Friends, this casket, see,  
 This very morn did Chares give it me.  
 "A festal gift," he said, and kissed my brow.  
 It then was filled with jewels. There—see now  
*[Taking papers out of the casket.]*  
 The fair contents. What are they, do you say?  
 Think you they're sonnets, or a tender lay  
 Of some past love? Then had they seen the flame,  
 Nor had you heard from me one word of blame.  
 They're something more than that. There's here set  
 down  
 The victims whom this monster sought to drown;  
 The victims' names, the sum on each assured,  
 The bribes by which their drowning was secured.  
*[To CHARES, advancing towards him in fury.]*  
 Here, take thy gems. Begone! Thou art a stain  
 Upon our Attic soil. If e'er again  
 Thy face is seen, the hemlock shalt thou drain.  
 Go forth, thou beast of prey! The friendly night  
 Will hide thee. Pass—pass from our loathing sight!  
*[She follows him to the door. Exit CHARES.]*  
*ÆNONE then falls exhausted into CIMON'S arms.*  
*Enter a Servant bringing another casket exactly*  
*like the former. HIRAM takes it and looks in.*  
*Hiram.* The mystery's explained. Chares for once,  
 The gods be praised, hath blundered like a dunce.  
 I'm truly glad that, by the Fates' decree,  
 Our sweet Ænone hath been thus set free.

*[To DION.]*

Dion, look there. It's long by all been seen,  
 By all but thee, where that girl's heart has been.  
 Call her to thee. For follies past atone,  
 And let her call her Cimon now her own.  
*Dion.* My children, come; forgive my follies past.  
 I have been foolish—I am wise at last.  
*[He joins their hands and blesses them.]*

THE END.

### What the Chinese think of Us.

THE author of "Ecce Homo," which has been justly spoken of as one of the most remarkable theological works of the past quarter of a century, remarks: "If the Christian ages be compared with those of Heathenism, they are found worse as well as better; and it is possible to make it a question whether mankind has gained on the whole." Few portions of the work aroused more hostile criticism than this. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who seems to have, generally, great appreciation of the book, took exception to the passage. He regards the question whether "mankind has gained on the whole?" as "carried by the airs of heaven out of the ocean of argument into the haven—for us, at least—of admitted truth." He appeals to a variety of social changes, the result of Christianity; enumerating, amongst them, "the creation and visible growth of some idea of right as between nations, however separated; the acknowledgment of peace, and not war, as the natural and normal state of man."

Many people, both in America and at home, are puzzled to account for the little impression that Western religion and civilization have made upon the Chinese. Many of the leading and best-informed natives are familiar

with both. Why, then, do they not profess Christianity, and adopt the manners and customs of the West? Possibly the attention given to these subjects is far greater than may be supposed. The truth rather seems to be that Western religion and Western civilization do not commend themselves to the Chinese mind. It needs no stretch of imagination to suppose that a question similar to that suggested by the author of "Ecce Homo" may often have been considered by the Chinese. "Would not the evils of a new religion and a new civilization be greater than their good—would the country on the whole be a gainer?" How often may some such question have been considered by native minds? It is, of course, easy to point out the advantages China would derive from the changes recommended, and how superior is the Western mode of life to that of the East. But such attempt is useless. It is not thus that China will be converted and civilized. It is doubted whether European intercourse with China, in its moral and religious aspects, has not been a failure. True, we have established important commercial stations, we have done and are doing a large and important trade with her; yet the "barbarian" is still an unwelcome visitor; and there is good reason to fear, from recent circumstances, that the natives would, had they the power, exclude foreigners altogether. Instead of throwing all the blame of the matter upon the Chinese, and condemning their superstitions, ignorance, and hatred, it might be well to occasionally put ourselves in their place, attempting to "see ourselves as others see us." To do so would, of course, open up a wide field; and we can now look only on one part of it. Consider for a moment the connection of religion and war. The traditions of China are peaceful; her sages dwell upon the blessings of peace, and the happiness that attends industry. Records of bloodshed and battle, which it has been but too truthfully said have "made" European history, are comparatively infrequent in the history of China. The national proverb to the effect that good men are not used for soldiers is eminently suggestive, and tells at once of the peaceful character of the population of this vast empire.

It might be thought that to such a people a religion of peace would at once have commended itself. And it is as a religion of peace that Christianity has been represented to them; for "peace and not war" is "the normal state of man." But how may the profession have seemed to the Chinese? If the foreigner came with words of peace, did not he also bring war? Who have been their teachers in the art of war? If peace was the profession, was not war the practice? The nations which say they glory in peace show a power and a readiness to slaughter each other which must astonish the Chinese. When outsiders, and indeed Englishmen, too, have not hesitated to speak of the first war with China as eminently unjust, what can the Chinese themselves think of it? In fact, the idea is yet common amongst the Chinese that foreigners want to dispossess them of their country; and that our intentions, masked under a show of commerce and philanthropy, are aggressive and hostile. It is no easy matter to eradicate such ideas from a country situated like China, and to disseminate among the people true notions of our desires. Where we speak of peace, she may see only the parade of war; while if she inquire as to the state of Europe or America, she will learn of wars and rumours

of wars which, for the suffering, destruction, and desolation they cause, are without parallel in her own history, and surpass the utmost conceptions of her rulers.

Truly, we need hardly wonder at the distrust of foreigners by the Chinese, nor need we be surprised at their reluctance to accept us as their teachers and guides.

### Doomed Houses.

A WALK over the ground reveals the great magnitude of the undertaking, and further, what an incalculable boon will be conferred upon the parish, the owners of property, and even the existing inhabitants, by the requirements of the Midland; for there can hardly be fouler spots in the parish of St. Pancras than some of the courts and streets that will be swept away, and once more thrown open to the purifying influence of fresh air. The Midland grand hotel now overshadows, with its palatial walls, Skinner-street, a one-sided row of small and most unwholesome shops, with edibles only for the hungry, and clothes for the very poor. Narrow, dirty, and dangerous are the prevailing features of Skinner-street; and if by chance the passer-by should see, standing at the entrance to their quarters, two or three of the female servants of the hotel, with their clean print dresses and faces not unfamiliar with water, it will present such a contrast of light and shade that the mind dooms Skinner-street and its surroundings to speedy extinction, for "its own and country's good." But Skinner-street is respectable compared to the devious and tortuous courts and streets which occupy the ground between there and Ossulston-street. Years of usefulness will hardly destroy the taint of vice, the wail of misery, the brutalizing influence of overcrowding with which the place reeks. Nests of wickedness, schools of infamy abound, and, shut out from the great thoroughfares, they have for years wallowed in their own filth, neglected as homes, a shelter only for the thief, the prostitute, and the *gamin*. The shrieks of beaten women, the quarrels of drunken men, and domestic broils are nearly unheeded here. The guardian of the law very seldom ventures to interfere, and the neighbours who can hear regard these matters very lightly. One by one as the leases fall in the houses are emptied, so that to some extent the evils have diminished, and the tenants who are left do not remain for the comfort afforded by their domiciles, for what little light ever struggles through the grime of the usual glass is further arrested by the draught-preventing substitute of brown paper. The brickwork is here and there loose and jagged; the doors worn, paintless, and well-nigh useless; and the general appearance one that piteously seems to ask for a change, even though it be destruction. At the corner of one of these streets, there till lately resided a house agent, who, in announcing outside the various attractive branches of his professional avocations, gave significant prominence to "Rents Collected;" and there can be little doubt that it required some training and experience to collect rents in this neighbourhood. It would be interesting to inquire to whom these wretched tenements belonged to, and if the owner or owners were aware who and what the tenants were. Perhaps they belonged to some one higher in the social

scale than might be imagined—some one who took the proceeds of this "house property" from the agent and asked no questions: the income was regular, and no one complained. It would even have been more interesting to have interviewed that agent, to have learnt how he proceeded with his formidable and dangerous tenants, if he was familiar with wretched women begging for "time," Jack being in "a little trouble," or whether it was found possible to secure their retreat by always finding enough for the rent. However, the agent has retreated, his office is closed there for ever, and he has removed, as per written notice on a much bill-posted door, to other and far more salubrious quarters. The whole of these wretched abodes, right through from Skinner-street to Ossulston-street westward, are doomed, and the march of the Midland's improvements will purify a plague spot.

Ossulston-street is somewhat better, and when one side of it (the worst), is down, and the width of the roadway increased, it will hold its own with more pretentious thoroughfares. At present the doomed half consists of a number of small, unhealthy-looking houses, with kitchen cellars lighted by gratings, inhabited mostly by the boot-mending and mangling interest, shops, mysterious and muggy—mysterious as to their private capacities for living, and muggy by reason of the wares blocking out what little light the low roofs and dust-encrusted windows permit of. The Jew clothier, with his revived garments and insinuating generosity, appears loth to go, as does also the hatter with his shining bargains. A candle warehouse, with its olfactory surroundings, is exceedingly unpleasant to pass, and would seem to require considerable familiarity to enable a swarming population to regard it in the light of a desirable neighbour. However, it with the others will soon diffuse its sweetness elsewhere.

From Ossulston-street we come to Chapel-street, and here description would be baffled if an attempt were made to picture it as the habitation of men and women. Probably some, more likely many, live and die in those close, grimy, and unhomelike-looking houses, with the stench of a market's refuse in front, and court, alley, and swarming families behind. But, in truth, Chapel-street is one vast shop, the market of Somers' Town. So narrow is it that it is almost impossible to get a horse and cart down the roadway without displacing a stall here and there. Great is the crush in Chapel-street, especially at night, when gas and naphtha light up the fish, the flesh, the fruit, and the thousand and one things that are wanted for eating, drinking, wearing, or using, when voices loud, but not sweet, alternately deteriorate their neighbours' goods, and solicit the multitude to buy their own. Things are cheap in Chapel-street. The shopkeepers compete with the stalls, and they with each other, and the public who want much for little find it profitable to throng it. A great thing for the poor is their own market; but it must be possible to provide something less liable to the obvious objections which are attached to an open market in a narrow street, swarming on all sides with human beings. Probably something better may be devised now, for at least half of Chapel-street, again, fortunately the worst half, is marked for removal, and the glories, such as they are, of the emporium of everything will ere long be but a tradition.

Next to Chapel-street is Middlesex-street, the ap-

pearance of which is, indeed, desolation. Many of the houses are empty, and, consequently, windowless—all are black seemingly inside as well as out. There is a chapel in Middlesex-street, the windows of which are strongly barricaded against the stones playfully "heaved" by the youth of the neighbourhood; but it has a forgotten look now, and presents an appearance of substantial wretchedness. The gloom of Middlesex-street seems enhanced by the cries of two woe-begone geese, who waddle up and down the roadway, presumably belonging to "the gentleman who keeps the coal store." The public still keeps open door, but its attractions must be surmised; if they were ever announced, they are so no longer. The entrance to Brill-row, just behind it, is very suggestive of coming down. Most of the houses invite by their aspect the pickaxe of the destroyer, for they are tenantless, windowless, and decaying; still some of them seem to suggest, at the upper end at least, that they have seen better days—they are large and roomy, and have each a good plot of land in front, which at one time might have been a suburban garden with a brave show of trees, flowers, and shrubs. The latest tenants had, however, no taste for such luxuries; the houses were filled to repletion, and the land served many purposes other than culture, and now looks quite unequal even to a blade of grass. Brill-row boasts, too, a somewhat remarkable-looking place called Broxted House, a kind of double house built over an arch, with a turreted roof, and looks as if at some time it had been a place of importance; now, one side is the office of a timber merchant, the other the home of a ginger beer vendor. The rest of the row is made up of small shops, devoted to the sale of birds, muffins, clothes, and oleaginous luxuries. A common lodging-house is at one end, where the bedless may be accommodated at fourpence per night. We did not penetrate into the interior; but, for the sake of the proprietor, it is to be hoped that his customers do not expect linen, as one lodger, met coming out, distinctly connected with the coal business, might involve expenses hardly covered by the charge. Two lads passed at the time, and one, inquiring anent the place, was informed it was "a hotel": one, however, which will not long remain a haven for the weary and the homeless.

Such is a brief sketch of the appearance presented at the present moment by that portion of Somers' Town which the Midland have been authorized to purchase. Somers' Town was originally supposed to have been an ancient Roman camp, called "The Brill." Until about 1790 the locality was almost exclusively pastoral, and for many years was a favourite country walk and resort for dwellers in the town.

## Things New and Old.

### Arranging Bouquets.

The art of arranging bouquets is very simple. It is only necessary to possess a good eye for colour, and have some idea of tasteful combination. At present, the most elegant bouquets are those in which the flowers of the season are skilfully arranged according to their hues, fragrance being usually made subservient to colour. Having collected the flowers to be

used on a tray, all the superfluous leaves should be stripped from the stems, and by placing the flowers side by side you can easily see the order in which they will be most advantageously displayed. A very pretty hand bouquet can be made by taking a small straight stick, not over a quarter of an inch in diameter. Tie a string to the top of it, and begin by fastening on a few delicate flowers, or one large handsome one, for the centre-piece, winding the string about each stem as you add the flowers and leaves to the bouquet. Always place the flowers with the shortest stems at the top, reserving all those with long stems for the base, and finish off the bouquet with a fringe of finely-cut foliage. Then cut all the stems evenly, wrap damp cotton about them, and cover the stems with a paper cut in pretty lace designs. In making bouquets from garden flowers, such as are most easy to procure, the flowers can be arranged flatly, and a background made from sprays of evergreen.

### Contrariness.

An Irish car driver, being desirous of excusing the stubbornness of his quadruped, remarked, "He has quare ways, yer anner. What wud ye think of a baste that wud do the likes av this? Won day he swallied half a soverin, an' all we could get him to give up was sivin-an'-six, all through conthrariness."

### Bravery.

A better retort is rarely heard than one made by Andrew Johnson, in a speech delivered from the steps of the White House when he was President.

Some one in the audience interrupted him with the remark—

"You used to make clothes!"

"Well, if I did," responded Mr. Johnson, with the coolest self-possession, "didn't I make them well? Can anybody say that, when I was a tailor, I didn't make good clothes, and make them to fit?"

### The Old, Old Story.

They were seated on a rustic bench.

"Oh, do be mine," he cried, attempting to draw her a little nearer his end of the seat.

She made herself rigid, and heaved a sigh.

"I'll be a good man, and give up all my bad habits," he urged.

No reply.

"I'll never drink another drop," he continued.

Still unrelenting sat the object of his adoration.

"And give up smoking."

Cold as ever.

"And join the church."

She only shook her head.

"And—give you a diamond engagement ring," he added, in desperation.

Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and, leaning her frizzes on his shoulder, tremblingly murmured into his ravished ears—

"Oh, Edward, you are so—so good."

And there they sat until the soft arms of night—that quiet, dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the diamond ring, and he—poor miserable fellow—of how on earth he was to get it.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XIII.—MISHAPS.

LUNCH at Tolcarne that day was not one of the most pleasant of meals. Sir Hampton had come in, looking purple instead of red with his walk, to stand at the hall door and dismiss Cutbush, the gardener, who stood mopping his face.

"Er-rum! Look here, Cutbush!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said Cutbush.

"Yes, Sir Hampton, man!"

"Yes, Sir Hampton," said Cutbush, slowly and impressively, as if he were trying to fix the formula in his mind.

"I'll see you in the morning about a new bed on the lawn, and—er-rum—don't let this affair be talked about."

"No, sir—Hampton," said Cutbush.

And he went heavily down the path, while his master stood apparently loading himself—that is to say, he thrust what seemed to be a white gun-wad into his mouth, before turning into the hall, and letting off a tremendous "Er-rum," which echoed through the house. The wad, however, was only a digestive tablet, an antidote to the heartburn, from which Sir Hampton suffered; and he strode into the dining-room, where the family was already assembled for luncheon.

"Oh, dad—papa," cried Fin, "such news for you."

"Don't worry your papa, my dear," said Miss Matilda, smoothing her handkerchief, which, from being sat upon, resembled a cambric cake; "wait till he has had some refreshment. He is tired. Hampton, will you take a cutlet?"

"Don't, pa. Have some chicken pie."

"Shall I send you a poached egg, dear?" said Lady Rea, who was in difficulties with the mustard-pot, the protruding spoon of which had entangled itself with her open-lace sleeve, and the yellow condiment was flowing over the table.

"No," said Sir Hampton, gruffly.

"Tut, tut, tut," said Lady Rea, making matters worse by trying to scrape up the mustard with a spoon.

"Haden't you better let Edward do that, dear?" said Miss Matilda, with a pained expression of countenance, as she played pat-a-cake once more with her handkerchief.

"They do make the mustard so horribly thin," said Lady Rea. "Finetta, give papa some of the pie."

Fin looked mischievously across at her sister, and then cut a large portion of the patty, enough to have called forth an angry remonstrance at another time; but though Miss Matilda looked perfectly horrified, Sir Hampton was too angry and absorbed to notice it: he only went on eating.

"Well, Finetta, dear," said Lady Rea, "what's the grand news?"

"Seen the sailor, ma, dear: been introduced to him. Such a nice fellow."

"Seen whom?" said Lady Rea, making a last scrape at the mustardy cloth.

"Mr. Trevor, ma; met him at old Mrs. Trelyan's. Such fun."

"My dear Finetta," began Miss Matilda; but a shot fired by Sir Hampton stopped her in dismay.

"Er-rum—what's that?" he asked. "Have you met that person?"

"What person, papa?" said Finetta.

"That—that Penreife man—that Trevor, or whatever his name is?"

"Yes, pa, we met him this morning; and he's the same—"

"Er-rum, I know!" exclaimed Sir Hampton, upsetting a carafe in his excitement, and making Miss Matilda start back to save her silk. "I ought to have bought Penreife—it's one of those persons we saw—I know; I met him this morning—trespass—an insulting—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"Oh, pa!" said Finetta, "you shouldn't get in a passion with your mouth full; and so much pepper as there is in that pie."

For Sir Hampton had begun to cough furiously, his face growing deeper in tint, and his eyes protruding, so alarming Lady Rea that she bustled round the table and began to hammer his back, while Miss Matilda offered a glass of water.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! Sit down—sit down!" gasped Sir Hampton. "I—er-rum—I forbid all future communication with that—that fellow. If he calls here, I'll have the door shut in his face. Insulted me grossly this morning, on my own grounds, and a dirty little jackanapes with him talked to me in such a way as I was never spoken to before."

"Oh, Tiny, it's the horrid little man," whispered Fin.

"Why, my dear Ham, whatever is it all about?" said Lady Rea. "There, do drink some water, and get cool."

Sir Hampton glanced at his wife and sister, and poured himself out half a tumbler of sherry, which he drained, and then began to cough once more.

"Eat a bit of bread, dear," said Lady Rea. "Quick; you won't mind mine—I haven't touched it."

And she held a piece out to him on a fork.

"Frances!" ejaculated Miss Matilda.

"Ugh! Any one would think I was a bear upon a pole," coughed Sir Hampton; and he wiped his eyes as he grew better.

"But Hampy, dear," said Lady Rea, "it will be so strange. Suppose Mr. Trevor calls?"

"Tell the servants to shut the door in his face," growled Sir Hampton. "An insulting puppy!"

"Oh, pa, dear, don't be so cross," said Fin. "Take us out for a drive this afternoon, and let's see if the box has come from Mudie's."

"Disgraceful—and on one's own land, too," growled Sir Hampton, not heeding his daughter, but still muttering thunder.

"But you will take us, papa?" said Fin, leaning on his shoulder.

"Such insolence!" muttered Sir Hampton.

"Was he trespassing, Hampton?" said Miss Matilda.

"Yes, and a pack of fellows along with him," cried Sir Hampton, firing up once more.

"You'll take us out, pa, dear?" said Fin, getting her cheek against his.

"No, no! well, there, yes," said Sir Hampton; and then, looking like a half-mollified bull, he submitted to having his cheeks patted, and his stiff cravat untied and retied by the busy fingers of his pet child.

"In half an hour, dad?"

"Yes, yes; only don't bother. Er-rum!" he ejaculated, as Fin flew to the bell, "tell them to bring round the waggonette."

Sir Hampton rose and left the room, firing a shot as he crossed the hall. Then the footman came in to receive his orders, and directly after Lady Rea looked admiringly across at her daughter.

"Ah, Fin, my dear, I wish I could manage your papa as you do."

"Really, Frances," said Miss Matilda, bridling up, "I don't think that is a proper way for you to speak respecting a parent to a child."

Poor downright Lady Rea looked troubled and distressed.

"Really, Matty—" she began.

"Oh, it's all right," said Fin, coming to the rescue. "It's because you don't understand, Aunt Matty; only married people do. Why don't you marry Mr. Mervyn?"

Miss Matilda rose from her chair, smoothed her skirts, gazed in utter astonishment at her niece, and marched out of the room.

"Oh, Fin!" exclaimed her sister.

"You shouldn't do it, my dear," said Lady Rea, in whose gentle eyes the tears were gathering.

"I should!" said Fin, stamping her foot and colouring with passion. "I won't stand here, and hear my dear mother snubbed in that way by any one but papa; and if Aunt Matty only dares to do such a thing again, I'll—I'll—I'll say something horrid."

The next moment she had flung her impetuous little self into Lady Rea's arms, and was sobbing passionately; but only to jerk herself free, and wipe her eyes directly in a snatchy fashion.

"It's so vexatious, too, for papa to turn like that, when Mr. Trevor's one of the nicest, dearest, handsomest fellows you ever saw. Aint he, Tiny?"

"I thought him very pleasing and gentlemanly," said Tiny, flushing slightly.

"She thought ever so much more of him than that, I know, ma," said Fin, nodding her head. "But isn't it vexatious, mamma, dear?"

"It'll all come right, my dear," said Lady Rea, kissing her child fondly. "There, now, go and get ready, or papa will be cross."

Fin felt ready to say "I don't care," so rebellious was the spirit that invested her that day; but she set her teeth, and ran to the door.

"You're coming, mamma?"

"No, my dear, Tiny will go with you. I shall stay in this afternoon."

"And leave Aunt Matty to say disagreeable things to you. Then I shall stay, too."

"No, no, dear, go—to please me," said Lady Rea; and the girl ran off.

The waggonette was round, and Sir Hampton was drawing on his gloves, the image of punctuality, when Fin came rushing down, closely followed by her sister, and the party started for the little station town St. Kitt's, passing on the road another handsome new waggonette, with a fine, well-paced pair of horses.

"I wonder whose turn-out that is?" said Sir Hampton. "Strange thing, that everybody gets better horses than I do."

"I know whose it is," said Fin, demurely.

"Whose?" said Sir Hampton.

"Daren't say," replied Fin. "Ask Edward. Edward!" she cried, "whose carriage is that?"

"Think it's Mr. Trevor's, ma'am," said the footman, touching his hat.

"Er-rum," ejaculated Sir Hampton, and Fin nudged her sister and made her colour.

The box was at the station, and it was put in the waggonette by a tall porter, whom Fin spoke of to her sister as the signal post, and then she proposed that they should wait and see if anything would come by the train due in a few minutes.

Now, Sir Hampton expected something by that train, but he had been so crossed that day, and was in such a contrary mood, that he exclaimed—

"Er-rum, absurd; certainly not. Drive back at once."

Fin made a grimace at her sister, who replied with a look of remonstrance; Sir Hampton sat back and frowned at the landscape, as if he thought it too green; and away they bowled just as the whistle of the engine was heard in the distance.

Something has been said before about the Cornish lanes, and the way in which the granite bones of Mother Nature peer out and form buttresses to the banks, huge pillars, and mighty corners. The lane they were traversing on their way back was not one of the least rugged, though the road was good; and they had gone at a pretty sharp trot for about a mile, when a cart came rattling along just at a turn of the road where it was narrow; and in making way—*click!* the box of one wheel caught against a granite buttress pushed forth from the bank, the wheel wriggled about, and fifty yards farther came off, and went trundling down the hill—the coachman fortunately pulling his horses up short, so that the waggonette sidled over against the ferny bank, and no one was hurt.

"Such abominable driving," exclaimed Sir Hampton.

"Very sorry, sir," said the coachman.

"Oh, pa, it was those other people's fault. I saw it all!" said Fin.

The coachman gave her a grateful look, and the footman helped all to alight.

Five minutes' inspection showed that the wheel was so much injured that it would take time to repair, and there was nothing for it but to send to the little town to get assistance.

"Shall I send Edward with one horse, Sir Hampton, and ride the other home and fetch the barouche?"

"Yes—no—yes," said Sir Hampton, waking to the fact that they were yet eight miles from home, and he had done quite as much walking as he cared for in one day.

At this moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the waggonette they had before passed came up, evidently from the station, with two gentlemen inside, the coachman pulling up on seeing that there was an accident, while the gentlemen leaped out.

"I trust," said the elder, raising his hat, "that no one is hurt?"

"Er-rum! none; no one," said Sir Hampton, stiffly.

"What misfortune!" said the younger, fixing his glass in his eye, and looking in a puzzled way at the ladies. "Under circumstances, Vanleigh?"

"Yes, of course," said the other, and then raising his hat to the ladies, "as my friend here observes. You will allow me to place the carriage at your disposal?"



Sir Hampton looked at the speaker, then at the carriage, then at his own. That was Trevor's carriage, but these were strangers, and he was not obliged to know. His legs ached; it was a long while to wait; and he was still pondering when the first speaker said—

"Allow me," and offered his arm to Tiny, who glanced at her father, and seeing no commands against the act, suffered herself to be led to the whole waggonette, the other stranger offering his arm to Fin, who just touched it, and then leapt in beside her sister.

"Will you follow, Mr. — Mr. —?"

"Er-rum! Sir Hampton Rea, at your service, gentlemen," said the knight, stiffly.

"I beg pardon, Sir Hampton—strangers, you see. My friend here is Sir Felix Landells; my name is Vanleigh—Captain Vanleigh."

"Guards," said Sir Felix, in the midst of a good deal of formal bowing; and then, all being seated, the waggonette drove off, Sir Hampton, in the conversation which ensued, being most careful to avoid any reference to the destination of his new friends, merely requesting to be set down at the end of the lane leading to Tolcarne, the party separating amidst a profusion of bows.

"What a pair of dandies!" said Fin.

"A most refined gentleman, that Captain Vanleigh," said Sir Hampton.

"What did you think of the other one, dad?" said Fin.

"Aristocrat. Er-rum! aristocrat," said Sir Hampton. "Blue blood there, for a certainty. I hope they'll call. By the way, Tiny, I thought you unnecessarily cold and formal."

"Did you, papa?" said Tiny. "Indeed, I did not mean to be so."

Here they reached the hall, and the girls went to their room.

"Dad's hooked," said Fin, throwing herself into a chair. "Tiny, that dandy would come to grief if I knew him long. I should feel obliged to singe his horrid little sticky moustachios; and as for the other—oh, how I could snub him if he looked and talked at me as he did at you."

"I sincerely hope," said Tiny, "that we shall never see them again."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—POLLY'S TROUBLES.

"BY the way, Pratt," said Trevor, as they were strolling through the grounds, "what-aged man should you take Vanleigh to be?"

"Close upon forty," said Pratt; "but he takes such care of himself, and dresses so young, that he keeps off the assaults of old Father Time."

"He can't be so old as that," said Trevor, thoughtfully; "and yet he must be getting on. He was much older than we were, you know, in the old days."

"Yes," said Pratt; "bless him, I love Van dearly. I suppose they'll be here soon. H'm!"

"Eh?" said Trevor.

"I said H'm!" replied Pratt.

"Yes, I know," said Trevor, laughing; "but what does H'm mean?"

"Shall I make mischief, or sha'n't I? Well, I don't know that it would be making mischief, for it seems quite natural."

"My dear Frank, don't play the Sphinx, please, for

I'm one of the most dense men under the sun. Now, then, speak out."

"Only thinking, and putting that and that together," said Pratt, relighting his cigar.

"Well?"

"Well—handsome young bailiff seen in the copse yonder; pretty girl is seen going rather hurriedly along path leading to copse; and elderly lady who holds post of housekeeper, and who, by the way, seems to know it, is seen to peer through window, and then to come to door, as if in search of pretty girl. I say only, what does it mean?"

"Means a bit of sweethearting, apparently," said Trevor, laughing. "Well, I suppose it's all right!"

"Not if the old lady catches them, perhaps; so let's go and talk to the old lady."

Trevor shrugged his shoulders, and the couple walked back towards the house, where Mrs. Lloyd was standing, evidently fidgeted about something or another.

"I tell you she must have gone out," she was saying as they came up.

But just at that moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and the waggonette drew up at the door with Vanleigh and Landells.

"Jove!" said the latter, "what out-of-the-way place, Trevor. Thought never get here."

A sharp sniff drew his attention to Mrs. Lloyd, who stood with her husband just inside the door.

"Not bad," said Vanleigh, superciliously.

"Ah, you'll like it when you've been down a day or two," said Trevor. "I'm heartily glad to see you both."

"Thanks," said Vanleigh, as his host led the way into the hall. "Ah, quite mediaeval."

"Mrs. Lloyd, you've got the oak room ready for Captain Vanleigh?" said Trevor.

"No, Master Dick, I've ordered the blue room for him."

Trevor's brow clouded, but he only bit his lip.

"Then you've arranged that Sir Felix shall have the oak room?"

"No, Master—sir," she said, correcting herself in a very stately way, "Sir Felix will sleep in the chintz chamber."

Trevor flushed, but he turned it off lightly.

"These are our old butler and housekeeper, Vanleigh," he said. "Mrs. Lloyd there was almost like a mother to me as a child."

"Indeed," said Vanleigh, superciliously; and Sir Felix fixed his glass and had a good stare at the old lady, who looked every whit the mistress of the house.

"Grey mare?" he said, in a whisper.

"Old favoured servants," said Trevor, in return; and the young men walked into the drawing-room.

"Don't stand staring there," said Mrs. Lloyd, fiercely, to the footman; "take up these portmantees."

The man gave her a surly look.

"He'll go to ruin, that he will," said Mrs. Lloyd, in a voice of suppressed anger, to her husband, as soon as they were alone; "and there you stand, without a word to say for yourself."

"Well, what can I do, my dear?" said Lloyd, feebly.

"Nothing—nothing; what you have always done—nothing. But I'll stop it soon. I won't be made quite a nonentity of. Where's that girl? Go and look for her. Or, no, you must see to the dinner; and mind this, Lloyd—she's to be kept out of sight while these

fine sparks are here. I don't like the looks of that dark fellow at all."

Mrs. Lloyd hurried away, to meet Polly, just about to enter the housekeeper's room.

"And pray, where have you been, madam?"

"Only out in the grounds, aunt—it was so fine," was the reply.

Mrs. Lloyd looked at her till a red glow overspread the girl's face.

"Look here," said Mrs. Lloyd, catching her by one hand; "you are not a fool, Polly. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

The girl looked up at her with a shiver, and then her eyes fell.

"Don't you try to thwart me, mind, or you'll be sorry for it to the last day of your life. Now, look here, do you mind me?"

"Yes, aunt."

"You are to keep in the housekeeper's room here till those friends of Master Dick are gone. And don't you try to deceive me, because I can read that pink and white face of yours like a book."

Mrs. Lloyd flung the little maiden's hand away from her, walked to a drawer, and brought out some new linen, which she set the girl to sew, while she went about the house seeing to the arrangements for her master's guests.

As a matter of course, little Polly had "a good cry," making several damp places on the new linen; and then, with a sob, she wished herself safe back at her old aunt's in the Welsh mountains, where she was poor, but happy and free as the goats.

"I'd go to-morrow if I could," she sobbed, and then the needle hand fell upon the stiff, hard work, and she closed her wet eyes till a faint smile came across her face like a little ray of sunshine; and she whispered softly to herself, as if it were a great secret, "No, I don't think I would."

### Sunday over the Way.

ALL the little houses round and about Paris are shut up; the railway on Sunday night no longer carries the *boutiquier* and his wife to their cottage or villa, and the environs of Paris are deserted. The Sunday pleasure trips have been put a stop to; but M. Beaubernard, the Paris cockney, feels that he cannot breathe within the fortifications on a Sunday, so he has invested in a *permis de chasse*, a suit of velveteen with foxhead buttons, a velvet hunting cap, and a gun. He takes the early train, and, accompanied by his dog, makes for some country place about ten miles from Paris, where, after trying in vain to lure the sparrow and the robin—both wary birds in rural spots—within reach of his "Lefauchaux," he will spend most of his day in the little *café*, exulting in the homage a *Parisien* invariably exacts from the "chawbacon," talking politics. As a grand *finale*, he will give the host a five-franc piece for a tame rabbit, which he carefully peppers with a shot from one of his barrels, and brings home in triumph, its head peeping out of his game-bag, forgetful that the long lop-ears and the colour of his victim betray him to critical eyes, although the marvellous accounts of how he started and killed the rabbit will be implicitly believed by those of the Rue Saint Denis who are

invited to taste of the *lapin chasseur* Madame will add as a *plat* to her *menu* on Monday or Tuesday.

Sunday is also the grand day for the disciples of Izaak Walton. The banks of the Seine are lined on either side. Fishermen take up every available position from the Pont National to Point du Jour, and the itinerant vendors of tackle are accustomed to look forward to a Sunday as a rich harvest day for them. Ground bait of all kinds is showered into the river, and the angler is surprised to find that the fish, gorged with paste, disdain to take the worm he dangles on his hook. The Seine fish seem to be a tribe apart, difficult to catch, although they play round the hook, and seem to take a delight in looking at the angler, coming to the surface, coqueting round his float, and then making off again with an *au revoir* flourish of the tail, which often brings naughty words into the mouths of those who are sitting catching cold on the river bank. Hook after hook is changed, bait after bait is tried, but happy the man who can carry home a dozen gudgeons, while the capture of a perch weighing half a pound almost entitles the lucky man to be carried in triumph.

Both angler and sportsman must be endowed with more than an average share of philosophy. Want of success does not daunt them, and, as Schiller says, they dream of "better days to come;" or, perhaps, shooting and fishing are mere pretexts for a man to be alone and commune with his own thoughts, forgetting the world, as it were, by allowing all rambling ideas to be concentrated on his ostensible purpose. At any rate, every Sunday and holiday the same faces may be seen lining the banks of the Seine, and standing waiting at the ticket offices, with their guns on their shoulders, at the different railway stations. Sunday is a busy day for the small shopkeeper in the faubourgs, or in the populous quarters of the city. He cannot leave off business until seven or eight in the evening, for his customers live from hand to mouth, and make their purchases at every hour of the day, according to their wants, and also according to the financial state of their exchequers.

Large shops and counting-houses have, however, gradually adopted the custom set in England by closing on a Sunday, so that a great number of *employés*, undeterred by the prospect of having to be up early and at work on the following morning, are able to indulge in the pleasures of the carnival and the masked balls which are now held at Frascati, Valentino, and other places on Saturday evening. The Palais Royal and its restaurants *à prix fixe* are crowded on Sunday at noon with knights of the cloth yard, and those who are seeking to rise in the world by daily riding that hardest of horses—a high office stool. Pale faces and sunken eyes tell how the best part of the night has been spent far better than the conversations which are going on; and one cannot help drawing a comparison between these old youths and the fresh, ruddy-faced countryman who has come up to spend the day in Paris to see the sights.

After breakfast, since it is too cold to go down to Asnières or St. Cloud, the *employés* will distribute themselves among the different *cafés*, some preferring the boulevards, since they have donned tall hats and kid gloves; while others, who prefer long hair and broad-brimmed felt hats, will wander off to the Quartier Latin to play billiards and smoke long pipes at the

Café des Ecoles, or La Jeune France, on the Boulevard Saint Michel, only too delighted should they be mistaken for students, who hold the *calicot* and *employé* in contempt. The *bourgeois*, who knows that he has many opportunities of going to the theatre of a week day, but very few of taking an airing, makes up his mind to mingle in the ranks of fashion, and makes for the Bois de Boulogne, either in his own conveyance, which he has arranged, as far as possible, to make it appear like a private carriage, or in the cab of some *maraudeur*—as the cabmen are called who come out with unnumbered cabs in defiance of all police regulations.

The drive round the lake is crowded from two till five in the afternoon, but the real *monde* is absent; and the carriages one is accustomed to see every day during the week do not make their appearance until the holiday-makers have returned to Paris, for none of them care to be out after dusk, and the *monde élégant* will not catch a glimpse of the Arc de Triomphe until the clocks have sounded the hour of five; for on Sundays (dinner is not ordered till eight p.m., so that those who do not care to elbow the *bourgeois* may have their constitutional without damaging axlebox or wheel against the tacking hack cabs, which drive from side to side, knowing whatever damage they sustain is amply covered by the two sous a day they pay to the insurance company.

The customers at the Café de la Cascade differ greatly from those the waiters are accustomed to see on other days; orders for fowl and champagne, or cakes and *madrre*, are few and far between. The waiters bring the beer surlily, for they know the *pour boire* will be slender, and they look on a winter Sunday with as much pleasure as a man would contemplate a week's hard labour; for they have to rush and run about, earning less and working harder during the whole of the afternoon than they do on any other day from four to five.

The *piquer*, with his white gloves, who calls the cabs and hands the ladies in, is thanked with a mere bow; his imposing appearance prevents the timid *boutiquier* from offering a few *sous*; but he is, like a true Frenchman, as polite to Madame in her soberly-cut silk dress as he could be to Mademoiselle de Trois Etoiles, whose tender-coloured *faïlle* is embroidered with gold and silver lace, and whose cavalier hands him a piece of silver in exchange for his civility. Round the lake those sweet little *couffés*, lined with white or blue satin, having at their window some Maltese terrier or lap-dog, are utterly neglected. They drive round disconsolately, not a single acquaintance can be seen; for the *divas* have to adopt the unfashionable hour on a Sunday, so as to enable them to be present at their respective theatres in the evening, and little or no curiosity is felt by the *bons bourgeois* and their spouses as to the occupants of those miniature broughams with whom the male representatives of "high life" are more or less on speaking terms.

Another class of people, the *petit rentier*, the man who has by a long life of self-denial saved up enough money to secure him £400 or £500 a year, resorts with pleasure to the theatre in the afternoon; for a life spent in some unhealthy counting-house, coupled with a pinched stomach and inferior diet, prevents him from enjoying a theatrical performance in the evening, as

the mere fact of breathing the night air implies a doctor's bill and all the other attendant ills.

Saturday and Sunday nights are chosen by the playgoers, and every seat is taken long beforehand, and those who do not care to push and scramble for their places at night prefer the afternoon performances on the Sunday, when they can take their children, who have a day's holiday from school, with them. The Gymnase, Vaudeville, Variétés, Renaissance, and Ambigu-Comique, all opened their doors for the first time this winter. The current pieces were not played, but old and popular dramas and vaudevilles, which are certain to attract. At the Renaissance, Mdlle. Agar, perhaps the best classical *tragedienne* we have in France, but who has been under a cloud for some time past, owing to her having taken part in a performance for the benefit of the wounded of the Commune given at the Tuileries, received the well-earned applause of a crowded house, and bids fair by her talent to redeem her error of judgment, which should be forgotten by this time.

### Card Table Compassion.

(From the *Old Mirror*—1822.)

"SO! Miss Hectic died this morning of consumption. She was no more than seventeen: a fine girl!"

"Ah! is she dead? Poor thing!—*What's trumps?*"

"The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—"

"Is he? I thought he would not recover.—*Play a spade, ma'am.*"

"There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!"

"Ah! many indeed.—*That odd trick is ours.*"

"The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send his family a joint of meat."

"That's hard.—*I have not a heart indeed, sir.*"

"He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—"

"Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody.—*Play a spade, if you please.*"

"The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich."

"Yes; one really gives so much in charity.—*I'll bet you a crown on the best club.*"

"Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. —?"

"What? her son drowned! Oh, yes.—*You are eight, you can call.*"

"George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday—"

"You don't say so.—*I had two honours in my own hand.*"

"Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—"

"Dear me! that's bad.—*Single, double, and the rub!*"

[*Exeunt, counting their money.*]

### The Woodcocks' Haunt.

I BEG to say that I have not the slightest pretension to being a sportsman, more than that I never go out for a walk during the winter months without a good, stout pair of high boots suitable for a tramp through the swampy forest land that surrounds my house in Hampshire, a well-worn, sturdy deerstalker upon my head, my shooting jacket well furnished with cartridges, and a trusty double-barrelled gun under my arm.

You see, my fate has thrown me into rather a solitary part of our land, where a man is driven back upon himself for amusements; and the consequence is, I have taken to pursuits congenial to my fancy, and suited to the neighbourhood in which I live.

I said I had no pretensions to being a sportsman. Well, I have no more to being a naturalist; though I love natural history, and collect bird, bee, and flower. In fact, I have quite a collection of odds and ends in my little museum—all the result of my own saving. Birds and animals I have stuffed, butterflies and moths I have pinned out, fish I have dried. And these are mixed up with shells, sea-weeds, fossils, bits of old Roman pottery, flints, and the like.

A true naturalist would, I am sure, scorn me; for when I go out in the country weather to thread my way amongst the trees, or splash-splash through the swamps and moors, amongst the heath, furze and dried cotton rushes in the open, I allow my nature to partake somewhat of that of the hot-hunter. For instance, I go stalking along by one of the pools, and get a few wild fowl. If they are in particularly fine plumage, or are of some rare variety, they are stuffed, and go into a case; if they are only ordinary plebeians of the duck world, they are picked and roasted for dinner, and really very good they are.

Pheasants, partridges, plovers, blackcock, hares, rabbits, woodcock, and snipe don't abound in my neighbourhood; but in their season they are in sufficient quantities to give me an ample supply for my table, and many and many a delicious day's ramble I have had in search of them.

Of course, the pot has been principally thought of in my quest after these gentry, but the number of different birds that have fallen to my gun are legion in their varieties; for in addition to the woodland inhabitants, I have visits in severe weather from the sea and shore birds from the Solent—geese, gulls, ducks, stalkers, waders, and strange fellows sometimes whose habitat is the far North.

I have one little scrubby wood about a mile from my house, which we call at home "The Woodcocks' Haunt;" for come October and November, I have there a sort of preserve, where, day after day, I can flush one or two of the rich brown, owly-looking birds. In spring and summer it is a charming spot, full of wild flowers and tangled growth; but come wintry weather, beneath the trees, in places it partakes more of the nature of a swamp, with here and there long glades, brown as the woodcock's feathers, with fallen leaves; and here—plash-plash—I often make my way in search of my old friend, *Scolopax rusticola*, as the learned people call him.

Often there is only one about; sometimes a pair, who rise in their peculiar flight, to dart here and there amongst the bushes; flit over one of the little weed-grown pools, and end perhaps by dashing straight off amongst

the trees, without giving one a chance of a shot, though at other times I get one or two with ease. But so sure as I get a couple, there are one or two more there the next day to take their place, though I never saw more than four in one day in the whole of the scattered wood.

Most people are aware, I presume, that the woodcock is not a regular dweller in our island, but a visitant and immigrant who seeks our woodlands, not in spring-time, when fields are green, when hawthorn buds appear, but when leaves are sere and yellow, and come pattering down with every gust of wind to form a rustling bed in the hollows, or be swept and chased over the open by the wild breezes. Hear what a writer, learned on the subject, says respecting them:—

"The early flight of woodcock, the forerunners of their brethren, generally arrive about the first full moon in October, followed by the main body a month later. Should the full moon, however, happen about the first week in November, the early voyagers often put off their departure for these parts till then, and the main body, having no other moon for a month later, frequently cross the sea at the same time; so that it often happens, under such circumstances, most of the birds arrive simultaneously. The winter of 1862 was a notable example of this, as there were more woodcock in the country about the first week in November than I remember to have seen in any one season since. A favourable wind at the time of their passage must have a good deal to do with their safe arrival, as, even in moderate weather, woodcock are often so fatigued from their flight across the sea as to drop on the first piece of dryland they see, and at such times they often allow themselves to be knocked down with a stick or a stone sooner than again take wing; so that it is highly probable that, should an adverse gale meet them on their crossing, numbers of them would be lost. When they first pitch on our shores, they are often emaciated to a degree; but they very soon get into condition, and you seldom meet with a thin woodcock at any distance from the sea. They remain with us till about the end of March or beginning of April, when the survivors take flight for foreign parts. At this time of the year, they are not nearly so good as earlier in the season. A few birds remain during the summer months and breed with us; so that it is often hard to tell whether the very early arrivals are really foreigners or only home-bred birds."

Now for my part I have never found them so tame that I could perform the knocking-down part with a stick; but I have certainly had them offer themselves such an easy prey to the gun that I have refrained from shooting, and they have got away.

They are strangely-built birds, these woodcocks, looking like stumpy-billed snipes that have got fat and grown out of knowledge; but the dark-brown ash and chestnutty markings of their rich plumage are very beautiful. They affect a wonderful similarity to the wood, bark, and decaying leaves, even as do the feathers of some of the owls, and that curious bird, the goat-sucker. Such a protection to them is this peculiarity of marking, that the woodcock, like the birds just mentioned, would in most cases only have to sit still to avoid notice from a pursuer; it is its timidity in taking flight which betrays it, and renders it an easy prey to the fowler.

One of the bird's greatest peculiarities to me is the





Once a Week.]

**BEECHES IN THE NEW FOREST.** (See "Woodcocks' Haunt," p. 258.)

[February, 1876.]







THE WOODCOCKS' HAUNT.

way in which its fine, large, lustrous eye is placed so far back in its head, apparently a wise arrangement of nature for its protection when the bird is busily poking about with its long bill amongst the undergrowth of the dampest places for the little slugs and the worms which form its principal food. For our long-billed friend does not live as the snipe is said to do, by suction, but is a most voracious feeder on the worms whose casts he turns over; and woe betide any luckless worm who may happen to be lying out in the cool, early morn, or even, with his tail in his hole. He may be quick, but our friend *Scolopax* is quicker, and has him in a twinkling.

Many persons suppose that there are varieties of woodcock—the larger, or muffled, as they are sometimes called, being the first to arrive. In this opinion, however, I cannot coincide, as I have never perceived any more difference between the first arrivals and those which come later on in the year than I have found among snipe, having on the same day shot some of the latter birds which barely weighed 4 oz., while others were a good ounce heavier, and bursting with fat—a much greater difference in proportion than I have observed between woodcocks.

I quote pretty liberally here from a clever writer upon the subject, for his knowledge of the birds is more varied than mine, from a sportsman's point of view. Speaking of shooting them in a regular business way, he says:—"If you are fortunate enough to meet woodcock in the open, they generally present as easy shots as you could desire; but when flushed in covert they are often difficult enough to shoot, especially if they have been flushed once or twice previously within a short space of time; they then often twist round the trees and shrubs in real snipe-like fashion; and it is worthy of remark that, no matter how thick or intricate be the covert where you meet a woodcock, you never see him confused or entangled on rising like a partridge; indeed, it seems as if their instinct directed them to secure a clear space in case it should be necessary for them to seek safety in flight."

I, for my part, do not write as a sportsman; but I must endorse my friend's opinion upon the pleasantest way of shooting them, when the covert admits of it: it is to try for them among the brakes and briars, or the low-lying young plantations, the undergrowth half heather, with a pair of well-broken spaniels, who will search every nook and corner within range of you where a woodcock might be stuck. In such places, if you mark a cock, he will often pitch again within a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards; so that it must be your own fault if you do not get a fair bag.

But, all the same, I like my simple way of never making a good bag, only getting my brace as I want them, and getting them again and again, in which it seems I am unusually favoured. Perhaps my wood is a famous one for worms.

They are curious birds, these cocks of the woods. There are no birds, perhaps, so deceptive in flight. You will see them coming out of covert flying smoothly, and apparently slowly, and yet all the time they will be going about twice as fast as they appear to be; and when they are much disturbed, and get up wild, they go at a considerable pace. The snow drives them in to the shelter of the woods, and they are then generally duller and less active than in more open weather. A

hard frost, unless there are numerous springs and running streams in the neighbourhood, often causes them to leave for more favoured localities; and, if possible, a woodcock covert ought to be shot either at the commencement of or before the first hard frost, as when once they begin to scatter out of a covert, many of them do not get the chance of returning to their old haunts.

Woodcocks are rather solitary birds as a rule, though you may sometimes flush a couple, or even more, from beneath the same tree or shrub. This solitariness, I am inclined to think, proceeds more from the inadequacy of the ground to supply the wants of several of them at the same time than anything else, as they are, as has been said, very voracious feeders. In severe weather, they are very fond of frequenting little running streams overhung with bushes, and it often happens that if a bird is shot in such a place to-day his place is taken by another on the morrow, and should he meet his fate another tenant will probably take possession of his holding before long.

These last are the opinions of the writer whom I have quoted, and they thoroughly agree with my own observations. I may remark, too, how partial they are to clumps of holly trees, which abound near me. In fact, I doubt whether such fine holly trees are to be found anywhere in England, as in my part of Hampshire. In places they run up to sturdy trees; in others they act the part of parasites, and cling and droop in many a beautiful leafy screen. In summer, their glistening, prickly leaves are half concealing the delicate flowers; later on they abound with berries of an emerald green—berries which, as the season advances, become a rich yellow, and with winter are a glorious coral-red. The chances are that you flush many a woodcock in a ramble down amongst these leafy coverts, green all the year round; and amidst which, to brighten the scene, are the russets and yellows of the beeches, clumps of which stand here and there like sentinels looking over the great open tracts, here called forest, as is all the uncultivated land. The beeches towards autumn look grand in their wondrous hues of bronzy-green, red, russet-brown, orange, and yellow; and though monsters, such as are seen at Mark Ash, inhabit the depths of the forest, nothing more beautiful can be seen than a rugged clump standing alone. There is more artistic beauty in the group, and they present greater attractions for the sketcher's brush. A clump of weather-worn but huge, hearty fellows forms the subject of the artist's pencil; but no crayon can depict their glorious fiery hues when touched by the first frosts, any more than the black and white can give an adequate idea of the wonderfully chaste chestnut markings of the two birds flitting over the stagnant waters, and seeking safety in the deeper shades of the Woodcocks' Haunt.

ADVICE.—A most worthy man, unaccustomed to public speaking, being suddenly called upon to address a Sunday school, rose to his feet, and after vainly struggling for utterance, at last hoarsely muttered, "Dear children, don't ever play with powder."

A QUIET PLACE.—"The most quiet place I know," said Josiah, "is Woodville, in Mississippi; there's no quarrel or rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another, he's quietly shot down, and that is the last of it."



### Making a Biscuit.

**S**TARTING with the raw materials of the biscuit manufacture, we first visit the flour loft, which is not only spacious, but is clean and well ventilated. Along the west side we find a series of openings in the floor, about 10 inches square, each of which is the mouth of a wooden shoot or spout, whose lower termination is in the bakehouse on the ground floor, to which we descend by means of one of three flights of stairs, or by means of the hoist, which forms a prominent feature in the details of a factory.

On arriving at the bakehouse we note, in passing, the mixing machines in which the flour spouts may be said to terminate; but we do not stay to study them and their operations in detail, as we wish to inspect the store where the other raw materials are kept and served out to the machine men or other workpeople who are to use them. Situated at the south end of the bakehouse, and on the ground floor, the store is also a spacious apartment. In it we find, conveniently arranged for being served out, a most extraordinary variety of raw material, or stores, as we may call them. It is possible only to summarily indicate what they are, and the quantities of them used, say, per week. They are something like the following:—

#### PER WEEK.

Eggs . . . . .	40,000 to 50,000
Sugar (loaf, crystal, and soft) . . . . .	15 to 20 tons
Milk . . . . .	1,800 gallons
Butter . . . . .	3 tons
Fruit, including oranges, lemon and citron peel, raisins, currants, &c. . . . .	3 tons
Syrup . . . . .	3½ tons
Almonds . . . . .	3 to 4 cwt.
Spices (ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, &c.) . . . . .	about 4 cwt.

Returning to the bakehouse, we observe the excellent system followed in the arrangements. First, there are the mixing machines "all in a row"—as the nursery rhyme has it—along the front wall; then there are the brake-rolls and cutting machines, also in a row parallel to the mixing machines; and lastly, there is the row of travelling ovens on the east side of the bakehouse. The mechanical appliances in this department seem to be well-nigh if not absolutely perfect. Their aim is to economize labour to the utmost degree possible, and with the most scrupulous regularity and cleanliness. Let us note the successive operations for a little, and the mechanism employed in them.

On a given signal being transmitted to the flour loft, a stream of flour comes down one of the spouts and enters a self-feeding silk sieve, contained in a case or box which is immediately underneath the ceiling, and measures some four or five feet in length, breadth, and depth. The sieve is slightly inclined, so that the flour may the more readily be sifted or deprived of all foreign bodies, such as nails, chips of wood, &c. During the passage of the flour the sieve has a constant jiggling action, making about 200 motions per minute. The same kind of action is also given to a two-pronged fork situated in the spout, and by this arrangement the flour is made to fall in an even and continuous stream upon the sieve, the rapidity of the operation being so great that a whole sack of flour, or 280 lbs., may be

passed in the brief space of three or four minutes. In all, there are eight mixers, some of which are so large that they can take in two sacks of flour at a charge, while others will only work half-sack charges. Each mixer is provided with a hopper, into which there is a spout leading from the sieve-box. Six of the mixers are iron cylinders, which are disposed horizontally, and are traversed by shafts armed with blades or knives; the others are tub mixers, oval-shaped wooden vessels, in which two vertical knife-armed shafts revolve to effect the mixing process. The mixing machines are set on cast-iron frames, from four to six feet high.

After the flour is introduced into the mixers, the charges of the other materials, in weighed or measured quantities, are at once brought from the store and poured in likewise. As the qualities of the biscuits vary, so do the "other materials," both in kind and quantity. It may be that they only embrace water and salt, while in other cases they are varying quantities of milk, butter, sugar, eggs, spices, &c. The mixing is completed in from five to seven minutes in the tub mixers, and in about ten minutes in the cylinder mixers. Immediately in front of each of the latter there is a strong iron tray or bench, upon which the dough, in a more or less crumbly condition, is discharged at pleasure.

The arrangement of the tub mixers is somewhat different, for when the mixing is finished the tub can be lowered down to the floor and run away on wheels to wherever the dough may be wanted, another empty tub mixer being substituted for it. Only the richer kinds of dough are made in the tub mixers. The finished dough is first taken to the brake-rolls, which consist of two cylindrical rollers, which are turned smooth and geared so as to be reversible. There are ten pairs of rolls, two pairs being usually kept in reserve to meet any breakdown or other emergency. One of these machines, called the "Giant," has very large rolls, 36 inches long by 18 inches in diameter, and weighing about 8 cwt. each. It is used in the manufacture of ship biscuit.

A brake machine, including an iron table on each side of the rolls, upon which the dough is received as it passes to and fro between them, is generally about 8 feet long by 2 feet 6 inches broad, and the usual arrangement is to have one of these machines set at the end of a biscuit-making or biscuit-cutting machine, so that the dough may pass conveniently from the one to the other in its onward progress towards the oven. The amount of to-and-fro rolling varies with the kind of dough, the softest or richest requiring least. When the dough is thus rolled to the required thickness, it is cut into sheets of a convenient size, which are lifted and passed on to the cutting machines.

These machines—of which there are eight in the factory—are ingeniously devised pieces of mechanism. They are generally three feet wide, and some of them have a length of even 24 feet. Five of them are kept specially for the manufacture of "hard goods." Fed in at one end of the machine on a table, the sheets of dough are passed between a pair of rolls on an endless web, and then over a series of several rollers; and about the middle of the machine the successive sheets are stamped into the desired biscuit forms. This particular portion of the work is done by a very ingenious appliance. Arrived at the proper point, the sheet of

dough makes a brief stoppage, and at the same moment there descends upon it a heavy block, whose length is equal to the breadth of a sheet of dough, and upon the flat face of which there are the stamping or cutting dies which produce the various biscuit forms. The dies are generally formed in brass; frequently they are simply circular in form, but in other cases they assume a great variety of shapes, as when small fancy biscuits are concerned. In such cases the forms are so arranged upon the die-plates that they will lie as close as possible to each other, thereby producing the least possible amount of scrap.

Each of the cutting machines is usually provided with three endless webs, one of which is very short and carries away the "scrap," which every now and then is taken back to the brake machines to be worked up with a fresh mass of dough from the mixers; another, which is a kind of flannel, very expensive and specially prepared, runs almost the whole length of the machine, and carries the biscuits; and the third carries the trays, which are made of sheet-iron or wire, and are constantly being fed in at a certain point by attendants, so that the biscuits may automatically arrange themselves upon them. In some instances, however, the biscuits, when large, are lifted from the cutting machine by hand.

The biscuits, whether lifted by hand or automatically fed upon the trays, next pass into the travelling ovens to be baked. These, of which the firm have eight, form a very prominent feature of the bakehouse. They are arranged in a one-storey building, but by their "feeding" end they reach into the spacious workshop in which the mixing machines, brake machines, and cutting machines have just been inspected, so that there may be no loss of space or power. Generally speaking, the travelling ovens are rectangular masses of brickwork, whose length ranges from 36 feet to 44 feet, the extreme width being from 10 feet to 11 feet, and the height in proportion. The width of the baking chamber varies from four feet to six feet, and in the side walls there is a very complete ramification of flues, in order that the heat may be uniformly distributed, and that the baking operation may be perfect. Each oven is provided with a series of four endless chains, which reach the whole length, and on which the trays of biscuits are placed; and by means of suitable mechanism a constant and uniform motion is kept up.

One of the ovens is somewhat different from the rest, inasmuch as its travelling floor or sole is a series of narrow sheet-iron plates reaching the whole width of the baking chamber. This is called a "plate oven," and is exclusively used for ship biscuits, which are fed in by hand. Of course, as different kinds of biscuits require varying periods of time for the completion of the baking operation, so there is provided at each oven an ingenious mechanism for regulating the speed at which the biscuits shall travel through the baking chamber. Some light goods run through in the short period of four minutes, whereas ship biscuits require from 30 to 35 minutes. The work is done by direct heat from burning coke in the plate oven, but in the others it is done by heated air. At the discharging end the biscuits are received into baskets and hampers, which, when filled, are run along to the hoist and lifted up to the packing rooms.

The plate oven turns out about two tons of ship bis-

cuits, or nearly 28,000, per day, and the others are also capable of turning out about the same quantity on the average. One oven turns out about 2½ tons per day of "Lancashire teas," which, at 34 lbs., will yield fully 191,000 individual biscuits; and there is one kind of biscuit produced in the factory to the extent of about 1½ millions per day from a single oven.

Besides the ovens just spoken of, there are 31 common or hand ovens distributed throughout other parts of the establishment, some of which are required for hand-made biscuits, shortbread, gingerbread, and other fancy breads, and the remainder for loaf-bread. As just indicated, there are still some biscuits made by hand that may yet be made by machinery. For example, the well-known "Abernethys" are hand-made; what are known as shell biscuits, which consist essentially of flour, butter, and sugar, are at present made by hand, but before the destruction of the factory by fire they were fashioned by machinery; and within the last few weeks a machine has been brought into successful use for the production of "walnuts." Of course, they are still made in halves, and the mode of uniting them is the same as formerly—allowing the flat faces to lie for a few minutes on damp boards, and then simply pressing the two halves together.

In what may be termed the hand-made biscuit and fancy bread department there are carried on a remarkable variety of operations. In one place we find a set of hands constantly engaged on *soirée* or tea bread, including Queen rolls, "cookies," London buns, &c. Near by, we observe some deft fingers manipulating cakes of shortbread, a commodity which is produced in large quantity at this season of the year. Large gingerbread cakes are being turned out in another corner. In the month of December, the great feature of the department we are now inspecting is the production of Christmas and New Year buns and cakes, the variety and quantity of which are positively surprising. During the whole of that month it is the custom to cease entirely, if possible, the manufacture of those fancy biscuits which go to make up the "mixings," so well known to epicures in biscuit dainties, in order that a sufficient number of hands may be turned to the production of the goods so peculiar to the season.

There were no fewer than seven tables engaged on cakes, each table employing four men. One of the tables had turned out about 1,000 cakes by two o'clock in the day; of course, they were generally small. A fully-manned table usually gives employment to seven hands, and to one table there may be devoted groups of three, four, or even six ovens, one ovenman managing a single group; and, in short, every suitable hand that can well be spared from other departments is drafted into the bun and cake department during the busy season, as it is necessary that such special goods should not only be ready in time for the season's festivities but likewise be as fresh as possible. Within the space of about three weeks fully fifty tons of such goods have to be manufactured and sent out to the trade throughout the kingdom. In that quantity orange-peel alone is used to the extent of about three tons. Some New Year cakes and buns are made up to 24 lbs. in weight, and shortbread in elaborately ornamented cakes up to 7 lbs. As affording some evidence of the extraordinary variety which taste demands in the shape of cakes, let the reader just



glance at the following list, jotted down at random. There are plum cakes, lunch cakes, rich Swiss cake, rice cake, currant cake, sultana cake, seed cake, citron cake, Genoa cake, Queen cake, pound cake, Madeira cakes, Berlin cakes (richly ornamented), mistletoe cakes, Florence cakes, Edinburgh cakes, sponge cake, buns, and shortbread. Great cunning has doubtless to be exerted in concocting the materials necessary for the production of such a variety of delicacies.

But the cakes and biscuits have in many cases to be "iced" and highly ornamented before they are considered to be finished and ready for packing. And now for a minute or two we must take a glance at what is called the icing and piping department. The material which is technically called "ice" in a biscuit factory is simply a composition of white of eggs and finely ground loaf sugar, and it may either be pure white or coloured with some innocuous organic colouring matter, such as extract of cochineal or saffron—the whole being whipped up into a thick pasty mass. Many fancy biscuits, as also shortbread cakes, bridecakes, and other articles, are coated over with this material—the so-called ice; and the operation is done in a tolerably warm workshop, the heat of which soon hardens the coating. What is termed "piping" is the ornamentation of such articles by means of the same material, which is worked out of a bladder-bag by the pressure of the hand through a metal tube or pipe which terminates in a small nozzle. When visiting this department we found well nigh twenty hands busily engaged in the various operations, one of them being a highly-skilled workman of very considerable artistic taste. The ornamentation of bridecakes forms a prominent part of his duties, as the production of such tokens of happy events forms no mean feature in the ordinary trade.

Passing to the mixing and packing department, we find that the main packing-room is immediately under the flour loft, and is equally spacious. The first operation witnessed is that of mixing the different kinds of biscuits which go to make up the "combinations" in the finer qualities of fancy biscuits. Baskets filled with different kinds of biscuits are brought from the bakehouses and from the icing and piping department, and scattered in succession over great wooden tables, or, rather, shallow troughs, provided with sloping sides and ends and a wire bottom, through the meshes of which the broken powdery particles may pass which break off in consequence of the attrition of the biscuits upon each other. Some "mixings" or "combinations" contain as many as thirty-eight or forty, and in some instances even fifty, different kinds of biscuits.

When the mixing operation is completed, the goods are charged into tins capable of containing from 1 lb. up to 14 lbs. Many of the tins have one of their sides fitted with a sheet of glass, so that they may be exposed in shop windows, or on the shelves, so as to attract customers; and in such cases the contained goods are frequently arranged with great care. The packing in the tins is done by young women. Many kinds of biscuits, especially when not mixed, are packed in wooden boxes capable of containing 28 lbs. each, or they may be packed in casks containing about 80 lbs. each. For the convenience of carriage, the tins are not unfrequently packed in wooden cases, especially if intended to be shipped abroad or sent great distances by rail.

The "mixings" that are baked one day are usually packed the next; but in the case of "bonbons" and ginger-nuts, which are liable to spoil by drawing damp, it is desirable to do the packing on the same day as the baking.

Having mentioned bonbons and ginger-nuts, we may state that they are so much in demand that they are made to the extent of about three tons per week. The weekly production of some kinds used in "combinations," and consumed by the "million," runs up to from five to eight tons. "Queen's drops," which are consumed chiefly in England, are manufactured at the rate of from one to two tons per week. But one of the most surprising facts in connection with the work in biscuit manufacturing is in respect of the "A B C" biscuits. They have the letters of the alphabet impressed upon them round the outside, and hence the name. The retail price is one farthing. Since the school boards became established over the whole country, or at all events within the last two years or so, these biscuits have been turned out at the rate of about six tons per week on the average. Let us hope that the fact just mentioned is some indication of the influence of the Education Act.

Such are the facts gleaned in a run through a Northern biscuit manufactory—factory indeed, for the biscuit trade has run up of late into a commerce that is simply enormous.

## Things New and Old.

### Substitutes for the Potato.

Amongst a heap of letters I have been lately endeavouring to dispose of in a way to satisfy all parties—though I fear some will be disappointed—one has particularly attracted my attention. The writer asks, "Is there any substitute for the potato?" It admits of a simple reply to this effect—No. But to dispose of it in that way, under the head of "Replies," would be scarcely fair; for very many of our readers must be disposed to put the same question, happily ignorant of its extreme simplicity as a naked question, and of its interesting fulness as a subject for an essay. Now, I will not attempt an essay, but I propose to concoct a note that may be useful to very many of our readers. In the first place, then, it must be understood that in my opinion there is no substitute for the potato. You may live without it, and you may find maize, rice, or even parsnips, substitutes to a certain extent. But as regards productiveness, nutritiousness, and hygienic properties, there is simply no substitute at all; or, in other words, there is no plant known that can exactly or even nearly take its place. Where potatoes are freely eaten scurvy is unknown, and the people have, as a rule, clear complexions. We have no other anti-scurvy root, and the cruciferous plants (*e.g.*, cabbage, cauliflower, watercress, &c.) come nearest in antiscorbutic properties. The most noted of the supposed substitutes for the potato are the following:—Chinese yam, *Dioscorea batatas*. Of this we grew fine crops on ridges at Stoke Newington some fifteen years ago, but gave it up; for, somehow or other, it came to grief in the kitchen. Can any one amongst our twenty thousand friends give us a comprehensive and practical paper on

the culture and cookery of the Chinese yam? The Jerusalem artichoke, *Helianthus tuberosus*, is certainly an important and a real delicacy, but there is room for a special essay upon it. *Basella tuberosa* may be worth attention in the South of Europe and the Canaries. It is a relation of the chenopods, which is in its favour as an article of food. *Lathyrus tuberosus* is promising in name only at present: can any one tell us if the roots are worth cooking? Of *Oxalis* there are several tuberous-rooted species, and there is scarcely any chance of their ever taking any high rank as articles of food. The sweet potato, *Convolvulus batatas*, is a thoroughly important plant in subtropical climates, but of no use here. And where it has its full importance it is no substitute for the potato, being more like solidified treacle than 'a savoury sort of bread; for a first-rate potato is really like bread advanced to a higher state of perfection. The following are in my opinion of less importance than any of the foregoing, and they complete my list of possible substitutes for the potato:—*Ulluca tuberosa*, *Polymnia grandis*, *Apios tuberosa*, and *Caladium esculentum*.—S. H., in *The Gardener's Magazine*.

#### Charity.

At a collection made at a charity fair, a lady offered the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know I am begging for the poor."

#### The Florida Crocodile.

The two American species of *crocodilus*, viz., *rhombifer* and *acutus*, were first described by Cuvier as confined to the West Indies and South America, which view was accepted by naturalists for a long time. Subsequently the *C. acutus* has been discovered in different parts of Central America, and in 1870 Professor Jeffries Wyman described a skull from Florida as belonging to that species. Reports are current in Florida of a true crocodile existing there, but specimens have not been secured until very recently. The present year has thrown more light upon the subject by the capture of two fine specimens.

My personal observations on the subject were confined to the south-east coast of Florida, particularly the vicinity of Biscayne Bay. While there last winter collecting for the museum of Professor Ward, of Rochester, New York, I obtained sight of a reptile that I at first supposed to be a large alligator, but which a nearer view convinced me was a crocodile. After two unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded in killing him by lying in wait for him with my rifle, opposite his favourite mud-wallow on the bank of the stream. It proved to be a male—huge, old, and ugly. His tenacity of life was surprising, and his frantic struggles in and out of water made the fight interesting for some time. He lived for quite an hour after six rifle-balls had been fired into his nape in the direction of the brain. He measured 14 ft. in length, and his girth at a point midway between fore and hind legs was 5 ft. 2 in. His teeth were large and blunt; his head rugose and knotty, with armour-plates very large and rough, all conspiring to give him a very ugly and savage appearance.

On dissection it was found that he had been very pugnacious, or else was a persecuted and unfortunate in-

dividual. Three of his teeth were more or less shattered; the tibia and fibula of the right hand leg had been broken in the middle and united, also one of the metatarsal bones of the same limb; about five inches had been bitten off the end of his tail, leaving it quite blunt; and for some reason, probably an old wound, two of the vertebrae near the middle of the tail had grown together solidly at an awkward angle.

The day following the above capture (Jan. 22, 1875), I had the further good fortune to kill at the same spot the mate of this crocodile, a beautiful female, measuring 10 feet 8 inches. There was a striking contrast between the two specimens. The head of the female was regular in outline, comparatively smooth, teeth white, regular and sharp, plates even in surface and contour, and colours very marked. The entire under-surface of both specimens was pale yellow, shading gradually darker up the sides with fine irregular streaks and spots of black. On the upper parts of the female, through the entire length, the black and yellow mottling was about uniform, the yellow rather predominating.

The general appearance of the female was decidedly yellowish, while the back and tail of the male showed an almost entire absence of yellow, the prevailing colour being a leaden, lustreless black. In brightness of colour, smoothness of armour, and liteness of contour, the female greatly outranked her rough and burly lord. The stomachs of both specimens were quite empty, but in the œsophagus of the male were the torn remains of two mud-hens, in a state of disgusting decomposition. The ovary of the female contained 420 eggs, varying from the size of No. 8 shot to a hen's egg, all perfectly spherical.

The exact locality of the captures was a narrow, very deep and crooked stream known as Arch Creek, flowing from the Everglades into the head of Biscayne Bay.

While at Biscayne I collected abundant evidence that crocodiles, though rare, exist in various tributaries of the bay. On the bank of the Arch Creek I found the skull, fifteen inches long, minus the lower jaw, of a crocodile belonging to the same species as the large specimens. No one could give me any information concerning it.

#### Rinkomania.

The following "Poem picked up at Prince's," though in truth it has but little poetry in it, shows how quickly a just retribution will sometimes overtake rash young gentlemen who attempt to take liberties with the English language during a "cruise upon wheels":—

"There is rank on the rink," said young Brown with a wink;  
People stared, and they thought he was drunk;  
On the rink then he rank, and came down with a spunk,  
Sincerely repenting he'd rung.

*The World.*

THIS is the way they describe Californian whiskey:—"After that the cloth was took off, and the liquors war bro't in. And wot liquors they wuz, too! The whiskey was none of this yer kind that makes a man feel like sayin', 'I kin lick any son of a gun in the house,' and makes him smash things gineraly. No, sir. It was that kind that jist makes a man lift his glass up gintly, and say, 'Joe, ole pard, I'm looking at yer.'"

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XV.—MRS. JENKLES'S MORNING CALL.

"BEEN waiting, old lady?" said Sam Jenkles, throwing open the apron of the cab as he reached his wife's side.

"Not a minute, Sam; but why weren't you driving? Is he restive?"

"Restive!" said Sam; "I only wish he was. I'd give 'arf a sovvin to see 'im bolt."

"And suppose I was in the cab!" said Mrs. Jenkles.

"There, don't you be alarmed. Jump in. Ratty wouldn't run away with you inside, my dear—nor any one else."

Sam rattled the apron down, hopped on to his perch, chirruped to Ratty, and, for a wonder, he went decently out on to Pentonville-hill, past the Angel, along Upper-street, and round by the Cock at Highbury.

"What do you think of that, old lady?" said Sam, opening his little lid to peer down at his wife. "Comfortable?"

"Comfortable—yes," said Mrs. Jenkles, looking up and beaming. "And you said he wouldn't go."

"He knows as you're here," said Sam; "and that's his aggravating nature. He's a-selling me."

"Selling you, Sam?"

"Yes; a-making out as I grumbles without cause. Sit fast; I'll bowl yer up there in no time."

"No, Sam, don't—pray, don't go fast!" said his wife, in alarm.

"You sit still; it's all right, I tell yer. Good wives is scarce, Sally, so you won't be spilled."

Only half convinced, Mrs. Jenkles held on very tightly by the sides of the cab, till, well up now in the geography of the place, Sam ran round by the better road, and drew up at B. Sturt's grocery warehouse.

"No," said Sam, as Mrs. Jenkles made for the shop; "side door, and ring once."

As he spoke, Barney's ill-looking face appeared at the door; and as Mrs. Jenkles went and rang—

"Mornin'," said Sam.

Barney scowled, and blew a cloud of tobacco at him.

"Keb, sir?" said Sam, mounting to his perch.

Barney growled, and then spat.

"Run yer up to town in no time. Cheap trains to S'burban 'andicap," said Sam, grinning.

But Barney turned his back as the cab drove off, and asked his wife—"What them people wanted with kebs now?"

Mrs. Lane admitted her visitor, and, in a hesitating way, asked her upstairs, where her daughter, looking very pale, was seated by the window, working for very life at the hard, blue cloth garments upon which they were engaged.

The girl rose as Mrs. Jenkles entered, and bent towards her, flushing slightly beneath the scrutinising gaze to which she was subjected.

At the same time, Mrs. Jenkles made a short bob, and then another to Mrs. Lane, who placed a chair for her, which she declined to take.

"It was my husband, ma'am," said Mrs. Jenkles, "who came up to you the other day."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lane. "You have come from him. He brought you to-day?"

"I said I should come and see you," said Mrs. Jenkles, looking sharply from one to the other.

"And he told you?" said Mrs. Lane, hesitatingly.

"Yes; my husband tells me everything," said Mrs. Jenkles, stiffly.

"Then you know how good he was to mamma?" said the girl, coming forward.

"My husband's one of the best men under the sun, miss: only he has his weaknesses."

"Yes, it was weak," said Mrs. Lane, with a touch of bitterness in her voice—"and to such strangers."

"If you mean about the money, ma'am," said Mrs. Jenkles, in the same uncompromising manner, "I don't; I meant something else."

Mrs. Lane directed an imploring look at her daughter, and the girl hastily took up her work, as did her mother, and stitched away.

"That may have been weak, and it may not," said Mrs. Jenkles, who took in everything. "It all depends."

"It was a most generous act," said Mrs. Lane, in a low, pained voice, "and will bear its fruit. But you will sit down?"

Mrs. Jenkles seated herself on the very edge of her chair, bolt upright, while Mrs. Lane drew out a well-worn purse, took from it half a sovereign, and laid it upon the table.

"I am ashamed to offer you so little of it back," said Mrs. Lane, "but it was all we could get together in so short a time. You shall have the rest—as we can make it up."

"Thanky," said Mrs. Jenkles, shortly; but without attempting to touch the coin.

There was a pause then, only broken by that weary sound of hard stitching, which tells of sore fingers and aching eyes.

"How much more have you got in that purse?" said Mrs. Jenkles, shortly.

A faint flush of resentment appeared in the mother's face, and the daughter darted an angry look at the speaker. But it died out in an instant, as with a sad, weary action, Mrs. Lane reopened the purse, and shook out two more coins beside the half-sovereign upon the table.

"Two shillings," she said, faintly; "it is all."

Mrs. Jenkles sat very still, and the stitching went on like the ticking of two clocks, measuring out the short span of the workers' lives.

Mrs. Jenkles's eyes were busy, and she saw, as they went over the room, how shabbily it was furnished, how thinly mother and daughter were clothed, how pale and weary was their aspect, while the girl's eyes were unnaturally bright.

At last Mrs. Jenkles's eyes caught sight of a little white corner in one of the compartments of the open purse, and she gave a hysterical gulp.

There was a heap of thick cloth work lying on the table between the two women—the one coarse, unrefined, but comfortably clothed and fed, the other refined and worn to skin and bone—and this heap covered Mrs. Jenkles's actions as she rose, walked to the table, and then, without a word, went out of the room.

"Has she gone?" whispered Netta, as Mrs. Jenkles's retreating footsteps were heard.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lane, with a weary sigh, and she worked on.

"It was very, very cruel," said the girl, with her voice shaking, and, in spite of her efforts, a heavy sob would make its way from her breast, and the tears stole down her cheeks. "Mother, darling, what shall we do?"

"Hope and wait," was the response, in a low, pained voice. "It was only their due. The husband was very kind."

"But the two shillings—for bread," sobbed the girl. "Mamma, does papa know—can he know of this?"

Mrs. Lane leaned back in her chair, and held one hand over her eyes for a few moments; then, with a gesture to her child to be silent, she once more bent over her work.

Netta brushed the tears from her eyes, drew in her breath, as if in pain, and worked on in silence for a quarter of an hour, when steps were once more heard upon the stairs.

The eyes of mother and daughter met, those of the latter in dread; but it was not the heavy step of Barney, nor the snatchy shuffle of his wife, but a quick, decided, solid footstep, and the moment afterwards Mrs. Jenkles re-entered the room, and closed the door.

Mrs. Lane rose in surprise, and took a step to meet her. Directly after, completely broken down, she was sobbing on the coarse, uneducated woman's neck; for she had seen at a glance that the money still lay upon the table by the empty purse—empty now, for the duplicate it had contained was gone—as, with a loving, sisterly movement, the cabman's wife slipped back upon her finger the ring she had been to redeem, and then, kissing her upon the forehead, whispered—

"My poor dear, what you must have suffered!"

"Hush, hush! There, there, there!" whispered Mrs. Jenkles, with the tears streaming down her own simple, honest face; and she patted and tried to soothe her forsaken sister as she would a child. "There, there, there; don't you cry too, my pretty," she said, as Netta flew to her, and kissed her on the cheek. "Come, come, come, we must hold up. There, that's better; now, sit down."

"And I said God had forsaken us in our distress," sobbed Mrs. Lane. "I little thought what forms his angels took."

"There, there, there," said Mrs. Jenkles, wiping her eyes with a rapid motion; "if you talk like that you'll drive me away. I told Sam I'd come up to see, for I didn't know; and he is so easily led away, and I thought all sorts of things. But, bless and save us, he never told me half enough. There, there, wipe your eyes."

As she spoke, with a delicacy for which one might not have given her credit, she turned her back, leaving mother and daughter sobbing in each other's arms, while she slipped the money back in the purse, and placed it on the chimneypiece. Her next act was to take off her bonnet and shawl, hang them behind the door, and take up Netta's work and chair, beginning to stitch away with a vigour that astonished the girl, as she tore herself away from her mother, and came to resume her toil.

"No, no, my dear; I'll give you a rest while you see about a bit of dinner; for," she said, with a cheery smile, "you'll let me have a bit with you to-day, now, won't you? I'll try and earn it."

The girl's tears were ready to flow again, but Mrs. Jenkles's finger was shaken menacingly at her, and she

turned to her mother, who rose, dried her eyes, and came and kissed the broad, smooth forehead.

"God will bless you for this," she said, softly; and then the work went on once more, with such sunshine in the room as had not seemed to enter it for weeks.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jenkles, as she bit off a fresh length of thread with her firm, white teeth. "Rents are dear up this part, I suppose?"

"I pay seven and sixpence a week for this and the back room," said Mrs. Lane.

"And they'd be dear at half with such furniture," said Mrs. Jenkles.

There was another spell of sewing, when Mrs. Lane said that she would see about the dinner; and then, as if reading Mrs. Jenkles's thoughts—

"I don't like letting Netta go out alone."

"And quite right, too, with her face," said Mrs. Jenkles. "But she looks tired. You ought to walk out every day for an hour or two."

The girl gave her a pitiful look.

And the day wore on, Mrs. Jenkles taking dinner and tea with them, and seeing that each of them partook of a hearty meal, leaving about half-past nine with a bundle.

It was sharp work to get home before Sam should arrive from the yard; but Mrs. Jenkles managed it, had the table laid, the supper out, and the beer fetched, before he came in, took off his shiny hat and old coat, and seating himself, began to fill his pipe.

"Well, old lady," he said, "what time did yer get back?"

"About a quarter of an hour ago," said Mrs. Jenkles, as she took out some of the work upon which she had been engaged.

Sam whistled and stared.

"What's them?" he said, pointing with his pipe at the work.

"Only some slop-work I want to finish."

Mrs. Jenkles seemed so busy, that she could not look up and meet her husband's eye. In fact, to use her own expression, she was all of a twitter, and did not know what Sam would say; for though she nominally ruled him, Sam had a will of his own.

"Well, and did you find out about 'em?"

"Yes, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles, without raising her eyes.

"Bad lot, aint they?" he said, puffing away at his pipe.

Mrs. Jenkles shook her head.

"What, aint I been took in, then?" said Sam. "Aint they deep, designing people, as got hold of yer poor innocent husband, and swindled him out of thirty bob?"

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkles, with her lip quivering, "I never see anything so pitiful in my life."

"Poof!" exclaimed Sam, bursting out into a guffaw, as he turned in his seat, hugged the back of the chair, and shook with laughter. "That's my poor, silly, soft old wife, as can't be trusted out. Did they offer to pay you any of the money back?"

Mrs. Jenkles nodded.

"How much?"

"Half a sovereign, Sam."

"Well, that's something; and jolly honest, too!"

"But I didn't take it, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles, drop-

ping her work, to go and rest her hands upon his shoulder.

"You didn't take it?"

"No, Sam, dear."

"Then you've been and let 'em have more?"

"Yes, Sam, dear."

"There's a wife for you," he said—"there's a help-mate; and I aint made my guv'nor's money to-day by four bob."

"I couldn't help it, Sam—I couldn't, indeed," she said, bursting into tears; "it was so pitiful—she's a real lady, I'm sure, and her daughter, straining over that heart-breaking work; oh! it was more than I could bear."

"I wasn't such a werry great fool, Sally," he said.

"Oh, no, Sam. Oh, no! But I haven't told you all yet."

"You haven't?"

"No, dear."

"Well, put me out of my misery at once," said Sam, "that's all."

"Don't be angry with me, Sam, it'll come back to us some way, I hope; and if it don't, we shall only have done what thousands more would have done if they had only known."

"Let's have it," said Sam, gruffly.

"They're paying seven and six, Sam, for those wretched rooms, and the woman's a horrid creature."

"Yes, she is that," said Sam, nodding.

"And the poor young lady's frightened to death of the man, who insulted her once. He is a dreadful-looking fellow."

"Wuss, ever so much," said Sam, nodding at his pipe-bowl.

"And I—I—"

"Told 'em about our being about to be empty; that's about what you did," said Sam.

"Yes, Sam."

"Well, you're a nice one. Of course, you've put the rent up?"

"No, I haven't, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles. "I've—"

"Asked only the same! Why, our rooms is a palace to theirs—not as I ever see a palace, to know."

"They're smaller, Sam," said Mrs. Jenkles.

"Precious little," said Sam. "Well, you've offered 'em at six bob, eh? Well, you are a nice one; and doing their work, too!"

"No, Sam, dear; I told them they could have them for five shillings a week."

"Five!" shouted Sam.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Jenkles, pitifully; "don't be cross, dear. They said they wouldn't take them."

"That's a comfort," said Sam.

"But," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkles, hurriedly, "I persuaded them to come. I told them that they would be saving half a crown a week, and that in twelve weeks they would have paid off the thirty shillings you lent them, and they're coming."

"And how many more weeks will it take to pay off the money you lent them?" said Sam, facing round sharply.

"Only three, dear; it was only seven and sixpence, Sam."

"You'll ruin me," said Sam. "You know as we're as poor as can be," he went on, with his eyes averted from her.

"No, Sam, we're not; for we've a comfortable home, and we always save a little."

"And you go and make jellies and give away."

"How did you know that?" said Mrs. Jenkles, sharply.

"Ah! you women can't go on long in your wicked ways without being found out," said Sam. "I heerd on it."

"The poor child was dying, same as our poor little Dick was, Sam, and—and—"

Sam turned his head farther away.

"And now you invite poor people to come, as 'll never be able to pay their bit o' rent; an' the end on it all 'll be the workus."

"Oh, Sam; pray, pray, don't! Do I deserve all this?" and the poor woman burst out sobbing.

"God bless you! no, old lady," cried Sam, pulling her on to his knee, and giving her a sounding kiss, as she laid her head upon his shoulder. "It'll all come right in the long run, see if it don't. Life aint worth having if you can't do a bit o' good in it."

"Then you really aint cross with me, Sam?"

"Not a bit," said Sam. "Look at me. Sally, my old gal, it's my belief as them angels as takes the toll at the gate above 'll let you go through free."

"Sam!" cried Mrs. Jenkles, trying to lay her hand on his mouth.

"And look here, old lady," he continued, stroking her face; "when that does come off, which I hope it won't be for scores o' years to come, you keep werry, werry tight hold o' my hand, and then, perhaps, I shall stand a chance of getting into heaven too."

### Infernal Machines.

THE recent deplorable catastrophe at Bremerhaven has once more drawn attention to the fact that time and money still continue to be expended, and talent wasted and misapplied, in devising the most refined methods of executing the most dastardly and diabolical designs. Mechanical skill appears to be laid under special contribution in these matters, although it can scarcely be doubted that those whose skilful hands contrive these cunning devices are perfectly innocent of the intended application of their handiwork.

As far as we at present know, he whose wasted life has just been closed by a pistol bullet at Bremerhaven, employed an apparatus, consisting of a hammer, which was to strike a blow on some explosive substance at the end of a predetermined time, and which hammer was actuated by clockwork.

No precise description of the machine has as yet been given, although the exact particulars will doubtless transpire at the judicial inquiry. It is, however, by no means improbable that the mechanical arrangement will prove to be very much like one which was designed for a similar dastardly purpose nearly three years since.

There was at that time a conspiracy to ship a quantity of highly insured but worthless goods on board one of the Messageries Maritimes Company's vessels either at Bordeaux or Marseilles. With the goods was to be shipped an infernal machine, which, at a given time, was to explode, cause the destruction of the ship, and bring the conspirators their miserable reward. This machine consisted of a chest, containing a powerful ex-



plosive compound and an exploding apparatus. The principle of the exploder was that of the needle-gun—a needle being driven into a primed cartridge, and causing the explosion of the whole mass of the compound.

The mechanism consisted of a needle or -striker, set in a bolt, at the other end of which was a spiral spring held in a tube. When the bolt was forced back into the tube, there was, of course, a powerful pressure behind it, tending to push it onwards and to drive the needle into the cartridge. In order to hold the bolt back until the proper moment for the discharge had arrived, a catch or stud was formed on it, which was made to engage with a horizontal lever, having a hammer-shaped head. The lever was connected with springs so arranged as to have a constant tendency to release its head from the catch. This tendency, however, was counteracted by a broad disc of metal, which, being placed close against the lower part of the lever head, held it in its place in front of the catch on the needle bolt. In the disc was cut a notch, sufficiently deep to allow the lever head to drop into it when that part of the disc was presented to it, and so to release the needle bolt. The disc was revolved by a train of clockwork, so speeded as that the disc should travel a given distance in a definite time. The edge of the disc was marked with a number of spaces, one space representing a day, and the edge would travel through that space in one day.

Assuming the disc to be marked into ten portions, and the machine to be required to explode in eight days, the lever would be set at the eighth mark from the notch. The clockwork would then be started, and the disc would revolve until, at the end of the eighth day, the notch would arrive at the lever head, which would be forced into the notch by its springs. The needle bolt would thus be released, and, being impelled sharply forwards by the powerful spiral spring at its rear, would cause the explosion of the cartridge, and so of the whole mass of the explosive compound. Thus would be consummated a catastrophe from which it is probable no living soul would escape to record it.

It is by no means certain that the miscreant Thomas was connected with the conspiracy in which this infernal machine was to have been used, although circumstances favoured the supposition that he was. Circumstances seem to point to nitro-glycerine as the agent which caused such widespread desolation at Bremerhaven.

Other forms of infernal machines have been imported into the discussions which have arisen upon the Mosel catastrophe. Among these is the coal shell and the rat, of the latter of which there are two species. We have recently had the opportunity of examining one of these coal shells. Two were sent as samples to a large colliery proprietor and coal shipper, who was offered any number. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the Plimsoll question was being warmly agitated at that time, and it is assumed by some that these coal shells emanated from some unscrupulous upholder of the good cause Mr. Plimsoll has in hand, with a view of strengthening his case.

The coal shell is a hollow brass casting representing a small lump of coal, about 5 in. long by 3 in. wide and 2½ in. deep. At each end is a hole, for clearing out the core of the casting and afterwards for filling it with the explosive compound. The object of these shells would

appear to be not so much the destruction of the ship by their direct as by their indirect use. They were probably intended to be thrown among the coal in the bunkers, and with it shovelled into the furnace of a steam vessel. There they would explode under the boiler, and would probably by such means cause the loss of the vessel.

It is possible that the intention might have been to fill them with some material which would explode either after a certain time, or at the high temperature sometimes present in coal cargoes. But the somewhat open offer of them to a coal shipper, in the circumstances, would appear to point to so very vague and aimless an end, that the opinion that they were intended to promote the Plimsoll movement appears by no means unreasonable.

The coal shells were evidently carefully moulded from a lump of coal, and when blacked readily deceive the eye.

The "rats"—of which there are two species—are of a more vicious nature. One species is intended to operate upon iron ships, the other upon wooden ones. The iron ship rat consists of a block of iron known as "Keutledge," which has a hole bored into it, in which is placed a tubular boring tool containing an acid. On the top of the boring tool is a lever, with a weight at its outer end, and this lever can work to and fro horizontally in a space cut out of the top of the Keutledge. The lever is, of course, carefully boxed in, and the surface of the iron restored.

A confederate is required, who will place the machine in the right position—that is, with the bottom of the boring tool downwards, and on the iron skin of the vessel. Being so placed, the rolling of the ship causes the lever to move backwards and forwards, and the end of the tool to cut into the ship's plates, the action being promoted by the acid, and by a slight pressure given to the boring tool by a spring. The terrible process may be somewhat slow, but is very sure.

The wooden-ship rat is a more complex machine, and possibly more ingenious. It consists of a box in which are placed a pair of vertical cylinders, one at each end of the box, and about five feet apart. In the centre, between the two, is a horizontal cylinder, having a piston working in it, the rod passing through a stuffing box. The outer end of the piston rod works a ratchet drill or augur, the augur being weighted. The two vertical cylinders are each half-filled with water, and communicate with the horizontal cylinder by pipes, each having its own pipe leading to the end of the horizontal cylinder nearest to it.

The consequence is that as the ship rolls, the water alternately quits and returns to the vertical cylinders, and, acting first on one side of the piston and then on the other, communicates a reciprocating motion to the piston rod. This motion is converted into a rotatory motion at the weighted augur, and in time a hole is bored through the planking of the ship, which gradually fills, and may be lost before the seat of the leak is discovered.

Provision is made for the release of the augur directly the hole has been bored and the resistance to it removed, when it silently drops through into the sea. Thus the hole is not plugged by the augur and the ends of villainy defeated. Should the hole be discovered and the box be examined, there is nothing in it, except

to a professional eye, to show how the hole was produced.

Like the iron rat, this machine requires a confederate to place it well for its deadly work. Such are some of the devices for giving effect to one of the foulest offences against society.

### Tobacco in France.

I HAVE discovered a new "Counterblast against Tobacco." I have found out a way of curing inveterate smokers of their pernicious habits. I beg to recommend my method to the respectable individuals who trace all the ills of our age to Nicotine, and I stipulate only that I be appointed an honorary member of the Anti-Tobacco-smoking Association. My remedy is simple. The devotee of tobacco has only to run over to Paris, and then drive straight to the Manufacture des Tabacs, a large building situated on the Quay, just beyond the Hôtel des Invalides. If a visit there will not cure him, his case is hopeless. His very first step into the establishment is enough to set a confirmed smoker against his favourite consolation. For he is at once taken into a long, low shed, where great, muscular men, naked to the waist, are groaning and perspiring under huge loads of the virgin leaf. Tobacco is heaped everywhere on the floor. It is piled up in dense masses against the wall, just like sauerkraut outside hovels in Germany, and it smells as strong.

Our guide picked up first one dirty leaf, and then another, telling us this was Maryland and that Algerian; but we could not detect any variation in the nastiness of the smell. In the next room the process of fermentation was going on; and another man, who was standing upon the mass of tobacco which lay a foot deep upon the floor, plunged his hand into the midst of the manure-like mixture, and offered us some of the stuff, that we might feel how hot it was to the touch. After fermentation, the tobacco is left to cool and dry, and it is eighteen months—so our guide informed us—before it is fit for snuff.

In another hall the leaves are moistened with salt water, and in another are rows of machines worked by steam for chopping the tobacco into shreds. Endless, indeed, are the complicated contrivances for sifting and triturating the weed, and wonderful are they to the unsophisticated mind. But the heat of the rooms, the quantity of tobacco dust in the air, the half-naked workmen, and, above all, the oppressive and intolerable stench, almost inclined one to the belief that the great factory was organized by the State for the special purpose of degrading the population to an easily governed condition. The place reminded me of a somewhat similar experience I once had in Italy. I had been revelling for weeks in the macaroni which they prepare better in *la bella Napoli* than anywhere in the world. One day I happened to make an excursion to Amalfi, and there, in that earthly paradise, by the shore of a sea which on that coast takes more heavenly tints than anywhere else on its splendid borders, I saw a field of macaroni being trodden by men without shoes or stockings, and, in fact, with no clothing at all, except canvas trousers.

After that day I ate no more macaroni.

Another room is filled up entirely by the tobacco which is seized on the frontier. The guide told us that

it was mixed up in certain proportions with other kinds, and with the shreds of leaves cut up from cigars—"for nothing is lost here," said he, and I believed him—to be made into snuff. The *tabac de saisses* is worth nothing, he declared, tearing up some packets with a contemptuous air, and what he showed us was even worse than average French tobacco. So it is charitable to conclude that it is consideration for the public health that makes the Customs authorities look so sharply after the importation of the weed from abroad.

Lastly, we came to the pigtail department, wherein the leaf was being made into black ropes of various sizes, from the thin tobacco string affected by the student to the thick quids prepared for sailors' use. The pigtail is pressed so as to get rid of the superfluous Nicotine; and it was with a sickening qualm that one looked at the thick, treacly juice that exuded, and reflected on the quantity of the stuff that we must have consumed in the course of many years' indulgence in the weed in various conditions. The sale of cigarettes has increased enormously of late years, I was informed; and I should like to know if the preference is to be attributed to the deterioration in the quality of the cigars supplied by Government, or to the necessity which added taxation has imposed upon the population since the war, to restrict the sums they formerly spent on luxuries.

The revenue obtained by the Government monopoly must be enormous. I remember reading lately an account of how the *régie* came to be established. At some reception during the First Empire, a lady appeared adorned with more diamonds than were possessed by any of the beauties of the Court. The Emperor asked who she was, and was told that she was the widow of a man who had made a fortune in tobacco. The shrewd autocrat determined to turn the hint to account, and the next morning he issued a decree making tobacco a Government monopoly. Moral: If you make a fortune by trade, don't make too much show, lest a watchful and paternal ruler take the trade out of your hands.

Deafened by the noise of machinery, and giddy with the nauseous fumes you have passed through, you emerge into the fresh air, wondering how the Government can be so injudicious as to admit the public to a sight of its tobacco cookshop, and firmly determined never to smoke again. Never again shall your lips be polluted with a cigar. But, if you do not smoke yourself, you may like to offer some courteous poison to a friend. And you are reminded that in the *débit* attached to the building you can get real Havannah cigars—not made in France.

This is an opportunity not to be missed. You enter the—shop shall I call it, or office?—and you are shown some cigars, duly marked, labelled, and priced, which are only sold in boxes of one hundred. You take a box of cigars at sixty francs, which are well made, and which smell like the real thing. Such is the weakness of human nature that—just to transfer the fumes of tobacco from your head to your mouth, or to try what sort of treat you are going to give your friends—you light one cigar to smoke on your way home. Alas! you find it of rank and acrid flavour, getting more nauseous as it nears the bitter end, and you are soon confirmed in your original conclusion that there is no such thing as a good cigar to be had in France.

### Lions of Ceylon.

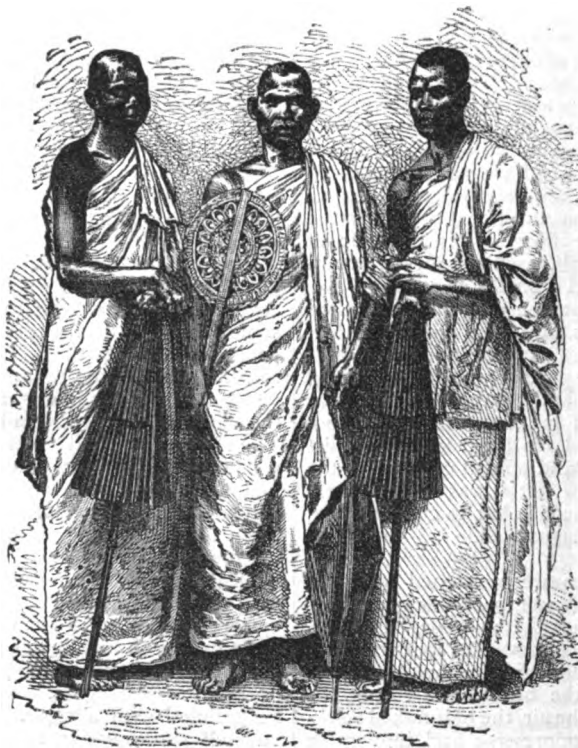
IT was my fortune to see Buddha's tooth, under somewhat singular circumstances. Some years ago, when the funds of the temple became low, and it was necessary to raise money for the crowd of priests who live in Kandy, the tooth was exposed to the view of pilgrims for three weeks, and a good round sum was obtained. Those who gave much were allowed a prolonged stare, smaller donors were allowed to look and move on, while the rest, whose offerings were insignificant, but who were admitted on the old principle that "mony a mickle maks a muckle," were hurried past. It had been expected that the tooth would be exhibited

now for a similarly long period, and the faithful in the country were gathering up their skirts and girding themselves for a pilgrimage to Kandy, when suddenly the Dewee Nilemee, a kind of dean of the temple, issued a notice that the relic would be put away, and at the same time invited me to witness its restoration to its place.

I repaired to the temple. To reach the room to which I was told the relic had been conveyed, it was necessary to go to the side of the temple, and thence by a narrow and dimly-lighted stone staircase, jealously guarded by priests, into a small square anteroom. As I entered the door of the apartment, I noticed that it was covered with beaten gold, that the posts were composed of an outer strip of finely carved wood, then a strip of ebony, next a strip of carved ivory, and after that one of embossed silver; the inner strip of all—namely, that next the door—being of gold. Passing under a curtain which was now lifted, I entered the room, and found myself in the company of about twenty priests, all guarding very jealously the inner apartment of all. It was clear that I had arrived at the resting-place of the relic, else what could mean the sliding iron barred gate, which, being drawn back, showed a golden door with ornamental posts, exactly like those I have already mentioned? A heavy curtain, however, prevented my looking through the doorway, and three or four stout Cingalese prevented my further progress.

It was possible that I might have to turn back after all, for the priests gave me looks that could not be called affectionate, and muttered in their unpleasant language remarks the reverse of complimentary. I was

wondering whether the purchase of a plateful of flowers which stood on a table would be of service; whether I should drop some money into an iron grating close to the door—evidently the receptacle of offerings—and so try the effect of benevolence; or whether I should retreat, when the Dewee Nilemee's face appeared in the doorway, and I was admitted into the sacred chamber. The room I was now in was scarcely more than seven feet square and nine high. The ceiling was heavily hung with what had once been yellow silk, now discoloured and almost black. The walls were bare; there were two other doors—on the right, and on the left—both fastened, and I could discover no window and no means of ventilation whatever. Facing the



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

door, on the step of which I stood, was a square iron cage, raised three feet from the ground, and reaching to the ceiling. The floor of the cage was of beaten silver. In the centre of the floor was a huge silver-gilt bell-like structure, beautifully embossed, more than four feet high, and at the base nearly three feet in diameter. On a silver table in front of this cage were jewels; some half-dozen golden pagodas, the receptacles for these treasures, were there also; and nine priests were preparing, under the supervision of the Dewee Nilemee, to put all away. There lay, also, the sacred tooth on the golden lotus-leaf, ready to be placed in the largest pagoda of all. Eight or ten lighted wax candles—some in stands and some in the hands of the priests—added to the almost unbearable heat of the apartment, in which thirteen or fourteen people were crowded

together. With great ceremony the little golden casket containing the tooth was closed by the high priest, his brethren of the golden robe raising their hands in pious attitude the while.

The largest pagoda was then opened, and all the inner cases I had previously seen were taken out and opened. One by one they received the relic, only now each was wrapped in muslin as it was placed in the next largest case. There seemed occasionally to be especial care to arrange the muslin in a certain way. Everything was clearly done according to rule, and those shaven, yellow-robed priests were determined to do their work well. A curious sight it was to see them bending over the relic, the guttering candles in their hands, while the Dewee Nilemee jealously watched the

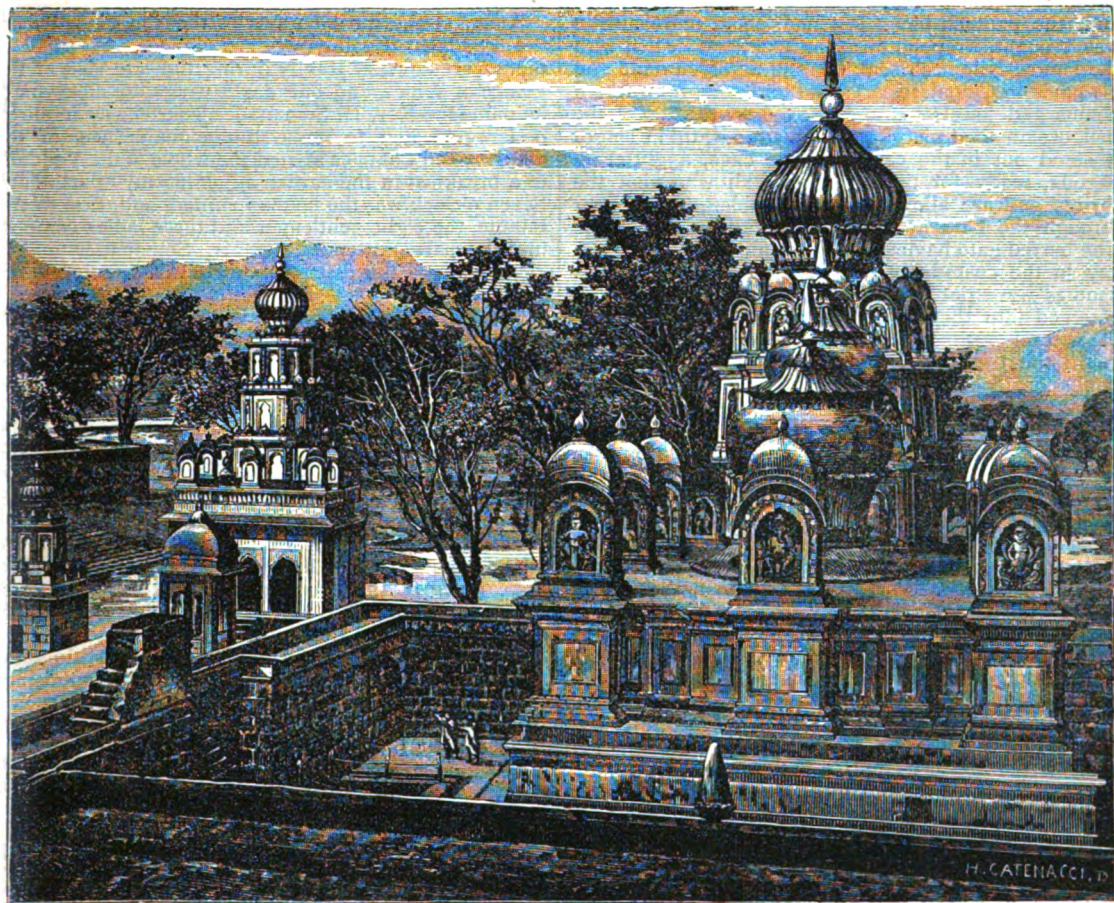


gradual swathing of the treasure. Case after case received it, more muslin was handed up whenever wanted, till at last it was ready for the golden pagoda. Then it finally disappeared from view, a golden key was produced, the pagoda was locked, and for the present placed on one side.

I wish I could fully describe that pagoda. It must be of great value, for it is of pure gold, is very heavy, and nearly two feet high. From the umbrella or top-most story of the pagoda hang chains which support splendid jewels, cats'-eyes nearly an inch in diameter, a

carefully, each hidden under the closest supervision, and of each due account was taken by the Dewee Nilemee.

At length the two high priests climbed up into the cage, and proceeded to lift the top of the bell from its place. They were strong men, but the effect needed was a great one, and it was some little time before the massive piece of gilded silver was taken up. So soon as it was done, however, one of the priests knelt, and, handing out some more muslin, produced at last a silver bô-tree, a bag full of little golden images of



TEMPLE AT CEYLON.

sapphire quite as large, besides diamonds and rubies. But only an actual sketch in bright colours can convey to the eye an adequate idea of its beauty. The next treasure, to be similarly wrapped in muslin and put away, was the emerald Buddha, which was also placed in a pagoda, somewhat smaller though quite as pretty. There were the anklet and one piece of open gold filigree work, heavily set with diamonds and other stones, to go into another pagoda, and then the great sapphire we saw an evening or two ago. Each was wrapped up

Buddha, some chains, studs, and, in fact, about as miscellaneous a collection of jewellery as you would find in a West-end shop. Out it came by handfuls, to be counted by the Dewee Nilemee, and given into the custody of the priests, who placed the articles in the remaining pagodas. But an end will come to the production of treasures, be they never so many, and an end came to these; the pagodas were full, and it now only remained to wrap them all in thick folds of muslin. This done, the receptacle of the tooth was

lifted up by the high priests, a deep obeisance was made, and then it was placed in the centre bell-shaped case.

One after another the rest of the pagodas were placed round it, the silver bô-tree following last of all; and, when this had been achieved, and the number duly counted, the priests lifted the silver top once more, and, with a supreme effort, got it into position. The Dewee Nilemee, with evident pride, produced a large gold key, and locked the huge casket. This was not all, however. A band of thin iron was now brought, and entwined round the bell in such a way that, with the aid of a small padlock which was attached to it, entrance to the bell was most effectually prevented; and, the padlock being fastened, some more muslin was brought, wrapped over the lock, and sealed with the Dewee Nilemee's seal, bearing a golden dodo and his name in Cingalese. A gold umbrella, from which chains and jewels hung, was fixed on the top of the bell, ornamented pieces were added to it, till at length it stood out in the centre of the cage, a glittering pagoda, ready for the worship of all who visit the shrine, and are allowed for a consideration to peer through the bars at the resting-place of the tooth. The barred gate having been drawn and fastened by a key in the custody of one of the high priests, the candles were put out, and we, perspiring and faint, emerged into the outer room, saw the door locked, the second grating fastened, and a watch appointed to guard the treasure. The relic of Buddha had been safely consigned to its shrine.

Any notice of a visit to Kandy would be incomplete which did not include some account of the magnificent Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya, a village close to the capital. I think every one who had come from England took the opportunity of going there. Take away the snakes and the leeches which swarm in the luxuriant grass, and the garden is Paradise itself. Groups of palms, laden with cocoa-nuts and plantains, meet you at every turn. You walk in groves of cinnamon and nutmeg; luscious pummelos overhang your path in thousands; the tea plant grows here to perfection; red coffee berries, bread-fruit, figs, and arecanut trees are all round, and the india-rubber tree towers over all. On the ground are hundreds of choice ferns, some with a golden frond, some with a delicate spray far exceeding in beauty and size the maiden-hair fern of England; flowers blossom everywhere; orchids climb into the branches of the trees; colour, light, shade—all are here. Your first impulse is to throw yourself on the grass; but a look will make you cautious. Plant but a foot there for a minute, and leeches will come towards you by hundreds; lie down and sleep, and you would never rise again. While looking on, we are all severely bitten. The possession of a *menage* of leeches and snakes is not always an unqualified blessing.

Three serpents, one of them pronounced to be the deadly Tic Polonga, glide noiselessly past us, one after another. One of the party states that he has just seen a cobra, and boa-constrictors lurk in quiet nooks. Quite apart from these peculiarities of the gardens, the ownership of them has at various times been accompanied by its inconveniences. Of the Kandyan kings within the historic period, twenty-two were murdered by their successors, six by comparatively disinterested individuals; thirteen were killed in battle against ene-

mies and subjects; four gave up governing as a bad job, and committed suicide; leaving comparatively few to be placed on the funeral pile for burning; so that, happy as is the valley, charming as are the hills which surround it, lovely as is the scenery, and tempting as undoubtedly are the fruits, flowers, and trees, the Peradeniya Botanical Gardens have sad memories; and in regard to their leeches and snakes, during this rainy season, uncomfortable occupants. Somebody said that a few years ago, after a long-continued drought, the reptiles disappeared, and that they have only lately returned. As to the garden itself, no praise that may be given can be exaggeration. It is the perfection of beauty.

Amongst the most curious of the Cingalese tribes, the Veddahs certainly deserve a place. A party of them were down at Kandy during the late visit of the Prince of Wales, and one day a Cingalese clergyman, by name the Rev. D. Somanader, courteously inquired if I would like to make the acquaintance of the savages, and I at once invited the whole of the Veddahs to a breakfast in the garden adjoining my apartments. Seven o'clock was the hour appointed, and, true to the minute, the eight gentlemen and three ladies composing the party, attended by Mr. Somanader and a clergyman of the district, named Coles, entered the garden.

The breakfast of a Veddah is not a serious business. Very often it consists of plenty of fresh air, a drink of water, and a long walk. Our cuisine was an improvement upon this. We had green cocoa-nuts, plantains, some rice, and a little curry. You must know that the Veddah likes meat as well as fruit. In his native home he enjoys a roasted monkey or a toasted lizard (the guana) exceedingly, and would not mind at any time eating a piece of venison, if fortune chances so to favour him. When the fickle goddess is not kind, he goes without flesh meat, or, like the flying ant of the island, eats anything he can get short of iron. The appearance of the cocoa-nuts delighted our guests, and they proceeded to partake of this first course with as much gusto as a London gourmand tastes his turtle and punch. It is always a joy to a Veddah to get a good meal. If in talking to him—always supposing, on the principle of the old cookery-books, that you can first catch your Veddah, and next that when you have caught him you can understand his pleasant language—you suggest exertion of any kind, he is courteous but firm upon one subject. Before he works he must eat, and he will point to an empty stomach at once to indicate this to you. This peculiarity was accordingly met by the provision we had made, and it was the business of the Veddahs to make the most of the opportunity. Taking the hatchet kind of hammers they carry in their waist-cloth, they knelt down and cut through the fibrous covering of the nut, through the hard shell also, and so reached the kernel, which they pushed into their mouths as rapidly as possible. I thought I detected a smile on the face of one shock-headed old gentleman without teeth, when he found that his nut was one of undoubted goodness. But it was needless to look just then—he laughed heartily presently, as you shall know.

As for the young ladies, a very tender nut, some plantains, and bread were handed to each of them. They consumed nearly the whole at once, and handed



over the fragments to a thoughtful-looking male friend, who, without regard for anybody who might chance to be near, took off his waist-cloth, and, wrapping up the surplus eatables therein, replaced it in such a fashion that, had he been a European lady instead of a Veddah savage, the articles in question would have constituted an excellent dress-improver. Then the party adjourned into a corner to cook the rice we had given them, which enabled me to make inquiries of their guardian and Mr. Coles as to their manners and customs.

The party in Kandy were taken purposely from a very savage hill tribe, and only persuaded to come down by very considerable gifts of money, and ornaments for the women. Each of the girls had from twenty to thirty silver rings on her fingers, besides rings on her ankles and arms, given her before she started; and of these treasures they were all very proud. I have spoken of their food; let me tell of their marriage customs. Living in huts which can be built in an hour, and making their cooking utensils mainly from the leaves of trees, the household arrangements of the Veddahs are not such as to call for any serious preparation. When a young man falls in love with a maiden, he first of all obtains her consent, then waits upon her parents, who only demand that he shall present their daughter with a piece of cloth. He assents, the cloth is produced, the lovers become husband and wife at once, and remain so. There is no religious ceremony, for of religion the Veddah has no idea. The only supernatural being of which he has any notion is a devil—which, by the way, is a very respectable sort of fiend indeed, and not at all so implacable and bad as our Western Beelzebub. The Veddah's demon is really only a misguided person, who is fond of mischief; and when, therefore, anybody falls ill, his friends get some jaggery or native sugar, a little piece of cocoa-nut, and any other luxury which circumstances permit of, and, placing it on a leaf, dance round it till they think the Satanic anger is appeased.

Breakfast over, the Veddahs were summoned to shoot. So much has been said about their skill with the bow and arrow, that we were careful to watch their powers very narrowly. We placed a leaf about ten inches long by six square upon a bamboo, about thirty yards from the place where they stood, and then invited them to shoot. Two arrows were sped at once: the first shot of the shock-headed old man went clean through the leaf; the second, discharged by a thin man with long hair, struck the bamboo and knocked it down. It was clear that the target was too close for such marksmen, and we removed it to nearly double the distance, when the shooting began again.

In all about twenty arrows were fired. Scarcely one fell six inches from the target; most of them either went through the leaf or touched it. A man at the distance would have been struck by eighteen arrows at least. When a marksman made a particularly good shot there was a shout of congratulation; when a bad shot was made, the archer looked at his bow with anger, and adjusted the string with great care. The thin man—why call one thin when all were skeletons?—was most successful, and won a rupee; the gentleman with the vagrant locks came next, and received threepence. As for the rupee, I am bound to say it was received as a matter of course—seized with un-

grateful avidity; but the threepenny-piece was clearly a matter of surprise. A second prize evidently entered into nobody's calculation. I suspect that when a race for a plump monkey takes place, the rule is, Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere—the fortunate person who gets the monkey eats it all, and his friends look on. Anyhow, the two-anna piece was a surprise. The recipient turned it over twice—it was a new coin, and glittered in his dirty palm very enticingly. In an instant he popped it into the rag which encircled his waist, and then refuted a writer who declared their inability by laughing. Yes, there could be no mistake about it—the Veddah had got something to laugh for. An unexpected threepenny-piece was all gain—he could well afford to be merry. Nor let it be thought that he was not a pure wild man. He was the typical man of the party, with more hair, fewer teeth, and less clothing than any of them—a magnificent hand at eating green cocoa-nuts, and a great lover of some bitter red bark, which he placed between his gums occasionally, and mumbled with great pleasure.

The shooting over, and this jocular Veddah having sat for his portrait, a dance was proposed and agreed to, on the exhibition of a few rupees, which were subscribed for the purpose. You must not suppose for a moment that the ladies danced. Still, the part they took in the ceremony was, one that astonished me. We were under the shade of some plantains; a cool, quiet nook, covered by leaves. Five of the men formed a kind of circle; three stood at the side; the women took up a position a little way off. Till then I had not had an opportunity of looking fully at them; but now I noted that although they were very thin, their countenances were pleasant, their eyes bright, their carriage almost as erect as that of the Mahratta women of Bombay, and their skin several shades lighter than the men's. They were of a distinctly different type from the Cingalese, not having a single feature of resemblance; but, although undoubtedly savages of a low order, they were neither repulsive nor, indeed, ugly. The three men struck up a song; the five began a singular dance which consisted of a hop on one leg and a bob of the head—altogether something both novel and funny. Just then I looked up, and the Veddah women were actually laughing—laughing and hiding their faces, too, as though a little bashful. What could it all mean? The secret was soon explained. These gay young men from the hills were singing a love-song, and the girls were laughing. So far as the faces of the men, dancers and singers alike, were concerned, no confirmation of this could be gained, for from the low, monotonous chant and the savage dance I could learn nothing. Yet I have no doubt that the reverend guardian of these savages was right, and that Veddah humanity is very like other humanity all the world over.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.—According to Mrs. Livermore, the wives of the East India Brahmins are the mere slaves of their husbands, and servilely attend them at meal-time. But the day is not far distant when British civilization will have introduced flat irons and potato-mashers into India, and when the now tyrannical Brahmin will be glad enough to crawl up outside of the door, and sniff the dinner through the key-hole.

## Mr. Pash's Courtship.

### CHAPTER I.—JOHN RICHARDS' HOUSEKEEPER.

"GIT along, do, with such clat."

"But, Keziah, dear—only listen to me! Here's winter coming on fast, and what could be a better time for getting it over? What's cold got to do with it, Keziah, when there's a warm and manly heart beating away for you at such a rate as to keep you warm and itself too? Say yes, Keziah!"

"I won't."

"Only think of how happy we should be, with you at your housekeeping, and me with my tallers!"

"And smelling ten times worse of burnt mutton chops than you do now when you come."

"Smell, Keziah! Oh, what's smell when him as smells loves you? Ah, Keziah! I did think you'd got a heart that I could melt like good quality fat; but it's a stringy and gristly heart, Keziah—one as is full of pride. On my bended knees, I ask you to say yes!"

"Get up, do, with your clat. The idee of going down on the carpet like that, just for all the world like a man in a stage-play. Such stuff, indeed! If you don't get up directly, I'll run out of the room, that I will. Do you take me for a silly girl? at my time of life, too."

"No, Keziah," said the man of bended knees, rising slowly to stand once more, a fat, podgy little fellow, whose anxious face grew more ludicrous each moment. "No, Keziah, I only take you for a very hard-hearted woman."

"Don't be a noodles, Peter," exclaimed Keziah. "Didn't I always tell you, when I gave consent for you to come and see me, that I'd never think of marrying till Miss May was settled?"

"Yes, you did," said Peter; "but she's such a long time over it."

"Stuff!" said Keziah.

"But she is indeed," cried Peter, trying to catch one of the lady's hands in his. "You see, she's only nineteen, and can afford to wait a few years. But you see, dear, I'm forty, and you are—"

"Yes, I know, I'm forty, too—and I'm not ashamed of it, so you needn't twit me with that," said Keziah, snappishly. "I'm in no hurry to change my name into Pash! Pash, indeed! I'm sure Bay's ever so much better."

"It is. I know it is," said Peter; "and I didn't twit you about your years. Aint I always said you were just growing into your prime? But I see how it is: it's pride—it's the pride of the composites, Keziah; and you're trying to throw me over, after I've been a true lover all these years."

"Are you going to talk sense; or am I to leave you to chatter that sickly twaddle to the cat?—true lover, indeed!"

"Go it!" cried Peter—"it's pride! I can see through it all. Why don't you be open with me? But, mark my words, Keziah, there's more sterling substance in a short six, or even a height, than in all your grand composites, as set themselves up for sparm or wax. I'm tallow, I am; and I respect tallow. I like people not to be ashamed of their position. We can't all be wax, nor yet sparm, so why not be content as a good honest dip, or a mould? Why, even your twelve or fourteen

has a honesty about it that your sham, make-believe imitation wax don't possess—things as won't stand so much as a draught of air without flaring, and guttering down, and spattering all over your carpets. It's pride, Keziah, and that's all about it."

"No, it aint," said Keziah, quietly.

"To throw me over like this," continued Mr. Pash, in injured tones, "and after all my attentions and presents."

"Presents, indeed!" exclaimed the lady—"attentions!—very delicate attentions. Kidneys, that you got out of the nasty fat that you buy of the butchers."

"But I never brought one as was the least tainted," said Peter; "and you always said there was nothing nicer for supper."

"And, pray, who always ate a good half?" retorted Keziah, angrily.

"But I never should have touched 'em if they hadn't been so gloriously cooked—such brown—such gravy! O, Keziah, don't be hard on me!" sighed Peter.

"Peter Pash!" exclaimed the lady, indignantly, "you're a great goose; and if I didn't know that you'd been sitting here three hours without nothing stronger than small beer before you, I should say you'd been drinking. Now, once for all, you can come if you like, or you can stay away if you like. I'm not going even to think about getting married till Miss May's settled; and that won't be—well, never mind that. Now go home."

"Yes, my dear," said Peter, in a resigned way; and taking his hat off the sideboard, he began to brush the nap round and round very carefully. "But you're very hard on me, Keziah."

"Didn't I tell you to go?" said the lady.

Peter Pash sighed, and drew the back of his hand across his mouth; but then his heart failed him, and he shook hands, and said "Good night"—words which seemed thrown back at him by the lady of his heart. Directly after he withdrew in accordance with the line in italics which appeared at the bottom of his tallow-chandler's trade card—"N.B. Orders punctually executed!" leaving Keziah Bay, cook and housekeeper to John Richards, the old money-lender, of Walbrook, nipping her lips together, beating one foot upon the fender, and frowning very fiercely at the fire.

For this had been a very exciting affair for Mrs. Keziah Bay; since, heretofore, Peter Pash's custom had been to come three times a week to Walbrook, where he would sit in the half kitchen, half sitting-room, of the dingy old mansion—a house built in the days when merchants condescended to live over their offices, with bed-rooms looking down upon warehouse or yard—sit and smoke a pipe while Keziah darned her master's stockings; stare at her very hard, sup, and say "Good night," and then go. That was the extent of Peter Pash's courting. He had certainly once before said something respecting wedding, and been snubbed into silence; but only that once. Hence, then, this had been rather an exciting time at Walbrook, and for more reasons than that one.

Mrs. Keziah Bay had not been thoughtfully tapping the old-fashioned brass fender with her foot for more than five minutes before the door softly opened, and a slight, girlish figure entered, to steal quietly to the comely dame's side, kneel down, and clasp two little white hands round her waist.

"That means trouble, I know," said Keziah, sharply; but all the same, one of her hands was passed caressingly over the soft brown hair, and her lips were pressed to the white, upturned forehead. "That means trouble, and worry, and upsets, or you wouldn't come to me. Now, what is it? But, there, I know: you've been thinking about Frank Marr, haven't you?"

A sigh was taken for an affirmative answer, and Keziah continued—

"What's Mr. Brough been here for to-night?"

"Don't talk about it—don't ask me!" cried the kneeling girl, who now burst out into a passion of weeping. "O, 'Ziah, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Why, tell me all about what you're crying for, to be sure," cried Keziah, sharply; but all the same, with a motherly attempt or two at soothing. "Surely master hasn't been at you again about Mr. Frank, has he?"

"Oh, yes—yes," sobbed the girl; "and it does seem so cruel and hard. Oh, 'Ziah, I've no one to talk to but you—no one to ask for help. He talks as if Frank could help being poor, and not prospering in his business; when, poor fellow, he strove so hard."

"But what did he bring all that up for?" cried Keziah. "Mr. Frank hasn't been here these two months, I'll swear. Did you say anything?"

"No, no!" sobbed the girl, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of weeping.

"Then some one must have brought it up. There, I see, plain as plain. Bless him! He ought to be boiled in his own sugar, that he ought! He's a nice fellow, he is, for a sugar baker, to come here tattling, and setting people against other people."

"What do you mean?" sobbed May Richards, gazing wonderingly at her comforter.

"Mean? Why, that that old Tom Brough ought to be ashamed of himself to come tattling to master about Mr. Frank. That was it, wasn't it?"

"No, no," sobbed the poor girl, wearily.

"Then what did he come for?" said Keziah.

There was a pause, during which May wept bitterly.

"I shall go and ask master myself," said Keziah, authoritatively, as she half rose. "I'm not going to have my child upset like this for nothing."

"No, no, no!" sobbed May. "Pray stay, 'Ziah—dear 'Ziah, don't be angry, and I'll tell you all."

"Then what is it?" said Keziah.

"Mr. Brough—"

"Well?"

"Mr. Brough has been to talk to papa."

"Well, go on, child, for goodness' sake; and do wipe your eyes. He's been to talk to master—and what about, pray?"

"About me," sobbed May.

"Well, and pray what about you?"

"He came to propose, and papa gave him leave."

"To propose what?" said Keziah. "There, for goodness-gracious-in-heaven sake, child, speak out, and do not keep on riddle-me-riddle-me-reeing in that way. What did he want? Why!" she exclaimed, as a sudden light seemed to break upon her, "he aint broke, and come after money? Not he, though; he's as rich as a Jew. What does it all mean?"

"He came to propose, and papa ordered me to accept him," sobbed May. "And when I told papa that I considered myself engaged to poor Frank, he was

ready to strike me; and he cursed him, and called him horrible names, and said he would sooner see me dead than married to such a beggar, and that I was to accept Mr. Brough's offer."

"What!" exclaimed Keziah, her eyes dilating as she caught May by the shoulders, and seemed to look her through and through. "Do you mean to tell me that old Tom Brough, the sugar baker, wants to marry you, and that master said he should?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed May. "O, 'Ziah, I'm half broken-hearted. What shall I do?"

"Do?" cried Keziah, fiercely; "I'd have knocked their heads together. Old Tom Brough! An old villain! An old rascal! He's sixty, if he's an hour. It's a good job for him he's gone. Sneaking out as he did, and giving me five shillings when he went. Ah! if I'd have known when he was with me there in the passage, I'd have given it him!"

May clung to her, sobbing more than ever.

"I'd—I'd—I'd have wrung his neck," cried Keziah, furiously. And then she burst out into a contemptuous laugh, as she strove to comfort the weeping girl, kissing her, wiping her eyes, and holding her to her breast. "There—there," she said, "let it be now, and I'll talk to them both. I'll let them see that money is not going to do everything. Tom Brough, indeed! A carneying old rascal, with his smooth tongue and pleasant ways—an old deceiver! I thought better things of him. But I haven't done with them all yet. I don't believe there's a man under the sun good for anything. But there goes the bell."

Keziah Bay rose to leave the room, but May clung to her imploringly.

"You will not say a word?" she said, pleadingly.

"And why not, pray?" Then seeing the agitation and fear in the poor girl's face, she continued—"Then I won't—not to him; for it would be like trying to turn a rushing bull. But I'm not married yet, Peter Pash," she muttered, as she left the room; "nor she isn't married yet, John Richards and Thomas Brough, alderman and big man as you are. We're a poor, weak, helpless lot, that we are; and it's my belief that men are born with but one idea, and that is, that they ought to persecute us poor women."

## Things New and Old.

### Lord Brougham and his Ghost.

Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, Edinburgh, I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, to the effect that whichever of us died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the "life after death." After we

had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it, and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G— had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt, I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it, or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing, and as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast. BROUGHAM, October 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal an account of this strange dream. *Certissima mortis imago?* And now to finish the story begun above sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G—'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December.—*Autobiography of Lord Brougham.*

#### Saving his Life.

An indignant farmer recently entered a newspaper office in New Jersey, and ordered his paper to be stopped because he differed from the editor in his views regarding the advantages of subsoiling fence rails.

The editor, of course, conceded the man's right to stop his paper; but he remarked, coolly looking over his list—

"Did you know Jim Sowders down at Hardscrabble?"

"Very well," said the man.

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a great fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in four hours."

"Lor, is that so?" said the astonished granger.

"Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?"

"Well, I've heard of him."

"Well," said the editor, gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on his good fortune so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There are lots of similar cases; but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off; though you don't look strong, and there's a bad colour on your nose."

"See, here, Mr. Editor," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll just keep on another year, 'cause I always did like your paper; and, come to think about it, you're a young man, and some allowance ought to be made."

And he departed, satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

#### Smart Sayings of the Past.

Here is an old joke, which has been fathered on far later and more celebrated people:—

The traditional touches of manner are sometimes curious in even the flattest of these jests. For instance, there are many curious traits of that violent, bibbing old soldier, Julius II. The jest book says that this Pope was fond of collecting round him servants of all nations, and observing their humours. The Spaniards he called "*Volucres Coeli*," because they were proud and grasping, and always wanted to get the upper hand. The Venetians and Genoese he named "*Pisces Maris*," because they haunted the sea. The Germans he christened "*Pecora Campi*," because he thought them less spiritual than the others, and hard of comprehension. The French he called "*Bibbers*," for one day an old Norman butler whom he had generally at his elbow, said to him, gaily—

"Holy Father, you are a true Frenchman."

"How?" said the Pope.

"Because," replied the man, "you're the greatest bibber that can be found, though you looked all over France."

This same Pope was one day rebuked by one of his old Cardinals for his fondness for war.

"Very Holy Father," said the good man, "you have the keys of St. Peter to shut the door of discord and to open the door of reconciliation."

"Stuff and nonsense," said the Pope; "don't you remember that St. Peter and St. Paul were companions, and they are of one Church? My predecessor used the keys of St. Peter, and I'm using now the sword of St. Paul."

The Cardinal replied—

"You know, Holy Father, that our Lord said to St. Peter, 'Put thy sword into the sheath.'"

The Pope replied—

"That is true, my friend; but remember, it was after he had struck with it."

A MONSTROUS PET.—There is now kept in confinement in one of the compounds at Colombo an enormous tortoise, which belonged to one of the former kings of Kandy, and then to the first English governor of Ceylon. It is known to be over 200, and supposed to be from 250 to 300 years old. It is about five feet long and four feet wide, head and tail not included.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XVI.—LOVE MINOR.

LITTLE POLLY wiped her eyes after her happy thoughts; for the shower had passed, and the gleam of sunshine augmented till her face grew dimpled, and she went on stitching busily. It was very evident that she had some consolation—some pleasant unguent for the irritation caused by Aunt Lloyd; for at the end of half an hour she was singing away at some old Welsh ditty, in a sweet, bird-like voice, filling up, when she forgot the words, with a melodious little hum, which was only checked on the appearance of her tyrant, that lady making occasional incursions. Sometimes Aunt Lloyd required table linen; then she came to unlock the press where the dessert was laid out, and hand it to the footman, counting the fruit on the dishes as she did so.

"Now, Robert, what are you looking at there?" she said, sharply, as she caught the man's eyes straying in the direction of Polly. "Mind your work, if you please."

Polly did not get snubbed, for she had been bending diligently over her stitching, which, as soon as the tray of dessert had gone, came in for a close inspection; but, as it was very neatly done, there was no complaint.

"Hold out your hands, child," said Mrs. Lloyd, suddenly; and she examined the finger roughened by the hard material and contact with the needle. "Ah, that stuff's too stiff; it shall be washed first. Mend those."

The linen was doubled up, put away, and some soft material placed in the girl's hands, over which she had been diligently at work one hour, when Mrs. Lloyd returned for coffee from her stores, with which she again departed, muttering about "Such a set to bring down!" and Polly's musical little voice began once more.

Let's see; the dictionary says that an enchanter is one who calls down by chanting or singing—one who practises sorcery by song. Polly, then, must have been an enchantress, for her little ditty about the love of some deserted maid had the effect of bringing cousin Humphrey Lloyd through the shrubbery to the open window of the housekeeper's room; and just in the midst of one of the sweetest of the little trills there was a rustle amongst the laurels, and a deep voice whispered "Polly!"

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Polly, dropping her work, and starting farther from the window. "What will aunt say?"

Now, her instructions had been stringent; and knowing that it would be like high treason to speak to Humphrey, she determined that she would not, just as an industrious young needle, which had been warned not to get rusty by associating with common bits of steel, might have gone on busily through its work like the one Polly held in her hand.

But supposing that, instead of a common piece of iron, a magnet that had been rubbed with the loadstone of love should come in its way, what could the poor needle do?

Even as did little Polly—vow that aunt would be so cross; and then feel herself drawn, drawn closer and closer to the iron-barred window, till her little hands

were caught in two strong, muscular fists, which pressed them so hard that they almost hurt.

"Oh! you mustn't, mustn't come!" sobbed Polly. "If aunt found out she would almost kill me!"

"No, no, little one," said Humphrey; "why should she?"

"You—you don't know aunt," whispered Polly.

"She's ordered me not to speak to you."

"Not to speak to me!"

"Yes; nor to any one else. She would be so angry if she knew. You don't want to get me scolded."

"No, no," he whispered—"not for worlds."

"Pray, pray, go then; and you must not speak to me any more."

"But Polly, dear Polly," whispered Humphrey, "tell me one thing, and then I'll go and wait years and years, if you like, only tell me that—"

Humphrey stopped short, for a singular phenomenon occurred. Polly's fingers seemed to suddenly change from within his to his wrists, and to become bony and firm, a sharp voice at the same moment exclaiming—

"Who's this?"

Humphrey Lloyd was a man, every inch of him, and he spoke out boldly—

"Well, if you must know, it's me—Humphrey."

"Go round to the side door, and come to my room," said Mrs. Lloyd, in a low, angry voice.

Humphrey was heard to go rustling through the laurels, as Mrs. Lloyd exclaimed—

"Go up to your room, miss, this instant; and don't you stir till I call you down."

Shivering with fear and shame, Polly made her escape, to run up to her room, throw herself on the bed, and cry as if her heart would break, just missing Humphrey, who came round without loss of time.

"Now," said Mrs. Lloyd, as soon as the door was closed, "what have you to say to this?"

"Only that it was my fault," said Humphrey—"all my fault; so don't blame the poor little girl. It was all my doing."

"Now, look here, Humphrey Lloyd," exclaimed the housekeeper, speaking in a low, angry voice, "you like your place here?"

"Yes, if you and he could treat me a little better."

"Never mind about that," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"It's no use to mind," said Humphrey, bitterly. "If I had been a dog instead of your own flesh and blood, you couldn't have treated me worse."

"Treated you badly!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd; "haven't you been well fed, educated, and placed in a good situation?"

"Yes—all that," said Humphrey.

"And for reward you fly in my face. Now, look here, Humphrey. If you so much as look at that girl again, let alone speak to her, off you go. You shall not stay on the premises another day."

"Well," said Humphrey, "that's pleasant; but all the same, I don't see what power you have in the matter, so long as I satisfy the young master."

"Then just content yourself with satisfying your young master, sir; and mind, that girl's not for you, so let's have no more of it. Now go."

"But look here," said Humphrey.

"I told you to go," said Mrs. Lloyd, pointing. "Your place is at the keeper's lodge. Go and stay there, and don't go thinking you can influence Master Dick—Mr.



Trevor—to keep you, because even if you could, the girl should go away, and you should see her no more. Now go.”

“Poor little lassie,” muttered Humphrey, as, in obedience to Mrs. Lloyd’s pointing finger, he slowly left the room, walked heavily along the passage, and out into the dark evening, to pass round the house, and cross the lawn, where he could see through the open windows into the dining-room.

“Nice for me,” he muttered. “Forbidden to go near her—girl in my own station. What does the old woman mean?”

He stood gazing in at the merry, laughing party of young, well-dressed men.

“Nice to be you,” he thought; “plenty of money to spend; people to do all you tell them to; nobody to thwart you. But I wonder what the old lady means.”

He laughed to himself directly after, in a low, bitter fashion.

“No, not so bad as that,” he said, half aloud. “She’s ambitious, and scheming, but that would be going too far.”

#### CHAPTER XVII.—KINKS IN THE LINE.

MATTERS were not so pleasant, though, with the four occupants of the dining-room as Humphrey Lloyd believed. Vanleigh had his skeleton in the cupboard, and was very impecunious; Sir Felix had wealth, but he was constantly feeling that his friend Vanleigh was an incubus whom he would give the world to shake off, but wanted the moral courage; Pratt suffered from poverty, and now told himself that he must be bored by his friend’s affairs; lastly, Trevor had come down to his old home thinking it would be a bower of roses, and it was as full of thorns as it could possibly be.

The dinner had been a failure. At every turn the influence of Mrs. Lloyd was perceptible, and proof given that so far she had been sole mistress of the house.

“By the way, Vanleigh, try that claret,” said Trevor, in the course of the dinner. “Lloyd, the claret to Captain Vanleigh.”

The captain tasted it, and set down his glass.

Pratt took a glass, and made a point of drinking it.

Trevor saw there was something wrong.

“Bring me that claret,” he said.

And the butler poured him a glass of a very thin, poor wine.

Lloyd was then proceeding to fill Sir Felix’s glass, but he declined.

“I thought we had some good old claret,” said Trevor, foaming.

“Yes, sir,” said the butler.

“Fetch a bottle directly,” exclaimed Trevor. “Really, gentlemen, I am very sorry,” he said, as the butler went out of the room. “It’s a mistake. Here, Robert, what Champagne’s that?”

The footman brought a bottle from the ice-pail.

“Why, confound it all!” cried Trevor, “I said the dry Cliquot was to be brought—such fools!”

“Mr. Lloyd did get out the Clicker, sir; but Mrs. Lloyd said the second best would do, sir,” replied the footman, glad of an opportunity to change the responsibility.

“Then all the wine is of the ordinary kind?” said Trevor.

“Yes, sir,” said the footman.

“Look here, Lloyd,” said Trevor, as the butler came into the room. “You made a mistake about that claret. See that the other wine is right; and if not, change it.”

The butler looked aghast and hurried out, to return in a few minutes with a basket of bottles, which he changed for those already in the room.

Trevor said no more, but he was evidently making up his mind to suppress the mutiny with a high hand on the morrow; for, as the dinner went on, he became aware that in many little things his orders had been departed from. There was a paucity of plate, when an abundance lay in the chests; the dinner was good, by stretching a point, but not such as would please men accustomed to the *chefs* of Pall Mall; and when at last the coffee was brought in after dinner, it was of the most economical quality.

“There,” said Trevor, “I’ll set all right to-morrow. I’m very sorry, Vanleigh; but things are all sixes and sevens here. Pratt, pass the claret. Landells, try that port.”

“Never drink port, dear boy,” said the baronet.

“Then let’s go into the billiard-room; or what do you say, Van—would you prefer my room and a rubber?”

“Don’t much care for billiards to-night,” said Vanleigh. “By the way, though,” he said, “will your estimable housekeeper permit smoking in the dining-room?”

“Oh, come, Van,” said Sir Felix, “don’t be hard on your host.”

“Shall I ring for cigars, Dick?” said Pratt, reaching out his hand.

“Do, please,” was the reply. “Smoke where you like, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home. I don’t want to be hard on the old people. You see, it’s a particular case. I’ve been away for years. I left a boy, and they have had it all their own way. Oh, Lloyd, bring in the cigar boxes, and brandy and soda.”

“Here, sir?” said the butler, hesitating.

“Here? Yes, here directly,” said Trevor; and he looked annoyed as he caught a glance passing from Vanleigh to Sir Felix.

“It’s all right, Dick,” said Pratt. “It’s a nice estate, but weedy. Pull ‘em up, one at a time.”

“By the way, Van,” said Sir Felix, “didn’t tell Trevor of our venture.”

“No,” said Vanleigh, kicking at his friend beneath the table; “been so taken up with other things. Brought home some neighbours of yours—without leave—in the waggonette.”

“Neighbours—without leave?” said Trevor, passing the claret. “We are all ears.”

“Some of us,” muttered Pratt, glancing at Sir Felix, and then looking perfectly innocent.

“Neighbours of yours—a Sir Hampton Court.”

“No, no—Weir or Rere, or name of that sort,” said Sir Felix.

“Carriage broke down—two daughters—deuced fine girls, too.”

“Vewy,” said Sir Felix, arranging his gummy moustache.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Trevor. “No one hurt?”

"Calm yourself, my friend," said Vanleigh, proceeding in a most unruffled way. "The ladies were uninjured, and we——"

"Brought back—home," said Sir Felix, feebly.

"I'm heartily glad of it—I am, indeed," said Trevor, earnestly. "Frank, old fellow, that will be an excuse for a call; and we can patch up the encounter. We were both horribly hot."

"Fever heat!" said Pratt.

"Yes, and I dare say the old fellow's as sorry now as I am. I'll— Well, Lloyd," he continued, as the butler came in, looking rather alarmed, and rubbing his hands softly—"where are the cigars?"

"Mustn't smoke!" said Vanleigh, in a whisper to Sir Felix, but heard by Pratt.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Lloyd thought you would like a fire in the smoking-room, sir; and I've taken the cigars in there."

"Bring——"

Trevor caught Pratt's eye, and he checked himself.

"Lloyd," he said, very quietly, "I don't think you understand me yet. Go and fetch those cigar boxes."

The butler directed a pitiful, appealing look at the speaker, and then went out, leaving Trevor tapping the mahogany table excitedly, till Pratt tried to throw himself into the breach, with a remark about Sir Hampton; but no one answered, for Trevor was hard at work keeping down his annoyance, Vanleigh was picking his white teeth with a gold point, and Sir Felix was intent upon the tints in the glass he held up before his eye.

In another minute the butler returned with the cigars, and then departed to fulfil the other part of his orders.

"Now, Vanleigh—since we are favoured," said Trevor, laughing—"try one of these. I know they are genuine, for I got them myself on the Havanna."

"Really," said Vanleigh, with a show of consideration, "I'll give up my smoke, and I'm sure Flick will."

"Oh, yes, dear boy; don't mind me."

"For goodness' sake, gentlemen, don't make bad worse," said Trevor; "take your cigars and light up. Hallo, Frank! Don't go out, man."

"Not going," said Pratt, who had already lit a tremendous weed, and was puffing away as he took a chair to the window.

"Then, why have you gone there?"

"To smoke the curtains for the benefit of Mrs. Lloyd," was the reply; and he proceeded to put his intention in force.

After an hour they adjourned to Trevor's room, where they had refreshments brought in, and were soon deep in a rubber of whist, Pratt being partner with Vanleigh, and playing his very worst; but, all the same, luck and his partner's skill carried them through, so that they won rather heavily. Time glided away, and the cigars were so good that for the first time that evening Trevor felt comfortable.

"Well," he thought, "we shall have no more of Mrs. Lloyd to-night, and to-morrow I'll set things right. Me to lead? Good that—there's a trump."

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Lloyd appeared, bearing a waiter with four flat candlesticks, and looking the very image of austerity.

"The house is all locked up now, sir," she said, in a cold, hard voice. "It is half-past ten."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lloyd," said Trevor, and his face twitched with annoyance.

"Is half-past ten—bed-time—Mrs. Lloyd?" said Pratt, laying down his cards.

"Yes, sir, it is," said Mrs. Lloyd, severely.

"And you've brought us our candles," said Frank, taking the waiter. "Thank you, Mrs. Lloyd; don't be cut up. Good night."

Pratt's good-humoured, smiling face puzzled the housekeeper. She allowed herself to be backed out, and the door closed behind her.

## Sketches of the Central Wilds.

BY A WALKING WALLABY.

### I.—ON THE WAY.

IT is some ten years ago that a well set-up, Saxon-looking young Englishman pulled up his horse by the side of the ill-defined track, where a sour-looking man sat hunched up and smoking in a dreamy, solemn way. A couple of mangy-looking dogs were by his side, and they both started up, yelping furiously, at the sight of a stranger, thus interrupting the placid sheep scattered about to the number of some five hundred, who then paused in their nibbling to look up—of course sheepishly—at the man, horse, and dogs; saw that it was nothing in their way, and went on with the one aim of their lives—nibbling.

"Here, I say, old chap, am I right for Wurrabidgee?"

"Bee line 'crost the open to yon hillock, then take along by the gully, keep the big rock on yer right, go through the scrub, and then straight away."

"Thanky," said the young man, whose fresh, animated face formed a wonderful contrast to the dull, heavy stare of the old stager. "Bit o' backy?"

The old stager grunted, reached up his hand, took the bunch of weed offered him, grunted again, and subsided into his stolid stare right ahead; and the young man cantered off.

The horseman, who was as well mounted as one of Mr. G. P. R. James's cavaliers, was one Harry Clayton, who had come out to Australia as a place where there was plenty of room to develop his small capital of a thousand pounds, and this he was going to work in sheep-farming far up the country. His people and the nucleus of his farm were gone on in advance, having started some days before on their slow progress—a rate governed by the speed at which it was safe to drive sheep without making them footsore. They were to wait for him at Wurrabidgee, where the track grew more wild, let the sheep have a good graze, and then try for a good choice of land far up the country, where he could make a prosperous home, and afterwards fetch out to share it the lady of his love.

There was something very fascinating to a young man in such a prospect: a home in the beautiful wilderness, where, in a patriarchal fashion, he could increase in the riches of flocks and herds, and be happy, untrammelled by the cares of civilization—that is, if nature and the natives would only prove kind.

On and on he rode, in the bright sunshine, the champagne elasticity of the clear morning air making him draw every breath with pleasure, and burst out every now and then in one of England's old popular songs.

"Ah!" he said, recalling the brawny shepherd's instructions, "take along here by the gully, and then straight away." He cantered along, the horse snorting with pleasurable excitement as he threw up his head and tried for a gallop over the grassy plain, but only to be restrained. "It's a wonderful country, and thank goodness I came. One can breathe here. Let me see, though," he muttered, repeating once more the words of his instructions, most important in a land of no roads and signposts, with farms or stations only at long intervals—"take along by the gully, and then straight away.

"But let me see," he exclaimed; "he said something about going through the scrub, and keeping a big rock on the right. Well, here's the track under my horse's feet, so I can't be far wrong. Go along, old lass!"

On cantered the horse, with a long, easy stride, which covered a deal of ground, but troubled the rider no more than if he were rocking in some wave-tossed boat. The sun poured down his beams, while here and there where a tree spread its light branches, instead of giving shade, the thin, edge-placed leaves seemed to cut the sunbeams into a golden shower of arrows, each bent upon making the traveller feel its power. But the trees were scattered—the land looked like some widespread English park, with the green turf beneath, fresh and bright from late rains, resembling a golden network where the arrows fell.

But a month before, and the country had been one dry, parched desert, over which the hot winds swept, and the dust rose in clouds, taming the wildest birds with a choking thirst which drove them to the abodes formed by restless man—away from the desert—and always by the available water-holes or creeks of the district. But now all was green, and golden, and bright; and Harry Clayton, comparatively a new-comer, thought the place a very paradise. He pressed forward, for every stride of his horse, although it placed more miles between, seemed to bring him nearer to the sweet, candid face he had left behind—a face that had been before him night and day since he left home; and as he seemed to feel again the soft touch of the red lips, he sighed loudly, after the fashion of true-hearted, honest young fellows who are somewhat romantic, and have led lives which the worn-out dandy of our days would term slow.

"Heigho! what a fool I am," exclaimed Harry, aloud. "Go on, old lass," he shouted, flushing up as the wind whistled by his ears, and his mare, having a smooth, open space before her, answered the unconscious pressure of his knees by stretching out into a good gallop. "Pon my soul, this isn't so bad for a sailor. Nothing like learning to ride when you are young. Go on, old lass. The sooner we are there the sooner we can take up land—new land—rich, virgin land, right out in the free, open country; and then hey for sheep farming, and wool, and tallow, and wealth, and—there, God bless her little heart!—home, and Patty. Let those get gold out of the earth who like. I'm for making the sheep nibble it off the surface, if the blacks will let them. Blacks—spearing—danger—Bah! travellers' tales. A little courage, determination, and fair treatment of the poor benighted niggers. What a blessing it is, though, to have something to work for—and—heigho!"

Harry Clayton finished his mutterings and speakings

aloud with another big sigh; and then his thoughts were fully occupied with memories of home and the one left behind, and a great deal more soft, sweet stuff, such as often pads young men's imagination, to the great hindrance of the stern solidity of the matters of the present workaday world. The present, in fact, quite faded from the young man's imagination, and the consequence was that before very long Harry Clayton found himself out of the track, right up the country, hundreds of miles from Sydney; and when at last he drew rein under the fretted shade of a huge gum tree, let his wandering imagination come back to the present, and tried to recall his instructions, all that he remembered was that there were some scrubs, and a ridge, and a creek, and a gully to pass; while, judging from appearances, he had been passing scrub, ridges, creeks, and gullies *ad infinitum*, and there were four more spread out for his view close together in front.

"Well," exclaimed Harry, "if I were to say I don't know where I am, it would be a fib, for I'm here; but hang me if I know how far I've come, and how long I've been doing it." And as he spoke his face wore a comic air of bewilderment. "How stupid people are ashore!" he exclaimed pettishly, "with their direction here and direction there. Why the dickens don't they travel by compass? Here I am lost in this beggarly land of no milestones and fingerposts, and without a chance of making an observation, for want of one.

"But there," he exclaimed, after looking round, "one can't be lost for long, big as the place is. All Patty's fault, though—God bless her bright eyes!"

And then the young noodle, instead of making energetic efforts to recover the track, gave the reins to his mare, and went gently along the most open part—a pleasant prairie—wrapt in a honeyfied meditation.

Honeyfied musings will not last for ever; and at last Harry Clayton roused himself to the duty he had so long left to his horse.

"Here's a path at last," he said, as he came upon the faint traces of animals, though the rapid growth of the herbage after the late rains had nearly obliterated the footmarks, so that it was only by leaning over his horse's neck and proceeding slowly that he could keep the track in sight.

"Paths always lead somewhere," he muttered; and then, feeling somewhat faint, he refreshed himself with a pull from a flask, and some cold meat and damper from a wallet slung over his shoulder. He had no sooner partaken of a little, than it acted as appetiser: while, taking advantage of his listlessness, the mare's pace grew slower, till she stopped short, and picked a bit here and there from the grass at her feet.

"Poor old lass," said Harry, patting her neck, and speaking with his mouth very full; "suppose that we do have half an hour's rest." When, leaping down and loosening the saddle-girths, he slipped the bit from the animal's mouth and hobbled its legs with the reins, so that it might graze freely without straying. Then throwing himself upon the grass, the young man made a hearty meal, in nowise hurrying himself. Next followed a turn at his flask, and the filling and lighting of his pipe, when, leaning back luxuriously, he lay gazing through the pale blue smoke and the thin screen of leaves up, up—far up into the pure Australian sky, feeling as happy as a king—that is, as a king is said to be.

"What a place!" said Harry, lazily, as he listened to the "crunch, crunch," of his horse at the grass, and the whistle and shriek of some parrot—"what a place! what a sense of freedom and independence, and—and—and what shall I call it?—jolliness, there is. Who would not live out here, instead of being cooped up in a town, or on board ship? Why, Robinson Crusoe was a muf to murmur when he had all that island to himself. But, then, poor chap, perhaps there was somebody at home. Heigho!"

Harry seemed quite troubled; but he washed the flavour of the sigh out of his mouth with another pull from his flask, refilled his pipe, and then felt as happy and comfortable as his mare, cropping the rich juicy grass.

Lost? Well, and if they were? There seemed to be nothing to fear, and it was all very beautiful, with the sun glinting down through the leaves, and the blue sky above, and a couch of soft grass beneath him. There was certainly no water handy that he could see then, for the creek was dry; but with the rich, juicy grass the horse would not suffer, and there were a few more pulls yet left in the flask. Yes, he knew that he was lost, but, on the whole, Harry Clayton rather approved of it till he had finished his second pipe; for who, at the age of twenty-two, in love, and favoured with a good digestion and a bright prospect, ever felt troubled about anything when smoking his after-dinner pipe? Harry did not, at all events, till duty whispered the one word, "Wurrabidgee" in his ear.

"Wurrabidgee," muttered Harry, drowsily; "what a horribly native name. Why, it sounds black, and smells of kangaroo, opossum, and boomerangs. But here, this won't do. I must get up and start away, and rouse myself, and—Heigho! Bless her sweet face! Now, old lass."

And taking the mare by the head, he replaced the bits and tightened the girths, when remounting, he sat peering through the open glade before, and trying to make out some landmark that should give him an idea of his whereabouts.

"Seems such an endless place," he muttered. "Well, and a good thing, too. More room for all of us, and plenty of land to take up. But where the dickens are we?"

And he followed the faint track for an hour or so, when it forked, and he bore to the right, and went on till that track forked, when he bore to the left, and went on and on till he lost the footprints; but, persevering, picked them up some distance farther on, when he followed them awhile, and again lost them, but pushed on in the hope of finding the track farther on; but, after an hour and a-half's sharp trot, he could see no trace of it.

Then he tried for some distance to the right, but without success; when, changing his tactics, he rode off to the left, with the same ill-luck. He came to a standstill then, to think, and his mare went on "crop, crop," at the herbage; but he soon roused, to try and follow his own track back to one of the forks; but, somehow, even over this he soon grew confused, and at last came to the conclusion that he really was lost—at all events, for that day.

"It's a bother, too," muttered Harry, "for I was to have overtaken them at Bidgeewurra—pooh! nonsense, Wurrabidgee. And now they'll be detained part of a

day. No joke, with all those sheep and cattle. Wish to goodness I had Jerry here; the black rascal would soon get me out of the hole."

But Jerry—or, as he was known to his tribe, Budge-riga—was curled up in the sunshine beside two dogs, outside the bark hut at the station, where the old shepherd Harry had engaged, and three convict servants, and a couple of lads were to await him, with the live stock and drays of provisions with which they had been sent on in advance. No light freight; for they had rations enough to last them for nearly three years, until, in fact, the land which they were going to take up—new untrodden land, save by the savage—should yield them the necessaries of life.

So Jerry of the quick eye and ear was not there to go down upon hands and knees to search for the grass-grown track, and then to push on, tracing it step by step, and guiding his master with what seemed to Europeans a wondrous instinct, when it was but the savage's keenness of eye and observation. Jerry was not there to guide his master to some station where he might rest for the night; for Jerry had devoured a leg of mutton that afternoon, the custom of his tribe being to count the stomach more as a storehouse than the seat of digestion; therefore, when there was plenty they would take care that abundance should reign in their internal regions—times of scarcity being common, and grubs from hollow trees in no wise comparable to mutton.

But it was not always that Jerry came in for whole legs of mutton, even in a land where sheep are killed for their wool and tallow; but in this case, Joe Binks, the old shepherd, had stigmatised the mutton as "nosey," and with his fellow-servants preferred tea and damper for their meal. Jerry and the dogs, though, seemed most thoroughly to enjoy the repast, managing a quarter of a sheep amongst them comfortably—Jerry having half burned his, the dogs taking their share sunbaked; while it is a fact that neither party relieved the too venison-like flavour with currant jelly.

So Jerry, having more than satisfied himself for the day, grinned sleepily; and it would have taken a far louder cry than his master could have raised to arouse him from his boa-like sleep.

**THE ANCIENTS AND ADVERTISING.**—The Romans largely advertised private as well as public matters, and by writing as well as by word of mouth. They had their *pracones* or criers, who not only had their public duties, but announced the time, place, and conditions of sales, and cried things lost. Hawkers cried their own goods. Thus Cicero speaks of one who cried figs: *Cauneas elomitabal* (he cried out figs)! But the Romans also advertised, in a stricter sense of the term, by writing. The bills were called *libelli*, and were used for advertising sales of estates, for absconding debtors, and for things lost or found. The advertisements were often written on tablets, which were affixed to pillars. On the walls of Pompeii have been discovered various advertisements. There will be a dedication or formal opening of certain baths. The company attending are promised slaughter of wild beasts, athletic games, perfumed sprinkling, and awnings to keep off the sun. One other mode of public announcement employed by the Romans should be mentioned, and that was by signs suspended or painted on the wall.

### Monsieur the Sultan.

HE who, coming out of the narrow and crowded Grande Rue of Pera, descends the steep hillside and traverses the staircase which is miscalled a street, and which, commencing hard by the Tower of Galata, leads downwards to the bridge, has great reason to congratulate himself if he knows that his occasions will not require him to retrace his steps. For though, to the weak-kneed or tender-footed traveller, the descent is sufficiently painful, the ascent is to all intolerably grievous. The hill is "The Hill Difficulty," and hath the "Slough of Despond" at its base; and the wayfarer who comes out of the main street of Galata, with "the dirt of the Slough of Despond" clinging to his weary feet, and prepares to mount the hill, is as yet only "at the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way," and hath before him "wearisomeness and painfulness" of no common kind. Those who have ascended this hill but once have duly qualified themselves for admission into the Gaiter Club, and those who have ascended it often should be free of the Alpine Club for ever. In wet weather the hill is not so much a hill as a cascade, for the architect of the staircase has considerably caused his broad, rough stone steps to incline inwards from the sides to the centre of the street, so that the man who toils up the staircase during a shower of rain, and who desires to avoid the streams of water which descend from the eaves and water spouts, must wade ankle deep in a brawling torrent.

Voyagers from Paris or London who are surprised that they can find nothing in Pera or Galata to remind them of the Boulevard des Italiens, or of Waterloo-place, and who are annoyed to find that Arnaout Keni and Yeni Mahallé are not at all like Charenton or Dulwich, will do well to remember that the streets and houses which so offend their cultivated taste are a lively presentment of those in which their forefathers moved and lived in the good old times, which endured so long, and which came to a sharp and sudden end when France and England began to move onwards, and to leave Turkey helpless and fast asleep on the road.

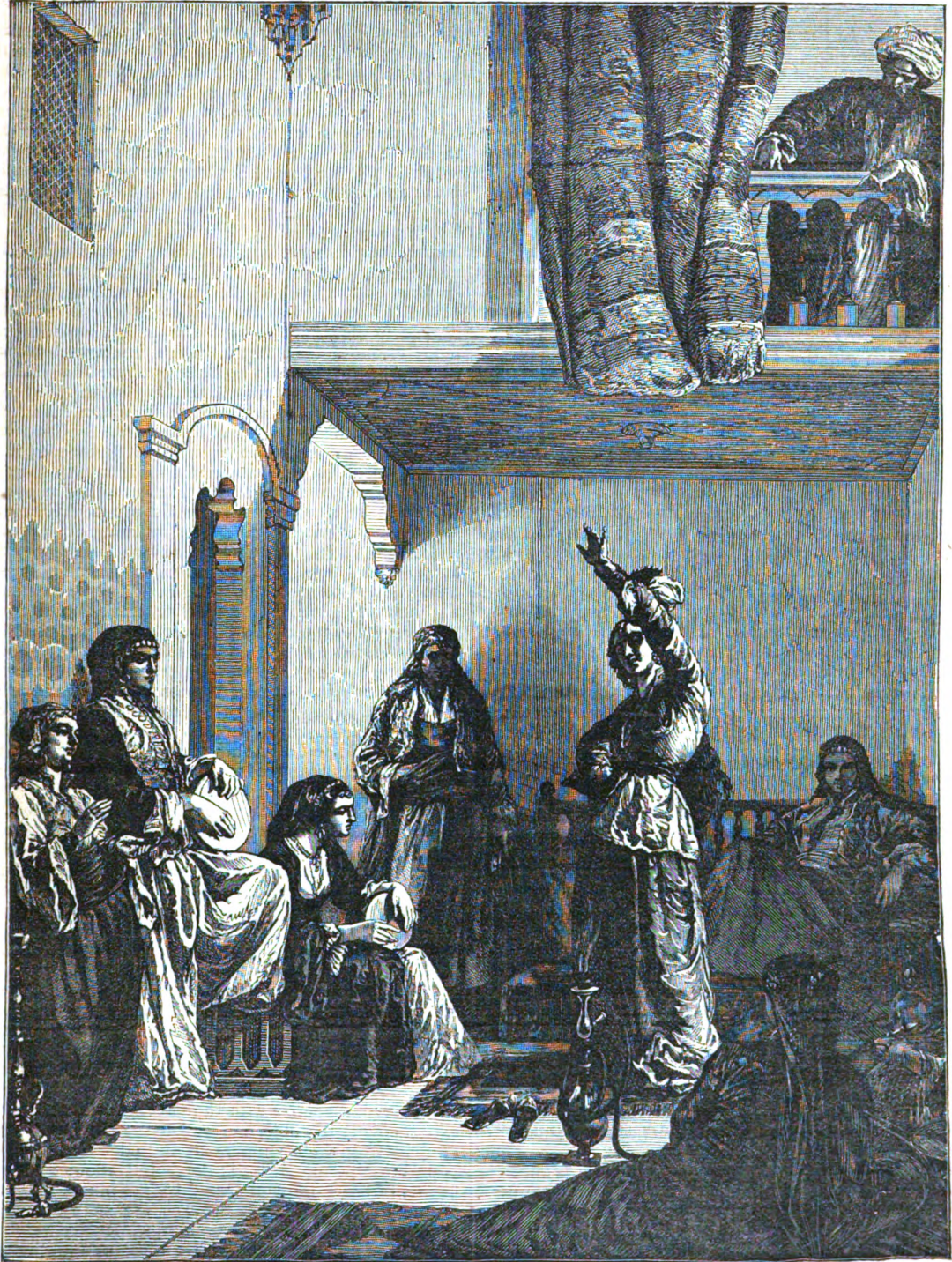
To-day, as I go down the hill and approach the staircase, the annoyances of the descent are not aggravated by unpropitious weather. I have a clear sky and bright sun over my head, and a dry though rugged road under my feet. It is so warm that the water-sellers are carrying on a thriving trade, and pouring forth a constant succession of cool draughts from their jars, which, though winter is almost upon us, are even yet protected from the sun by a thick covering of leafy boughs. It is so bright that the fruit shop at the corner of the dilapidated lane which leads to the Galata Tower lights up the whole street with the blaze reflected from the rosy apples of Amasia, the glowing oranges, the burnished pomegranates, the shining lemons, and glistening citrons, which have been piled together in luxuriant profusion, and with an attention to colour which any Parisian fruiterer might envy. The whole shop-front seems on fire, for long and thick ropes of the gay-coloured apples (gleaming like the jewelled fruits which Aladdin saw in the magician's garden) depend from the roof, or hang in festoons on the walls; whilst on the piles of fruit which occupy the floor there nestle in a

warm repose the blushing tomato and the ardent capscum. As I watch the play of light and colour with a delighted eye, there floats up to me the fragrant odour of fresh coffee from a neighbouring house, where, standing within the open shop front, and in an iron trough, two brawny Croats pound the delicious beans with iron rammers. Their strokes are so rapid, so true, and so well-timed that the pleased ear soon frames a tune from the ping-ping of their rammers, and easily fits the tune with simple words well suited to the listener's mood.

Hard by me, as I listen to the ringing sounds, is a stall set forth with cheap toys and trinkets, combs and brushes, collars, whips, and a medley of glass and crockery. Close to it, and with one foot resting on it, is a tall and burly Turk, who is purchasing a pair of garters, and is somewhat difficult to please. His white turban of many folds sets off his bronzed face and bushy black beard. His caftan of drab-coloured cloth, lined with fur, is thrown open, and reveals a gaily-coloured shawl, which surrounds his waist, and in which he carries a whole armoury of knives. He has drawn up his wide, loose trousers that he may the more easily reach his knees, and in so doing has revealed a comely pair of calves cased in stockings of irreproachable whiteness. It is easy to see that he is proud of his legs, and that he will be satisfied with no garters but such as will afford him an absolute security against the discreditable wrinkles of a slackened stocking. A crowd gathers round him to assist him in his choice. The stall-keeper is too much engrossed by a customer of such dignity and importance to have an eye for the children who crowd round and finger his toys with impunity. An itinerant beanseller neglects his trade that he may enjoy the charming spectacle, and stands regardless of his great rival, the vendor of acorns, well knowing that he also will give up business while the show lasts. A Turkish woman looks furtively over her yashmak at the comely leg of her countryman, and perhaps envies the neatness which she knows not how to imitate. Unmoved by all this admiration, the stout Turk gravely tries garter after garter, and arranges them in turn on his trim leg with a befitting solicitude. His grave forehead is wrinkled with care, and his eyes gleam thoughtfully from under their bushy brows. "Ping! ping! ping! ping!" ring out the rammers of the coffee-beaters, and I see that the old Turk fits their music with the words, "Won't do! No good! No good! Won't do!" as garter after garter fails to give satisfaction. The bystanders become excited, but the stall-keeper curbs their foolish impatience. "Yavash!" he says; and then, seeing that an ignorant Frank is amongst the spectators, he proceeds to translate his words for my benefit. "Yavash!" he says once more, "Yavash! Yavash! Piano! Piano! By-and-by!"

This by the way; for once in the land of the great Eastern potentate, I was to see the man on whom depends any impulse that may be given to the progress of this long-stagnant community—the man in whose hands, by the advice of his present Vizier, the Government has assumed the form of the most absolute, irresponsible personal sway. So one day I went down the road to Tophaneh, and stood on the bank of the Bosphorus at Foondookly, waiting for his Imperial Majesty, who, from his palace at Dolmabahdche, was





CONSTANTINOPLE.—INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

to be rowed to the mosque close to the spot where I and a few privileged English were gathered. In the open space between us and the mosque, troops of all arms were drawn up; a considerable number of carriages with veiled ladies, and a crowd not very dense, were in attendance.

It is a custom with the present Sultan not to divulge the spot whither he intends to repair for his weekly devotions till only a few hours, and sometimes, I have been assured, a few minutes, previous to his leaving the palace.

The ministers and other high functionaries, the troops which are to be mustered along the line of march, the band, the Sultan's barges, horses and carriages, and even carts laden with gravel to be strewn on the path to guard against its slipperiness, are all in readiness round the precincts of the palace, ready to set out in any direction that may be appointed at the eleventh hour, the lateness and suddenness of the intimation of the Padishah's pleasure not unfrequently causing a great crush and helter-skelter before the suite can fall into its proper order of march. In the present instance the Sultan came to the mosque by water, and returned to the palace by land.

At about half-past twelve, the appointed hour, some of the caïques of the retinue hove in sight, the distance between us and the palace hardly exceeding 300 yards.

Presently the cannon from the European side of the Bosphorus gave the signal that his Imperial Majesty was stepping into his barge, and the report was echoed by the ordnance fired on the other side. The barges then advanced, three of them a mass of golden ornaments, lined with scarlet cloth, each of them propelled by a score of tall, stout, white-clad oarsmen. The great men of the Court and State landed in the order of their rank, and formed in a procession, the Sultan being the last to alight, while the band struck up a lively Oriental march; the muezzin rang out from the minaret; the artillery again thundered, and a cheer *de rigueur* rose from the throats of the soldierly array.

Ten minutes elapsed; the notes of a faint canticle resounded from the open doors of the sacred edifice, and presently there was more cheering, more firing of cannon, a fresh burst of lively music, and it was understood that the Sultan had gone out at the mosque door on the high road, had with his suite got into the saddle, and taken a short ride back to the palace. We lost no time in jumping into our carriage, and strove, but vainly, to force our way through the throng of Turkish equipages which stood in each other's way in the broad, yet encumbered, thoroughfare. We were too late for another sight of the Sultan, and indemnified ourselves for our disappointment by peeping under the yashmaks of the beauties in the nearest equipages, as these in their turn craned from their windows, staring at us with all their might, some of them quietly taking stock of our Christian ladies' "last thing from Paris," others chattering away with rare fun at the shape of our chimney-pots, and wondering what we hid in the pockets of our coat-tails.

The Sultan looked aged, listless, and "bored," considerably paler and flabbier than when I saw him in London, his blank expression hardly conveying the idea of the wayward and wilful, impatient character attributed to him by those who approach him. Never

addressed except with every show of servile adoration, knowing no other law, human or divine, than his will, this Sultan, this "Padishah, Father of all Sovereigns, this Hunkiar, or manslayer, Refuge of the World, and Shadow of God," is not much disposed by nature or fitted by education to comprehend or to brook the grave difficulties with which his throne is beset. Waited upon by ministers whom he browbeats and mistrusts, and changes at every quarter of the moon, and from whom he expects not suggestion, but passive submission, he is not easily to be told that his household expenditure, his ironclads, the scores of marble edifices, gardens, and pleasaunces with which he lines both shores of the Bosphorus, and the luxury of the inmates there immured, contribute in no small degree to the disorder of his finance; he cannot be made to understand that the high functionaries whom his caprice invests with so brief a tenure of office must needs limit their exertions to the long-established practice of "making hay while the sun shines," and that an administration passing from hand to hand with such frequent vicissitude cannot fail, were even those hands the ablest and cleanest, to fall into a depth of confusion and corruption, sure to exhaust his resources, to crush the sinews of the public prosperity, and to sap the foundation of his power by land and sea. Unwilling to listen to domestic advice, he is only too apt to resent foreign dictation. Remonstrance is seldom allowed to reach his ears, and is never welcome; and if at any time it gains forcible admission, it comes through the organ of some Power which brooks no denial, and whose policy, questionable as to any good it may bode to the Ottoman Empire, is subservient to views at variance with its present interests, and eventually fatal to its future prospects. There is only one man, I am told, whose voice is ever heard in the Sultan's Council, and it is that of one who, as he speaks, "never forgets that he has the strength of eighty millions of people to back him."

He is a man of strange tastes, Monsieur the Sultan; and even now, in spite of relations with foreign powers, and the civilized intercourse with Europe, many of his ladies entirely keep up the ancient customs of the land; and the harems are as they were five hundred years ago, when ladies with a disposition to faint were kindly introduced to the inside of a sack, its neck was tied, and the inmate partook of an extremely unwholesome bath in the Bosphorus.

The Sultan's great men, too, keep up their harems in the olden style. We give the interior of a home of this description of the better class, with its heavy, striped curtains, so familiar to us now in the shops of Regent-street, its open galleries and divans. The ladies here, unobserved by more prying eyes than those of their turbaned lord, dispense with the yashmak—that ugly veil which covers the face, merely leaving the eyes visible; and, leaving their slippers at the edge of the carpet—presumably genuine Turkey—loll about and suck sweets of the Lumps of Delight kind, inhale the fumes of the fragrant tobacco through the snaky tube and scented waters of a great hookah, while they watch the evolutions of a *danseuse*, whose measured motions are made to the sound of the timbrel or beating of hands, while voices sing a low, monotonous melody. Poor women, we say; but perhaps they are happy after their fashion, even without domestic influence, pianos, after-



noon tea; with no last new novel, nor even a Spelling Bee, to pass the time at night. Bless them, though, they have scandal and small talk, so they find relief in them.

But to return to the Sultan and his habits. He pays almost daily visits to his collection of wild beasts and birds. Some he makes favourites, while to the others he takes a dislike from the tone of their voice or other causes, and they are banished from the Imperial gardens to the extremity of the seraglio. Men-of-war are sent to all parts of the world to increase his collection, and the governor of every province tries to afford him an agreeable surprise by costly presents—Arabian horses, carpets, fruits, &c. So, too, wealthy Mohammedans, as soon as they purchase a handsome slave, send her to the Sultan Valide, who never refuses her.

The presents, of course, do not come out of the officials' own pockets, but rather serve to swell their gains, for they take ten horses from the taxpayers for one that they send to the Sultan. Of late years, pictures and vases from China and Japan have accompanied these gifts, the Sultan having taken a passion for these, and having spent this year £60,000 on pictures.

The palace expenditure has been £2,000,000 a year ever since his accession. His servants number 5,500—the kitchens employing 500, the stables 400, the menagerie 200; while there are 400 caikdjis, 400 musicians, 300 doorkeepers of the twenty-one palaces and kiosques, and 100 porters. The harem has 1,200 inmates. The Sultan has 25 aides-de-camp, 7 chamberlains, 6 secretaries, and at least 150 *employés*, with various functions. There are 50 medical men, 150 black eunuchs, and 100 harem messengers. Many of these servants are married, and feed their families with the broken meat, while they have under-servants, so that 7,000 persons are daily fed in the palace at an average cost of 5fr. a day, or £500,000 a year.

The horses, 600 in number, are mostly presented by the Khédive, who also annually sends costly jewels, pictures, and birds. The stables cost at least £40,000 a year, and the harem £160,000; while the pensions to the Imperial family amount to £1,821,600, and repairs to the palaces and kiosques, £80,000; not to speak of the Sultan's passion for building, which, since his accession, must have swallowed up at least £560,000. His nominal civil list being only £1,240,000, the remainder of the £2,000,000 must figure in the budget under other items.

Poor man! he only wants a few white elephants to complete his felicity. Surely the Prince of Wales could manage these for him, and bring them to help eat the great Moslem out of house and home. They could be brought on shipboard on the Prince's return journey, and Monsieur the Sultan is evidently a big man at taking presents—witness those he receives from the Khédive.

No wonder he is hard up as to his finances, goes borrowing, gives bonds, and don't pay them. Those who hold Turkish bonds must grin and bear it. (No joke intended of a Stock Exchange character.) Certainly, only very speculative people will be tempted to invest again in foreign loans of this nature; and if Monsieur the Sultan some day figures in the list of bankrupts not amenable to English law, who will be surprised?

## Mr. Pash's Courtship.

### CHAPTER II.—UNDER TEMPTATION.

THERE is, and there always was, about Walbrook something of an exasperating nature. I don't care whether you journey upon wheels, or by means of your nature-given supports, you shall always find an obstruction. The pathways are as narrow and awkward as the road; and while there is always a perky, impudent-looking, heavily-laden truck, with its handle either cocked up in defiance or pointed down insultingly, as it obstructs the horse-drawn traffic, there is sure to be some one carrying a box of stationery, or a bale of paper-hangings, or something or another with hard, harsh corners, to come in contact with your front or your back, to injure your hat, or tear your coat with a ragged nail, or jostle you off into the gutter. It don't matter when you go down Walbrook, passing by the sombre Mansion House, and seeking to be at peace in the quiet shades of Budge-row, or Watling, you shall certainly have your feathers ruffled, mentally of course; therefore, it was not surprising that Frank Marr, a sturdy young fellow, of goodly aspect, and some eight and twenty years, should look angry and frowning as he sought the house of old John Richards.

Not that it was at all surprising for people either going to or coming from John Richards' office to look lowering of brow, for interviews with that gentleman were none of the most pleasant; they had too much to do with interest, and renewing, and bill stamps, and too little to do with hard cash—unless it were for repayments—to be gratifying to any one.

But Frank Marr's business, as he thought, did not relate to money; and without hanging about the passage in the hope of catching sight of May Richards, his old playmate and boyhood's love, he asked to be and was shown at once into the presence of old John Richards—"Grab-all"—"Grind'em"—"Screw-bones"—"Publican"—for by all these pleasant sobriquets was the money-lender known.

But Frank Marr, merchant, who had just passed through the Bankruptcy Court, after five years' hard struggle with unforeseen difficulties, and paid ten shillings in the pound, after all the expenses had come out of his estate—Frank Marr knew that he had chosen a bad morning for his visit. John Richards' enemy had him by the leg; and swathed and bandaged, suffering terribly from gout, but transacting business all the same, as many a trembling client knew to his cost, he sat with a curious smile upon his face as the young man entered.

"Now for a fierce volley of rage and curses," thought Frank; "he shall hear me, though, all the same."

But to his great surprise the old man greeted him most civilly.

"Well, Mr. Marr, what's in the wind, eh? Little accommodation bill, eh? Whose names?"

"No, Mr. Richards," said Frank, dashing at once into the subject nearest his heart, "I have not come about money."

"Indeed," said the money-lender, grinning with pain, but still speaking suavely. "Pray what is it, then?"

"I have had news this morning, Mr. Richards."

"Good, I hope. An opening perhaps for business?"

"No, sir! Bad news—vile news—cruel news!" cried the young man, excitedly.

"Sorry, very sorry," said Richards, quietly. "Pray what is it, then?"

"It is the news of slave-dealing in this city, sir," said Frank. "Of a father making a contract with a rich purchaser for the sale and delivery of his only child, as if she were so much merchandize; and I come, old man, to tell you to your face that it is cruel, and a scandal to our civilization. But I beg pardon, Mr. Richards, I am hot and excited. I am deeply moved. You know I love May, that we have loved from childhood, and that we are promised to one another. Don't interrupt me, please."

"I'm not going to," said the old man, still quietly, to the other's intense astouishment.

"I know what you would say to me if I were to advance my pretensions now. But look here, Mr. Richards—I am young yet, May is young. I have been very unfortunate. I have had to buy experience, in spite of my endeavours, in a very dear school; but there is time for me to retrieve my position. I shall get on—I feel assured. For heaven's sake, then, let this cruel affair be set aside: give me a few years to recover myself, and all will yet be well, I am sure. You will break her heart if you force her to marry this old man."

"Who told you of this?" said John Richards, still calmly.

"I cannot tell you," said Frank.

"Did May write to you?"

"No," said Frank, warmly; "she promised you, sir, that she would not. I, too, promised you that while my affairs were in such a state I would not hold communication with her. We have kept our words, sir, even as we intend to keep those upon another point. I have neither spoken to nor heard from May for months."

"Only gone to church to sit and stare at her," said John Richards, quietly.

"It were hard, indeed, sir, if that poor gratification were not afforded me," said Frank. "But now, sir, pray hear me—pray listen to me. Think of the misery you would inflict."

"Stop now, and hear me," said the old money-lender, quietly, though his lips quivered with pain. "Your name is Frank, now be frank with me. You are at the present time penniless, are you not?"

Frank had hard work to suppress a groan as he bowed his head, and thought of how, had he been given time, he could have paid every creditor in full, and had to spare, instead of his poor assets being more than half swallowed up in costs.

"You came here expecting a stormy interview, did you not?"

"I did," said Frank.

"To be sure. And now I am going to show you that old Grab-all is not so black a devil as he is painted."

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Frank, joyfully.

"Stop a bit—stop a bit—don't be rash, young man; for perhaps I am not going to favour you in the way you may expect, though I do feel disposed to help you. Now, look here: I suppose five hundred pounds would be a great help to you just now?"

"It would start me in life again, sir," said Frank, sadly; "but I should not feel justified in commencing upon borrowed capital at high interest."

"Did I say a word about borrowed capital or high interest?"

"No, sir, but——"

"Yes, yes—of course—I know—old Grind'em will have sixty per cent., they say, eh? But, look here, suppose I were to *give* you five hundred pounds to start with."

"Give! give! Give me five hundred pounds in hard cash, sir! Mr. Richards, why do you play with my feelings?"

"Play, young man?" said the money-lender, quietly. "I am not playing—I am in earnest. I tell you that I will give you, now, this minute, five hundred pounds. There," he said, "give me that cheque-book," and he pointed to a safe in the wall. "I'll write you one now, this instant; and with five hundred pounds you have the key to a fortune. You may die rich as I am, Frank Marr."

"But you have a condition—you wish to buy something with this five hundred pounds, Mr. Richards," said Frank, sternly.

"I only want five minutes of your time," said the old man.

"What to do?"

"To write half a dozen lines at my dictation."

"And to whom?"

"To my daughter."

"Their purport?"

"That you break with her, and set her free, now and for ever."

"If I do," cried Frank, fiercely, "may God in heaven bring down——"

"Stop, stop, you rash, mad fool!" cried the old man, excitedly. "Look here, Frank Marr: you have not a penny; your mother is almost starving; you are living together in a beggarly second-floor lodging at a tallow chandler's. You see, I know all. You are suffering the poor old lady's murmurs day by day, and she reproaches you for wasting her little all in your business. Look here: be a man, and not a love-sick boy. I'll be frank with you. Mr. Brough has proposed, and I approve of him for a son-in-law. He is elderly, but a better-hearted man does not exist; and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that May has gone to a good home, while you have the chance, and at once, of doing your duty by your old mother. She wants change of air, Frank, and more nourishment. Five hundred pounds clear, Frank, to start with, and on your obtaining one name, one respectable name, besides your own, I'll advance you five hundred more—at five per cent., Frank, my good fellow—at five per cent.—a thing I never before did in my life. I'll do it at once—this very hour, and you can pay the cheque into a banker's, start a new account, and a prosperous one. There, I'll find you a name—your uncle, Benjamin Marr: I'll take him; he's a respectable man, and good for five hundred pounds. He'll do that for you. Now, my good lad, sit down and accept my offer."

"Does the devil tempt men still in human form?" gasped Frank, as, with veins starting, he stood panting for breath before the old man.

"Pooh! nonsense! absurd! Now, how can you talk such silly book-trash, Frank Marr? I thought five years with me as clerk would have made another man of you. You ought never to have left me. Throw all that folly aside, and look the matter in the face like

a man. Now you see how calm and how lenient I am. I might play the tyrant, and say that May shall be Mr. Brough's wife, and all that sort of thing; but I want to spare everybody's feelings. I don't want any scenes. Come, now—you give her up; you will write to her, eh?"

Frank Marr's voice was hoarse as he spoke; for he had felt the old man's words burning as it were into his brain, as scene after scene presented itself to his imagination. There on one side wealth, prosperity, comfort for the old and ailing woman whom he had, as he told himself, in an evil hour robbed of the comforts of her declining years, a new career, and the means to pay off that other ten shillings in the pound, so that he could once more hold up his head amongst his fellow-men. On the other side, the sweet, loving face of May Richards, whom he thought he loved as man never yet loved. He told himself that, without a moment's hesitation, he should defy the temptation to gain a hold; but for all that he temporized, and John Richards saw it, and stretched out his hand to take a pen.

"But you will give me time to recover myself?" said Frank.

"What for? I don't understand," said Richards.

"For May's sake," pleaded Frank.

"Stop! Not another word!" cried the old man, now speaking fiercely. "I told her last night that I'd sooner see her dead than your wife. I tell you the same. But I will not be angry, nor yet harsh—I was put out last night. Now once more look here. Five hundred pounds in cash—a free gift, mind—and five hundred more as an easy business loan, renewable year after year during my life, so long as the interest is punctually paid. Nothing can be easier for you. Think now, to give up a boy's milk-and-water love, I offer you what to a man in your present position is a fortune—a thousand pounds. And you will take it?"

Frank tried to speak, but he seemed to be choking.

"A thousand pounds, which means future prosperity—which means, as well, a score of rich and beautiful women to choose from."

Frank had not heard a door open behind them; he had not seen May, pale as ashes, standing motionless, listening to every word; he could only hear the words of the tempter, and the scratch, scratch of a cruel pen, sharp as a needle, dipped apparently in some subtle venom, writing the words *one thousand pounds* on his heart at the same time as in that little slip-book, while the poison was coursing through his veins, making them to beat and throb.

"One thousand pounds, John Richards; payable to Frank Marr, Esquire, or his order," said the old man aloud, but as if speaking to himself; "and all for giving up a boy and girl love affair. Pish! I am getting into my dotage. Look here, Mr. Marr," he said, speaking up, "I only want you to write the few lines I dictate, and to get that name to the bill, and here is the cheque ready. You'll get on, now, I feel sure," he said, in cool, businesslike tones, but watching his victim like a cat the while. "Bought wit is better than taught wit. Shall I order you a glass of wine?"

"God help me!" groaned Frank Marr, as, making an effort to speak, he tore at his throat for an instant, snatched at his hat, and then rushed out of the house.

"Expensive, but safe!" said John Richards, with a bitter smile, as he pinned the cheque to its duplicate. "What, you here?"

"Father!" cried May, coming forward, and speaking in tones that should have pierced even his heart, had it not been stony to the very core—"Oh, father, what have you done?"

"Spent hundreds of my hard-earned pounds to free you from a bankrupt lover—a scoundrel, whose every thought was on my cash, whose every calculation was as to how many years I should be before I died; upon a man who had not the heart to stand up for you, who valued you at less than five hundred pounds; and yet you reproached me with wishing to sell you to a rich husband, when he is a pure, sterling, true-hearted man, the only one I know that I could trust—a man you have known from a child, and one who has long loved you. Suppose he is grey-headed, what then? You can trust in his experience, and—eh? What? Why? What the deuce! talk of the—How are you, Brough? glad to see you. Got the gout awful, this morning. Don't stop; I'm bothered and sick with pain. Take May upstairs."

Then, in an undertone, he spoke to the new-comer—"I've done it for you, Brough; smoothed the way, and the day's your own. Bought him off for five hundred."

"And has he taken it?" said the new-comer, a handsome, florid, elderly man.

"As good as taken it. It's all right, I tell you. She knows it, too. Go and comfort her up, Brough—comfort her up."

"Poor child—poor child!" muttered Mr. Brough, taking a cold, stony hand in his; and the tears rose to his eyes as he read in the despairing look directed at him the truth of the old money-lender's words. The next minute he had led May Richards upstairs, and was seated by her on one of the sofas, gazing pityingly at her, for with her face covered by her hands the poor girl wept as though her heart would break.

## Things New and Old.

### A Faithful Dog.

This dog was devotedly attached to his master, and followed and found him out wherever he went, even in the pit of a strange theatre, in a strange town, when on the invasion of the Allies the prisoners retired from Verdun to Tours; and, after Bonaparte's abdication, his master, four messmates, and he, went on thence to Bordeaux.

The dog's master was then young, and a great fly-fisher—at that time, it may be observed, quite a phenomenon in France. Having one day, then, when fishing, used his penknife, he dropped it on the grass, forgot it, and fished on, till about a mile or two farther along the river he again had need of it, but ransacked every pocket for it in vain. The dog, he said, was all the while eyeing him, and at last began to bark and leap about in the most extraordinary manner, and then bolted off at full speed, till he thought it run mad. He managed by hook or by crook, however, to patch up his tackle without the use of his knife, which he gave up as a bad bargain, till, while fishing away again in solitude, back came his dog, panting and breathless, and, wagging his tail delightedly, dropped it dripping at his feet.



Poor knife! It was yet fated to be lost a-fishing! Thirty or more years afterwards I saw it, or all that remained of it, for it had had many a new blade in the interim, picked up from the stern sheets in mistake for the old lask, thrown overboard, and sink through the clear waters of Plymouth Sound, almost before the fresh one it had just cut from a mackerel touched the water!

Having been appointed to a ship soon after his return, and not being very well able to take the dog to sea with him, his master gave it to one of their, for a long while, mutual messmates, who he knew would be kind to it. For he was so kind to dumb creatures himself, that I have known his boat was coming sometimes, through seeing the pigeons start off seaward, and wheel and hover around her till she touched the landing steps, when almost before he had stepped on shore they would perch on his shoulders; and then, when his head appeared above the quay, the goat would come capering down bleating. Old Tinker, the donkey—such a rascal, that it was said he could open every gate in the parish, and the cattle all knew it, and would follow him, and he had to be tethered—would, as the old man advanced, whisk his tail, prance, throw back his ears, and bray; and the very pig, which was often let loose for a run, would come shambling down, and grunt, and arch his back for a rub—not to speak of the tortoise, which would follow him about, and eat out of his and no other hand. Yet when after many months' absence he returned from sea, and called on his old chum, he found his old dog lying stretched on the hearth-rug before the fire, as fat as a porpoise.

"And the brute," he said, "either didn't, or wouldn't, know me! He got up, stretched himself, yawned, and turned his gaze on me, and then lay down again! My heart never smote me so in all my life before; for there *was* a something in his eye which seemed to say, 'I was a good dog to *you*, and *you* went away and left me!'"—H. N. P. W.

#### French Jesters.

Now and then the *bon-mot* of some celebrated person turns up in the old jest books—as, for instance, the following *paroles piquantes* of Raphael of Urbino. One day two cardinals, to vex the immortal painter, began to pick out faults with one of his works, which represented St. Peter and St. Paul, saying their faces were too red. Raphael replied calmly—

"Messeigneurs, don't think this strange, for I have painted them as they stand up there in Heaven, and this redness that vexes you comes from the shame they have on seeing the Church governed by men like you."

The rough jests on the terrible abuses of the old Church are frequent enough in Garon's "Salad," as he calls it. Here is a hard hit:—

A good old labourer, seeing the Archbishop of Cologne armed and followed by soldiers, laughed to think that St. Peter, so poor as he was, had left such rich successors. The archbishop, stopping, said he was both duke and archbishop, and as duke armed to defend his archbishopric.

"Sir," replied the labourer, "when monsieur the duke goes headlong to the devil, what will become of monsieur the archbishop?"

These old jokers were never tired of flying their chaff at the fat, dull country priests of these days; as, for instance—

An abbot on his way to Florence, finding it near sunset, asked a villager he met if he thought he should be able to get through the gate. The villager, seeing Monsieur the Abbé so *gros et gras*, replied, smiling—

"And why shouldn't you get through when a waggon of hay can get through?"

Let us end with a story which, though without art, has some humour, and may be a true tradition:—

The Emperor Charles V., in one of his campaigns, separated himself one morning from his suite, as was his custom, to say his orisons alone. He met a stupid villager, who, not recognizing him, joined company. The man carried a young sucking-pig under his arm, which never ceased to squeak, and much annoyed the pensive emperor, and he at last cried to the man—

"You big blockhead, don't you know how to take a pig by the tail to keep him quiet?"

The man did as he was told, and instantly, seeing the effect, he said, with a sly wink at the emperor—

"Come, old man, you've tried this trade before me, or you would not be so knowing."

A reply in perfect good faith, which tickled the renowned emperor, and was often laughed at by his suite.

#### A "Committee of Taste."

The *Athenæum*, very justly, gives the following hard hit at the lovers of whitewash:—"In Venice, as every visitor knows, the beauty of the city has been increased by the use of colour on plaster and brick walls, of a sober, but delicate pink red, which contrasted exquisitely with the green waters and the soft, grass-green shutters of the windows. 'The Committee of Taste' (!) now forbids the use of this colour, and orders that whitewash shall be universally substituted for it. This amazing committee displays a thoroughness in its endeavours to destroy all distinguishing features of the city which must excite the envy of many other municipalities and numberless artists. It is about to make a new street from the Piazza de San Marco to the railway station, that will sweep away several churches and houses of ancient date, and of the highest interest. One must not forget that in London, or rather in Westminster, our sapient authorities absolutely painted with a dingy stone colour the interior of the Houses of Parliament, built though these structures are of a stone the natural colour of which is extremely beautiful."

**POISONOUS VEGETATION.**—The aconite or monkshood is said to be of such a deadly nature that, if the natives tread on the succulent leaf with their naked feet, the latter swell and prevent them from walking; moreover, the persons who collect its roots for sale are reported to have died from their skins coming in contact with the plant. No doubt a close application of this potent poison to the skin, more especially on an abraded surface, will produce dangerous and even fatal consequences. It grows in abundance along the Himalayan slopes, and is dreaded by the native herdsmen who import sheep from the more Alpine regions, obliging them to muzzle the animals when passing through the districts where the monkshood is found.

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—TWO SCENES.

MATTERS had not been very pleasant in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Lloyd that night. Polly had escaped by being a prisoner; but the butler had been reduced, between fear of his wife and a burst of passion from his master, into a state of semi-idiotcy; while the rest of the servants, after one or two encounters, had had a meeting and declared—being, for the most part, newly engaged in consequence of the young heir's return—that if that woman was to do as she liked in the house, they'd serve this month and then go.

But it was on retiring for the night that the butler came in for the full torrent of his wife's anger.

"It sha'n't go on!" she exclaimed, fiercely, as she banged a chair down in the centre of the room, and seated herself. "Here do I stop till every light's out. That boy whom we worshipped almost, who's been our every thought, to come home at last like a prodigal son—backwards, and begin to waste his patrimony in this way."

"Sh! 'sh!" said the butler.

"Sh yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd, angrily.

"But, my dear, he's master here," the butler ventured to say.

"Is he indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd. "I'll see about that."

"Oh, for goodness' sake—for heaven's sake—pray don't do anything rash, Martha," said the butler, imploringly. "Think—think of the consequences."

"Consequences—you miserable coward, you; I haven't patience with you."

"But we are old now, Martha; and what could we do if anything happened to us here? Pray, pray think. After thirty years in this place; and we should never get another. Pray, pray don't speak."

"Hold your tongue! Do you think, after bringing him up and rearing him as we did when he was delicate, and nursing him through measles and scarlatina, and making a man of him as we have, taking care of the pence, and saving and scratching together, that I'm going to be trampled under foot by him?"

"But, Martha—"

"Hold your tongue, I say. Bringing home here his evil companions, for whom nothing's good enough; and they must have the best wines, and turn my dining-room into a tap-room with their nasty smoke. I won't have it, I tell you—I won't have it."

"But, Martha, dear, you are so rash; come to bed now, and sleep on it all."

"Not till every light is out in this house will I stir. Sitting smoking, and diceing, and gambling there at this time of night."

"Were they, my dear?" said the butler, mildly.

"Yes, with gold by their sides, playing for sovereigns; and that black-looking captain had actually got a five-pound note on the table. We shall all come to ruin."

"Yes, that we shall, if you forget your place," said the butler, pitifully, as he gave his pillow a punch.

"Forget my place, indeed!" retorted his wife; "have I been plotting and planning all these years for nothing? Have I brought matters to this pitch to be

treated in this way, to be turned upon by an ungrateful boy, with his rough, sea-going ways? This isn't the quarter-deck of a ship—do you hear what I say?—this isn't the quarter-deck of a ship."

"No, my dear, of course it isn't," said the butler, mildly—"it's our bed-room," he added to himself.

"But I'll bring him to himself in the morning, see if I don't," she said, folding her arms, and speaking fiercely. "I'll soon let him know who I am—an overbearing, obstinate, mad—are you asleep, Lloyd?"

"No, my dear; I'm listening."

"Now, look here; I have my plans about Polly."

"Yes, dear."

"And, mind this, if that fellow Humphrey attempts to approach her again—"

"Poor Humphrey!" sighed the butler.

"Ah!" exclaimed his wife, "what was I about, to marry such a milksop? Did you know that he was making up to her?"

"I thought he cared for the girl, my dear."

"You fool! you idiot, Lloyd! and not to tell me. Have you no brains at all?"

"I'm afraid not much, my dear," said the butler, pitifully; "what little I had has been pretty well muddled with trouble, and upset, and dread, and one thing and another."

"Lloyd!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "if ever I hear you speak again like that—"

She did not finish her sentence, but her eyes flashed as she looked full in his, holding the candle over him the while.

"Now, look here," she said, more temperately. "I shall have a talk with my gentleman in the morning."

"What, poor Humphrey?"

"Poor Humphrey, no. But mind this—he's not to come near Polly."

"But you don't think—"

"Never mind what I think, you mind what I say, and leave me to bring things round. If she don't know what's good for her, I do; and I shall have my way."

The butler sighed.

"Now, look here, I shall have some words of a sort with my fine gentleman in the morning."

"No, no, Martha, don't—pray don't; let things be now; we can't alter them."

"Can't we?" said Mrs. Lloyd, viciously—"I'll see about that."

"But, Martha, dear, I'm fifteen years older than you, and if anything happened it would break my heart—there!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "I'd sooner go down to Trevass Rocks and jump off into the sea, and end it all, than that anything should happen to us now—after all these years."

Mrs. Lloyd did not speak for a few minutes. Then, hearing a voice downstairs, she opened the door gently, and listened, to make out that it was only laughter from the smoking-room, and she closed the door once more.

"If ever there was a coward, Lloyd, you are one," she said, with a bitter sneer.

"Yes," said the butler. "I suppose I am, for I can't bear the idea of anything happening now. Then people say we're unnatural to poor Humphrey."

"Poor Humphrey again!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd, angrily; "let people talk about what they understand. I should like for any one to say anything to me."

"But Martha," said Lloyd, after a pause.

"Well?"

"You'll not be rash in the morning—don't peril our position here out of an angry feeling."

"You go to sleep," was the uncompromising response.

And, sighing wearily, the butler did go to sleep, his wife sitting listening hour after hour till nearly two, when there was the sound of a door opening, a burst of voices, steps in the hall, "Good nights" loudly uttered, Pratt going upstairs to his room, whistling number one of the Lancers quadrilles with all his might; then came the closing of bed-room doors and silence.

Mrs. Lloyd sat for ten minutes more, then, taking her candle, she walked softly downstairs; went round dining and drawing-rooms and study, examining locks, bolts, and shutters, and then went to the butler's pantry, gave a drag at the handle of the iron plate closet, to satisfy herself that all was right there, and lastly made for the smoking-room.

"Like a public-house," she muttered, as she crossed the hall, turned the handle with a snatch, and threw open the door, to find herself face to face with Trevor, who was sitting at a table writing a letter.

"Mrs. Lloyd!"

"Not gone to bed!"

The couple looked angrily at each other for a few moments, and then Trevor said, sternly—

"Why are you downstairs at this time of the night, Mrs. Lloyd?"

"The morning you mean, sir," said the housekeeper. "What am I down for?" she continued, angrily; "to see that the house is safe—that there's no fire left about—that doors are fastened, so that the house I've watched over all these years isn't destroyed by carelessness, and all going to rack and ruin."

Trevor jumped up with an angry exclamation on his lips; but he checked it, and then spoke, quite calmly—

"Mrs. Lloyd, I should be perfectly justified in speaking to you perhaps in a way in which you have never been spoken to before."

"Pray do, then, Master—sir," jerked out Mrs. Lloyd, looking white with anger.

"In half a dozen things during the past evening, you have wilfully disobeyed my orders. Why was this?"

"To protect your interests and property," exclaimed the housekeeper.

"Giving me credit for not knowing my mind, and making me look absurd in the eyes of my friends."

"I didn't mean to do anything of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Lloyd, stoutly.

"I'll grant that; and that you did it through ignorance," said Trevor.

"I don't want to see the place I've taken care of for years go to ruin," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I'll grant that too," said Trevor, "and that you and your husband have been most faithful servants, and are ready at any time to give an account of your stewardship. I feel your zeal in my interests, but you must learn to see, Mrs. Lloyd, that you can carry it too far. I dare say, too, that for all these years you and your husband have felt like mistress and master of the house, and that it seems hard to give up to the new rule, and to render the obedience that I shall exact; but, Mrs. Lloyd, you are a woman of sound common sense, and

you must see that your conduct to me has been anything but what it should be."

"I've never had a thought but for your benefit!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd.

"I believe it, Mrs. Lloyd—I know it; but tell me frankly that you feel you have erred, and no more shall be said."

Mrs. Lloyd gave a gulp, and stood watching the fine, well-built man before her.

"It grieves me, I assure you, to have to speak as I do, Mrs. Lloyd," continued Trevor; "but you must see that things are altered now."

"And that you forget all the past, Master Dick," cried Mrs. Lloyd, with a wild sob, "and that those who have done everything for you may now be turned out of the house in their old age, and go and beg their bread, while you make merry with your friends."

"Come—come—come, Mrs. Lloyd," said Trevor, advancing to her, and laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder, "you don't believe that; you have too much respect for your old master's son to think he would grow up such an ingrate—so utterly void of common feeling. He has not forgotten who took the place of his mother—who nursed him—who tended him through many an illness, and was always more a friend than a servant. He has come back a man—I hope a generous one—accustomed to command, and be obeyed. He wishes you to keep your position of confidential trust, and the thought of making any change has never entered his mind. All he wishes is that you should make an effort to see the necessity for taking the place necessitated by the relative positions in which we now find ourselves; and he tells you, Mrs. Lloyd, that you may rest assured while Penreife stands there is always a home for you and for your husband."

As he touched her a shiver ran through the woman's frame; the inimical aspect faded out, and she looked admiringly in his face, her own working the while, as his grave words were uttered, till, sobbing violently, she threw her arms round his neck, kissed him passionately again and again, and then sank upon the floor to cover her face with her hands.

"There—there, nurse," he said, taking her hand and raising her. "Let this show you I've not forgotten old times. This is to be the seal of a compact for the future"—he kissed her gravely on the forehead. "Now, nurse, you will believe in your master for the future, and you see your way?"

"Yes, sir," she said, looking appealingly in his face.

"We thoroughly understand each other?"

"Yes, sir; and I'll try never to thwart you again."

"You'll let me be master in my own house?" he said, his handsome face lighting up with a smile.

"Yes, indeed, I will, sir," sobbed the woman; "and—and—you're not angry with me—for—for—"

"For what—about the wine?"

"No, sir, for the liberty I took just now."

"Oh, no," he said; "it was a minute's relapse to old times. And now," he continued, taking her hand, to lead her to the door, "it is very late, and I must finish my letter. Good night, nurse."

"Good night, sir—and—God bless you!" she exclaimed, passionately.

And the door closed between them—another woman seeming to be the one who went upstairs.

## CHAPTER XIX.—“SING HEIGH—SING HO!”

TREVOR'S letter was sent off by one of the grooms by eight o'clock; for, accustomed to late watches and short nights at sea, the master of Penreife was down betimes, eagerly inspecting his stables and horses, and ending by making inquiries for Humphrey Lloyd, to find that he was away somewhere or another to look after the game.

Donning a wideawake, and looking about as unlike a naval officer as could be, he summoned the butler, to name half-past nine as the breakfast hour, and then, with little Polly watching him from one of the windows, he strode off across the lawn.

Polly sighed as she looked after him, and then she started, for a couple of hands were laid upon her shoulder, and turning hastily, it was to confront Mrs. Lloyd, whose harsh countenance wore quite a smile as she gazed fixedly in the girl's blushing face, and then kissed her on the forehead.

“He's a fine, handsome-looking man, isn't he, child?” said the housekeeper. “Don't you think so?”

“Yes, aunt,” said the girl, naively; “I was thinking so as I saw him go across the lawn.”

Which was the simple truth, though, all the same, Miss Polly had been comparing him, somewhat to his disadvantage, with Humphrey.

“Good girl,” said Mrs. Lloyd. “You must get yourself a silk dress, child—a nice light one.”

“Thank you, aunt,” said the girl, flushing with pleasure.

“Yes, he's a fine young fellow, and as good and noble as he is high.”

“I'm sure he must be, aunt,” said the girl. “He spoke so nicely to me.”

“When?—where?” said Mrs. Lloyd, eagerly.

“Yesterday, aunt, when I took in that silver cup.”

“Ah,” said Mrs. Lloyd. “Yes, she'll be a lucky girl who wins him.”

“Yes, that she will, aunt,” said the girl, enthusiastically. “He's very rich, isn't he?”

“Very, my dear; and his wife will be the finest lady in the county, with dresses, and carriages, and parties, and a town house, I dare say.”

“I hope he'll marry some one who loves him very much,” said the girl, simply.

“Of course he will, child. Why, any girl could love him. She ought to jump at the chance of having such a man. And now I must go, child. I was rather cross to you last night. I was worried with the preparations, and it did not look well for me to come and see that fellow with his hands through the window; but that won't happen again. A little flirting's all very well for once in a girl's life, but there must be no more of it, and I know I shan't have to speak any more.”

She hurried out of the room before the girl could reply, leaving her with her little forehead wrinkled by the puzzling, troubled thoughts which buzzed through her brain.

“Aunt must mean something,” she said to herself. “I wonder what she really does mean. She can't really—oh, nonsense, what a little goose I am!”

Polly's pretty little face puckered with a smile, and she took up her work, waiting to be called for breakfast, and sat wondering the while what Humphrey was doing.

Humphrey was away down by the disputed piece of land, and Trevor soon forgot all about him; for, crossing a field and leaping a stile, he stood in one of the winding lanes of the neighbourhood; then, crossing it, and leaping another stile, he began to make his way along the side of a steep valley, when he stopped short; for, from amongst the trees in front, rang out, clear and musical—

“There came a lady along the strand,  
Her fair hair bound with a golden band,  
Sing heigh!”

And a second voice—

“Sing ho!”

Then the two, sweetly blended together, repeated the refrain.

“Oh, Tiny!” cried a voice, “here's one pretty enough to make even Aunt Matty look pleasant. Oh, my gracious!” she exclaimed, dropping her little trowel, for Trevor had come into sight.

“Don't be alarmed, pray!” he said, laughing. “But really I did not know we had such sweet song-birds in the woods.”

“It was very rude to listen, Mr. Trevor; and it isn't nice to pay compliments to strangers,” said Fin, nodding her saucy head.

“Then,” said Trevor, taking the hand slightly withheld, “I shall be rude again only in one thing—listening; for we must be strangers no more, seeing that we are such near neighbours. Miss Rea,” he said, taking Tiny's hand in turn, and looking earnestly in her timid eyes, “you were not hurt yesterday?”

“Oh, no, not in the least,” was the reply. “We are indebted to your friends, too, for taking compassion upon us in our misfortune.”

“Don't name that,” he said, hastily. “I am glad the carriage came up in time. By the way, Miss Rea, I am glad we have met. I want to clear up a little unpleasantness that occurred yesterday.”

“Oh, of course,” said Fin. “Why, we ought to have cut you this morning.”

“No, no,” said Trevor, laughing, “that would be too cruel. I am really very, very sorry about it all; and I have sent a letter over to Sir Hampton this morning, apologizing for my hasty words.”

“Oh, have you?” said Fin, clapping her hands, and making a bound off the moss; “how nice! I mean,” she added, demurely, “how correct.”

Fin whispered her sister, who was growing flushed and troubled by the eager and impressive way in which Trevor spoke to her.

“It would be such a pity,” he said, walking on by her side, “if any little trifle like that in dispute should be allowed to disturb the peace, and break what would, I am sure, be a charming intimacy!”

“Why, the great, handsome wretch is making love to her,” said Fin to herself. “Oh, what a shame! I hate him already.”

“I know—I feel sure papa will only be too glad—too ready to make amends,” said Tiny, who was growing more confused; for every time she spoke and ventured to glance at her companion, it was to meet his eyes gazing into hers with a depth of tenderness that pleased while it troubled her, and made her little heart behave in the most absurdly fluttering fashion. He looked so frank and handsome—so different in his brown tweeds

and carelessly put-on hat to the carefully dressed dandies, their companions of the day before.

"I have told Sir Hampton that I mean to call this afternoon to ask him to shake hands with me. Do you think I may?" he said, with another look.

"I don't know—I think so—oh, yes! pray call," said Tiny, confused, and blushing more than ever.

"Thank you, I will," he said, earnestly; "and you will be at home?"

"I forbid thee—no, you mustn't come," said Fin, in a mock-serious tone.

"And why not?" said Trevor, turning upon her.

"Because Aunt Matty hates the sight of young men, and papa will be ready to eat you."

"Why, bless your bright, merry little face!" said Trevor, enthusiastically, and catching Fin's hand in his. "Do you know what I feel as if I could do?"

"No, of course not," cried Fin, trying to frown, and looking bewitching.

"Why, catch you up and kiss you a dozen times for a merry little woodland fay," cried Trevor.

"Oh, gracious!" cried Fin, snatching away her hands, and retreating behind her sister.

"Don't be alarmed, little maiden," said Trevor, laughing; "I won't do so."

"I should think not," cried Fin.

"Sailors' manners," said Trevor, laughing, as he walked on by their side.

"Do you know how old I am, sir?" said Fin, astutely.

"I should say nearly sixteen," said Trevor, glancing at her sister.

"Seventeen and a half, sir," said Fin, with dignity on her forehead, and a laugh at each corner of her little mouth.

"Then it will be a sin if Nature ever lets you get a day older," said Trevor, laughing.

"Thank you, sir," said Fin, with a mock curtsy.

"Is she always as merry as this?" said Trevor to Tiny, who glanced at him again, to once more lower her eyes in confusion, he looked at her so earnestly.

"Yes; but you must not heed what she says," was the reply.

"I'm very wicked in my remarks, Mr. Trevor," said Fin; "and now, sir, if you please, we are going this way to dig up ferns—so, good morning."

"That is my direction," said Trevor, quietly; "and as I am only your neighbour, surely you need not treat me as a stranger."

"Tiny, it's all your fault," said Fin, maliciously; "so if Aunt Matty scolds, you may take the blame. I would make him carry the basket, though."

"Yes, pray let me," said Trevor, holding out his hand.

"Thank you, no," said Tiny, recovering herself, and speaking with a very sweet assumption of maidenly dignity. "If Mr. Trevor will excuse us, I think we will return now to breakfast. I feel sure that papa will gladly receive you this afternoon."

"And you will be at home?" said Trevor, earnestly.

"I cannot say," said Tiny, quietly; "but I hope the little unpleasantness will be removed."

"You do hope that?" said downright Trevor.

"Yes—of course," said Tiny, naively opening her soft eyes, and meeting his this time without a blush. "It would be so unpleasant—so unneighbourly for

there to be dissension between us," and she held out her hand. "Good morning, Mr. Trevor."

If he might only have kissed it! But it would have been enough to stamp him as a boor, and he contented himself with pressing it tenderly as he bent over it.

"Good morning, Mr. Trevor," said Fin, holding out her hand in turn, and she gazed at him out of her laughing, mischievous eyes, till a dull red glow spread over his bronzed cheeks, and he squeezed her little fingers till she winced with pain.

"Good morning," he said. "Eh—what is it?"

"Oh, la!" cried Fin, shutting her eyes, "here's that horrid, solemn-looking little man coming, just in the way we want to go."

"Then, let me introduce you," said Trevor, laughing, as Pratt came sauntering along, whistling and cutting off fern leaves with his stick, till he saw the group in front, when he became preternaturally solemn.

"Pratt, let me introduce you to my neighbours. Miss Rea—Miss Finetta Rea—my old friend, Frank Pratt."

"Pratt! What a disgusting name!" said Fin to herself, as, with a tender display of respect that his friend did not fail to notice, Trevor performed the little ceremony out there amid the gleaming sunbeams; and then they parted.

"Oh, Tiny, isn't he delicious?" cried Fin, as soon as they were out of hearing. "Isn't he grand?"

"Hush, Fin! How can you?" said her sister.

"How can I? So," said Fin, throwing her arms round her sister, and kissing her. "He's head over heels in love with you. What fun! And I hate him for it like poison, because I want him myself."

"Fin, dear, don't, pray. Suppose any one heard you."

"Don't care if they did. Ugh! I'm as jealous as an Eastern sultana. I shall stab you some night with a bodkin. But, I say, isn't the solemn man fine?"

"I don't see it," said Tiny, glad of a diversion.

"I think he's a regular little cad."

"Slang again, Fin!"

"Yes, it's because I'm cross and want my breakfast," and she hurried her sister on.

"Ahem!" said Pratt, as soon as they were alone in the lane.

"Frank," said Trevor, clutching his friend by the arm, "did you ever see a sweeter girl in your life?"

"What, than that little miss who laughed at me?" said Frank.

"No, no; the other. I declare she's a perfect angel. I never saw so much sweetness in my life before. I—"

"Phew—phew—phew—phew—phew—phew—phew—phew!" whistled Pratt.

"Don't be a fool, Franky."

"But 'tis my nature to," said Pratt.

"Listen, man; I really do believe that there is something true about fellows falling in love at first sight, and that sort of thing; I do indeed."

"So do I," said Pratt.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, come now, that's rich. To go and get hooked like that, before you've been at home a month! Well, that comes of going to sea, and being out of the way of civilized beings from year's end to year's end. I



say, there's a romance beginning here—tyrannical heavy father, and the rest of it."

"Nonsense!" cried Trevor. "Come along, old boy; I'm as hungry as a hunter. By Jove, though, I came out on purpose to find Humphrey."

"And only met a goddess in the dell," said Pratt.

And the two young men returned to breakfast.

### In Alexandria.

IN the first five minutes of his stay in Egypt the traveller learns that he is to trust and be served by people who have not the least idea that lying is not a perfectly legitimate means of attaining any desired end. And he begins to lose any prejudice he may have in favour of a white complexion and of clothes. In a decent climate he sees how little clothing is needed for comfort, and how much artificial nations are accustomed to put on from false modesty. We begin to thread our way through a maze of shipping, and hundreds of boats and barges; the scene is gay and exciting beyond expression. The first sight of the coloured pictured, lounging, waiting Orient is enough to drive an impressionable person wild—so much that is novel and picturesque is crowded into a few minutes; so many colours and flying robes, such a display of bare legs and swarthy figures. We meet flat boats coming down the harbour loaded with labourers—dark, immobile groups in turbans and gowns, squatting on deck in the attitude which is the most characteristic of the East. No one stands or sits; everybody squats or reposes cross-legged. Soldiers are on the move; smart Turkish officers dart by in light boats with half a dozen rowers; the crew of an English man-of-war pull past; in all directions the swift boats fly, and with their freight of colour it is like the thrusting of quick shuttles in the weaving of a brilliant carpet before our eyes. We step on shore at the Custom House. I have heard travellers complain of the delay of getting through it. I feel that I want to go slowly; that I would like to be all day in getting through; that I am hurried along like a person who is dragged hastily through a gallery, past striking pictures, of which he gets only glimpses. What a group this is on shore: importunate guides, porters, coolies! They seize hold of us. We want to stay and look at them. Did ever any civilized men dress so gaily, so little, or so much in the wrong place? If that fellow would untwist the folds of his gigantic turban, he would have cloth enough to clothe himself perfectly. Look! That's an East Indian, that's a Greek, that's a Turk, that's a Syrian. A Jew? No, he's Egyptian; the crook nose is not uncommon to Egyptians. That tall round hat is Persian; that one is from Abyss—there they go, we haven't half seen them! We leave our passports at the entrance, and are whisked through into the baggage-room, where our guide pays a noble official three francs for the pleasure of his chance acquaintance; some nearly naked coolie porters, who bear long cords, carry off our luggage; and before we know it we are in a carriage, and a rascally guide and interpreter—Heaven knows how he fastened himself upon us in the last five minutes!—is on the box, and apparently owns us. (It cost us half a day and liberal backsheesh to get rid of the evil-eyed fellow.) We have gone only a little distance, when a half-dozen of the naked

coolies rush after us, running by the carriage, and laying hold of it, demanding backsheesh. It appears that either the boatman has cheated them, or they think he will, or they have not had enough. Nobody trusts anybody else, and nobody is ever satisfied with what he gets in Egypt. These blacks, in their dirty white gowns, swinging their porters' ropes and howling like madmen, pursue us a long way, and look as though they would tear us to pieces. But nothing comes of it. We drive to the Place Mehemet Ali, the European square, having nothing Oriental about it; a square with an equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, some trees, and a fountain—surrounded by hotels, bankers' offices, and Frank shops. There is not much in Alexandria to look at, except the people and the dirty bazaars. We never before had seen so much nakedness, filth, and dirt, so much poverty, and so much enjoyment of it, or at least indifference to it. We were forced to adopt a new scale of estimating poverty and wretchedness. People are poor in proportion as their wants are not gratified. And here were thousands who have few of the wants that we have, and perhaps less poverty. It is difficult to estimate the poverty of those fortunate children to whom the generous sun gives a warm colour for clothing, who have no occupation but to sit in the sand all day in some noisy and picturesque thoroughfare, and stretch out the hand for the few paras sufficient to buy their food; who drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank of the mosque, sleep in street corners, and feel sure of their salvation if they know the direction of Mecca.

**SQUARING THE CIRCLE.**—Archimedes was principal consulting engineer for the defenders at the siege of Syracuse, but all his thoughts were not exclusively given to fortifications and engines of war. While the catapults and battering rams were breaching the walls, he was pursuing his beloved mathematical studies. He had just succeeded, so the legends say, in solving a problem which for years had baffled him—that of squaring the circle—when, Syracuse being taken by assault, a furious soldier rushed into the house of the philosopher, and ran him through the body with his javelin. The blood of the hapless Archimedes, gushing over the floor, obliterated the diagram he had triumphantly chalked thereupon; and, as he shortly afterwards expired, the circle remains unsquared to this day.

**TALL TALK.**—The following was part of a young attorney's peroration on argument of demurrer in one of the Denver courts recently:—"May it please your honour, this is a stupendous question. Its decision by you, this day, will live in judicial history long after you and I shall have passed from this scene of earthly glory and sublunary vanity; when the tower of Pisa shall be forgotten; when Waterloo and Borodino shall grow dim in the distant cycles of receding centuries; when the names of Eugene, Marlborough, and Napoleon are no longer remembered; when the pyramids of the Pharaohs shall have crumbled into dust; when the hippopotamus shall cease to inhabit its native Nile—even then your ruling upon this demurrer will still survive in the antique volumes of legal lore as fresh, green, and imperishable. The case, your honour, originally concerns the cost of two new hats and an umbrella."

## Sketches of the Central Wilds.

BY A WALKING WALLABY.

### II.—LOST INDEED.

"TELL you what," said Harry to himself, as, hot and somewhat weary, he stopped to think over his position, "this is rather awkward; but it's the first drawback, for I've followed them the whole way so far without difficulty; while, with the exception of the loss of a sheep or two, they seem to have got along famously, and every one has given them a good report. I did hope, though, to have overtaken them at this queerly named place; but, after all, a rest of a day won't hurt them, and as pasturage is so plentiful, a day more or less seems no object."

Then a bright thought seemed to strike the young man, who had stored his mind with every kind of information he could collect during his few months' sojourn in the country, before proceeding to take up land for himself—this being by some men of experience considered the better plan. Drawbacks there are to it, for the new settler must be prepared to risk encounters with unfriendly parties of savages, who, naturally enough, look with disfavour on interlopers. The plan adopted in such cases is to take an abundant stock of necessaries, and proceed up the country until a good tract of land is found—of course beyond where any other settler has established himself; and then, upon the banks of some river or creek, to mark off by blazing trees, five, ten, or twenty miles upon either side of the bank, according to the settler's means or ambition. Then, by making arrangement with the Government, and paying a small sum, he becomes the owner of the newly discovered virgin soil. This plan had been the one determined upon by Harry Clayton—one that to a young, adventurous man possessed plenty of charms—the greatest drawback being the long tedious journey of months, with all his following, through a sparsely inhabited country, where stations and huts grew daily more scarce. For the vast "runs" of squatters extend one after the other to a tremendous distance—the possessions of men who had years before embarked in the same adventure, each in his turn having stood on the extreme verge of civilization, till a more adventurous spirit passed him—the distance from the great cities growing constantly greater for those who wished to take up country, till, as in Harry Clayton's case, the journey was estimated to take six months, with his slow moving flocks, from first to last.

But a bright thought had flashed through Harry's mind, and, stopping amongst the scrub, he tried to raise the well-known, far-reaching cry of the savage lost in the wood—a shout that it is considered to be the duty of every man within hearing to respond to, since from the vastness of these untrodden wildernesses many a weary wanderer has been known to tramp on day after day, to sink at last, worn out and hopeless, in his own track, for some shuddering traveller to find his dry and bleaching bones in years to come.

"Coocy—ey—ey! Coo—oo—oo—oo—ey!" shouted Harry, with a barbarous though civilized imitation of the savage's call; and again and again he made the woods to echo with the ringing cry. Then he listened and listened again, checking his grazing horse, whose

familiar crunching noise, as he cropped the grass, was the only sound he could hear. Then he cooeed again, and had for response the cry of a parrot, and directly after the startling shout of the great kingfisher, the "laughing jackass" of the colonists. Then there was silence again—a sweet and solemn silence, till the charming notes of the bell-bird came ringing clearly through the wood, amongst whose sparsely sown trees the sunbeams were now aslant, making deep shadows where but a short time before all was golden light.

There was something so oppressive in the silence, that the sharp ringing hum of some fly seemed to be quite welcome, and Harry was glad to shout again, till in that solemn stillness he grew almost startled at the sound of his own voice.

"Pooh! I'm not afraid!" exclaimed Harry, as a sort of shudder ran through his frame. "It's absurd; one surely can't be lost for long when he has a good nag between his knees. Eh, old lass? And as to being still and solitary, why, what is it compared to the sea? But then there are certainly others aboard. However, here goes for one more try to get out of the wood, and when I'm out I'll hallo."

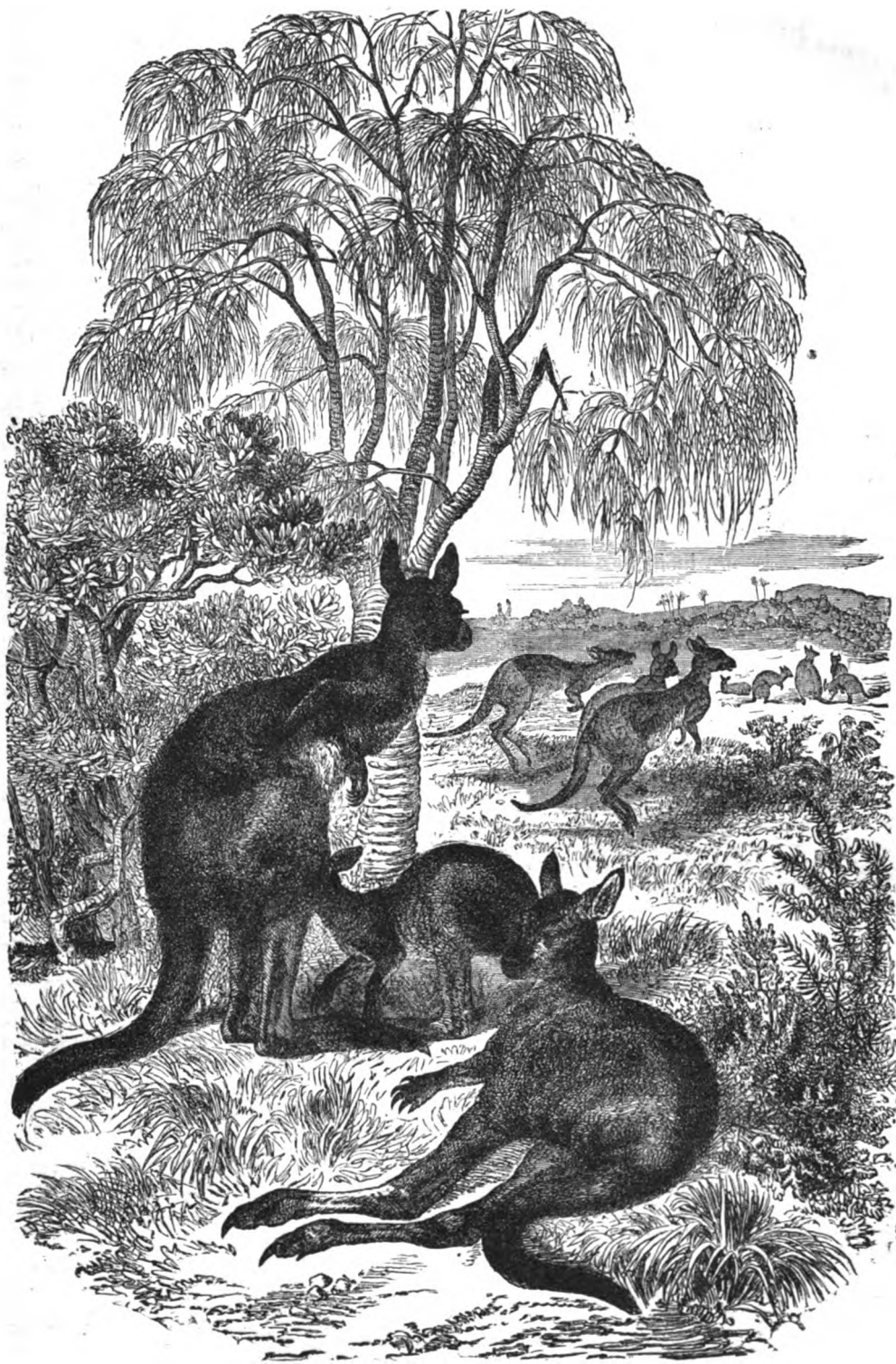
And he had another try, leading his horse by way of change; but soon the sun went down, the short twilight set in; far above his head he could see the faint stars forming the southern cross; and the truth came home to him that he must pass the night where he was.

"Not much of a difficulty, if the snakes will but give me a wide berth," said Harry, aloud; and then, taking off the saddle, he threw it upon a bush, hobbled his horse's fore-legs once more, refreshed himself from wallet and flask, had another pipe, and then, with the soft night dew falling, and a gentle wind sighing through the trees, he lay down, taking his saddle for pillow, and listened to the "crop, crop" of the grazing horse, or some indistinct and distant sound, till sleep softly fell upon his weary eyes, and he dreamed of the far-off home, and the sunny-faced girl whose heart he had brought with him into the Australian wilds.

Harry Clayton's was a sound sleep of many hours, in spite of his strange bed; but he woke in the morning's grey dawn, wet and chilly, and in rather an uncomfortable state of mind. However, fortifying his inner man with the rest of his provisions, he set about tracking his horse through the rank, wet grass—for the animal had wandered away during the night to some distance, though the path it had taken was easily distinguishable amongst the trees; and it was not long before Harry was once more saddling and bridling the faithful beast, who met him with a neigh of welcome. But by the time he was mounted the sun had begun to pierce the gloomy shades beneath the trees with his darts; and with his increasing brightness rose Harry's spirits.

In the saddle once more, and, judging from the sun's position, travelling due north. Lost? Pooh! Nonsense! Who could be lost in the clear, bright, open sunshine, with a strong, well-bred horse between his knees? The idea seemed absurd, and Harry began to whistle cheerily as, coming once more to an open space, his horse broke into a canter, when in the exercise the chilliness wore off, the damp clothes dried, and the young man was eagerly scanning the surrounding country, to try and associate some salient object with the instructions he had received.

"What a fool I was not to keep to the main track!"



"LAY STARING STUPIDLY AT HIM."—Page 296.

said Harry to himself; "trying to save ten miles, I'm losing thirty"—he might have said fifty—"but here's a track at last;" and he turned into a faintly marked cattle path, which soon forked, and was crossed, and forked again, till he found that he was in a regular network of tracks made by the wandering cattle on their way to water.

Reasonably enough, he concluded that the tracks must lead somewhere; but amongst so many, the question was which to take; for in some of them the cattle might have been slowly tramping and feeding on for weeks. Then he set to trying to recall scraps of his instructions. Gullies he passed in plenty, creeks too, and ridges; but that they were the ones he was to notice he could not say.

Now he came to water, of which he availed himself, drinking heartily, and filling up his flask, whose faint odour whispered of its having been occupied by some more potent fluid; but though there was a river, no signs of cattle or habitation appeared, and he again pressed on, hour after hour, constantly expecting to come directly upon some sign of civilization.

Wide and wild; vast, and apparently endless. Tracts, well timbered as a gentleman's park; rich green lawns; low scrub-bush; an occasional tall pine seeming to pierce the sky; and then those different phases of the country repeating themselves again and again.

Now he was down in some rocky gully, where water trickled; now in a green vale, whose bottom contained a chain of water-holes; now he mounted a ridge, to try and make out some landmark by which to steer; but the character of the country prevented him from seeing far in any direction, and there was nothing for it but to press on in the hope of soon meeting with a regular bridle-track.

Once he came upon a sparsely timbered plain, just as he was proceeding slowly and thoughtfully along, when he stopped short, for from beneath a eucalyptus tree he startled quite a flock of kangaroos, one of which lay staring stupidly at him before leaping up; and soon the whole party were going over the plain in huge bounds, clearing shrubs and bushes, everything in their way.

Harry sat looking at them for awhile, and then his heart sank; for the presence of so many wild animals taught him, unused as he was to the desert, that the habitation of man must be far away.

At last, faint and weary, and now somewhat anxious, Harry pressed his horse's sides, the tired beast answering to the heel, and breaking into a canter, when, after proceeding for some distance, to Harry's great joy, he found that he had struck upon a horse-track—only a faint one, but still one which showed that a horse had passed that way. So with eyes carefully watching the grass in front, he cantered on or walked as the path allowed.

Harry's spirits rose in spite of hunger and fatigue, for there was now something definite to go upon: even if not close to a station he was evidently on the way to some civilized place, and, judging from the tracks, it could not have been a very great while since some one had passed that way.

On and on, hour after hour, but in no way discouraged now, for the track had suddenly grown plainer and easier to follow; in fact, the horse followed of its

own accord the beaten way. Harry's spirits grew lighter as the path grew more beaten; for though he had evidently wandered far out of his track, it would be but a lesson for him, and once he could get set right, he would not be long overtaking his men.

But the idea had now dawned upon Harry Clayton's mind that it was quite possible to be lost in the vast wild through which he was passing, and to wander on day after day until compelled by weakness to lie down and perish, the weakness becoming perceptible, not merely in the body but also in the mind—which, from being discouraged, would soon grow despondent, and then fall away by swift degrees into utter inanity.

"Cheer up—plenty of corn and a good rest, old lass," cried Harry.

And in answer to his call, the tired mare pressed on again once more.

The track grew more and more beaten, but night was coming swiftly on; and soon the darkness and the weariness of his beast compelled the traveller to alight and lead it, stooping the while to make out the foot-prints which might at any time lead them to a station. But this did not last long, and Harry was soon glad to hobble his beast, take off the saddle from her dripping flanks; and then, wearied, anxious, and hungering, to sit down and try to get a little rest.

"Why didn't I keep to the dry track?" exclaimed Harry, petulantly, as after a draught of water from his flask, he lay gazing upwards at the purple sky. "Why couldn't I be content with going steadily on? All from a strong desire to go ahead, I suppose."

Then, in spite of anxiety, and the keen gnawings of hunger, Harry Clayton dropped into a calm, dreamy state, which seemed as an antechamber to a land of visions of luxurious feasts, and rich things held to his lips, but only to be dashed away.

After one of these dreams he would wake up shivering, tramp about for a few minutes to restore the circulation to his chilled limbs, and follow his horse to lead it back, talking to it the while, and glad of its company in the vast solitude.

Hour after hour through this second night in the bush, now dozing, and now awake, watching the bright stars slowly circling on their way; then he would calculate how many years it would take him to save up enough to make happy the rest of a certain gentleman's life, by way of compensation for robbing him of his daughter; till at last, in spite of cold and hunger, he slept heavily until daybreak, when he leaped up, caught his horse, and once more pressed on along the track.

More and more beaten grew the path, till it was evident he was upon one pretty frequently used. Harry tried not to be too sanguine, but it was impossible to keep his spirits from rising at the thoughts of the feast he would make after this long fast; for hospitality would, he knew, have supplied his wants even had he been poor, and not prepared to pay well for all he consumed.

Hour after hour, and on and on till he felt that he must faint. The track grew plainer and plainer—many horses having passed, some of the shoeprints being evidently not many hours old. This was cheering too, and Harry could not help wishing that his horse was fresher that he might gallop on and overtake the last traveller, perhaps to obtain instant relief from his

wallet, for it was possible that the station to which the track led might yet be far enough away.

He cantered on slowly, so as not to too much distress his beast, for it was growing jaded to a degree that made it stumble, when suddenly a fearful suspicion flashed across Harry Clayton's mind, his brain reeled, and he almost fell from his saddle.

"No! no! I won't have it!" he cried, recovering himself, but with a cold sweat standing upon his forehead; and then he spurred on the mare into a reckless gallop for a hundred yards or so, but only to pull up short and dismount to examine the ground.

Yes, those were certainly very much like the prints made by his own horse; but then horseshoes only varied a little in width and circumference. The idea was absurd, and he laughed aloud a strange, harsh, forced laugh, as he mounted once more, and rode on for about a mile, but only again to dismount and follow the track on foot for some distance, with an anxious, wild expression of countenance.

It soon became evident that the young man was losing confidence in himself, and that a strange, cold, icy feeling of dread was creeping over him—the dread of wandering till he dropped—the dread of starvation—the dread of the great enemy, Death himself—not imminent, but coming on slowly to seize him for his own, at the end of one—two—or three days. And at such a time as this, when young, strong, and buoyant, he was anticipating work—prosperous work; and then his thoughts turned once more to home.

There was something invigorating in the remembrance of Patty's bright eyes; for Harry roused himself, fighting off the horrible dread, and dismissing the terrible suspicion; and now he again mounted, feeling ready to turn aside from what seemed to be an endless and delusive track; but no, he would struggle on yet awhile.

He had picked the last crumb from his wallet, drained the last drop of water from his flask, chewed leaves to allay his thirst, and at last cut a piece of leather from his boot, which he kept on masticating, all the while obstinately driving back the suspicion which had thrust itself upon him, and still pressing forward in the plain, well-beaten track.

At last his horse showed such symptoms of distress that he was compelled to dismount; when, loosing its girths and removing the bridle, he allowed it to graze. There was no occasion now to hobble its feet, for the poor brute seemed completely exhausted.

But though there was an ample repast for the horse, it was not so with the master, who peered about in vain amongst the bushes for a few berries or something wherewith he might satisfy for a while the cravings for food.

He had his revolver; but even had a bird made its appearance, it was not likely that he could have brought it down; and as for quadrupeds, from their nocturnal habits, the country seemed to be quite destitute of living creatures.

Poor Harry, he could feel envious now of the simple savage, whose instinct would have enabled him to find food where the civilized Englishman would starve, and a way out of the difficulty where the man of education and attainments could only wander on and on till he dropped.

It would have gone hard with a stray sheep had he

met one then; but his search was totally unsuccessful; neither food nor water was to be had; but with a grim smile upon his lip, and a wild look in his eye, he tightened his belt, and with some difficulty found his way back to the track.

Might he not just as well lie there? he asked himself. Perhaps some one would pass. And now he fell into a dreamy state—half sleep, half stupor—and from that into one that was nearly madness; for his thoughts grew wild, and he seemed to be once more back at home, and talked at random of matters of the past.

But, after a while, all this passed off, and fighting as it were with the strange bewilderment that strove to gain the ascendancy over his reason, he talked to his horse, patted and caressed it; sought again amongst the bushes for something which he could devour, but with no effect; and then, trying to collect his wandering faculties, he mounted once more and pushed on, leaving his horse to follow the track, while he carefully watched the direction of the setting sun.

It was on his left as he now started, and, shaking the reins, he hurried on the tired beast, till as the bright orb dipped ruddy beneath the horizon, it was right in front; and, as he pushed on in frantic haste, he soon found that the point of setting was upon his right. In fact, he saw enough to set his mind at rest upon the point he sought to solve; but still he would not believe. He told himself it was utterly impossible, and still pressed on his jaded beast.

The ruddy hues faded into a pearly grey, then into a dull ash; clouds gathered darker and darker; the pale stars became points of vivid light in a ground that was almost black; while now from behind a cloud came the thin, silvery crescent line of the moon, shedding a faint lustre upon the path along which Harry stumbled, slowly leading his horse.

There was light enough yet for travelling, for the way was open; and—surely that was the ridge with the three trees he had passed before! Absurd, when the different salient points were repeated constantly. Onward, conjuring up visions of log-huts in front at every turn or winding of the path. Now he would be certain, and hurry on; but the comfortable homestead, with its rest and refreshment, would dissolve away as he advanced into a clump of trees or neared a steep ridge.

The lowing of cattle or bleating of sheep, that he seemed to hear, soon resolved itself into the cry of some nocturnal bird or animal; and feeling bitterly his utter helplessness, where the despised black would have found sustenance in some hollow tree, or tracked an animal to its home, Harry Clayton, half wild with despair, acknowledged the truth of what had only been but a suspicion; and as he caught his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell heavily to the ground, he knew that for nearly two days he had been travelling in a vast irregular circle, striking again his own track, and following it hour after hour, until it became more distinct, ever luring him on with the fancy that he should overtake some traveller, or that he was close to the habitation of man.

And now it seemed that there was nothing for him but to lie where he had fallen, unnerved and helpless, far out there in the wild solitude of the vast land, and give up the little spirit left in his weakened body.



## Mr. Pash's Courtship.

### CHAPTER III.—TOM BROUGH.

FOR a good quarter of an hour no word was spoken; then again taking one of the unresisting hands in his, May's new courtier talked long and earnestly, telling of how with no ardent passion, but with the chastened love of one who had known a bitter disappointment, he had long watched her, and waited.

"And now, at last, May, I ask you to be an old man's wife," he said. "Yours shall be no life of slavery; but, there, you have known me long, and for some time past," he said tenderly, "I have not been without hope that you loved me in return."

"Mr. Brough," sobbed May, throwing herself on her knees at his feet, "I do love you—I have loved you ever since I was a child—loved you as one should love a dear father. Have I not often come to you with my girlish troubles? But you surely never can mean this—you cannot wish what you say. How can I be your wife, when you know how—how long—Oh, Frank, Frank, Frank!" she cried, with a wail of despair that seemed to thrill through her suitor's heart; and, raising her in his arms, he kissed her tenderly—as lovingly as might a father—and placed her on a sofa at his side, drawing her nearer to him, in spite of a slight resistance, as he tried to whisper a few words in his endeavour to soothe the fierce burst of despair that shook the poor girl's frame.

"There, May, my child," he said at last, "try and command yourself;" when a thought seemed to strike him, and, though evidently troubled and reluctant, he rose to go, tenderly taking leave of the weeping girl.

But before he could reach the door, May had him by the hand.

"Dear Mr. Brough," she said beseechingly, "I cannot think that you would wish to make me unhappy for life."

"Indeed, no," he said, gently, as he held both her hands in his. "I would devote my life to making you happy."

"But you know—for some time—Mr. Frank Marr—"

Then the recollection of what she had heard and seen that morning seemed to flash across her brain, scathing her as it passed, and with a wild look she sought to withdraw her hands; but they were fast held.

"May, my child," said Mr. Brough, tenderly, "I love you too well to wish to give you pain. I would sooner suffer myself than cause a pang to your gentle little heart. Show me that Frank Marr is worthy of you—that is, that your father's words which he told me were either untrue or that he had been deceived; tell me, in fact, that by waiving my claims I can give you happiness, and I will do so, and at once, even though—" His voice trembled as he spoke, and then he added, hastily, "But you are much agitated; I will go. Only one question before a painful subject is buried for ever—Are you aware that Frank Marr was with your father this morning?"

May bowed her head, for the words would not come.

"And you know of the offer made and accepted? Good God, what a brute I am!" he exclaimed, as he had just time to catch May in his arms, and save her from falling.

"That's just what you are!" exclaimed a harsh voice,

and the visitor became aware of the presence of Keziah Bay, who indignantly caught the fainting girl from him, and, apparently without much effort, bore her from the room.

It was with a quiet, thoughtful face that Tom Brough, the well-known wealthy, charitable sugar-baker, made his way to one of the City chop-houses, and sat down in a dark box to think for quite an hour, with a newspaper before his face—a newspaper that the impatient waiter swooped down at a good half-dozen times; but never asked for on account of its being in the hands of so excellent a customer. But never a word read Tom Brough, it was only a blind behind which he wished to think on that eventful morning; and he thought till his countenance lightened, for it seemed to him that his way ahead was very clear, and in that way ahead he saw himself a happy man, cheered by May's smiles, in spite of his years, and playing with her children; and at last, his own eyes dewy and twinkling, his bright grey hair glistening, and the ruddy hues of his open countenance ruddier than ever, he laid aside the paper just at a moment when, unable to bear it any longer, the waiter was swooping down with the fell intent of striking and bearing off the sheet. But just as he stooped to seize it, the paper was dropped, and he was standing face to face with the old and regular attendant at the place.

"Charles," said Mr. Brough, "I think I'll take a chop."

"And hysters, sir?" said Charles.

"And oysters," said Tom Brough.

"Port, or sherry, sir?" said Charles, respectfully.

"Pint of port—yellow seal," said Tom Brough, with a sigh of content; and then he leaned back and looked up at the dingy, soot-darkened skylight, till the hissing hot chop was brought, moistening his lips from time to time with the glass of tawny, astringent wine—seeing, though, no yellow glass, no floating blacks, nothing but a bright future; and then he ate—ate like a man who enjoyed it, finished his fifth glass of port, and walked to his office, brisk, bustling, and happy.

"Gentleman been waiting to see you two hours, sir," said a clerk.

"Bless my soul, how tiresome!" he muttered. "I wanted to do as little as possible to-day; and if news came that the sugar crops were a failure to a cane, I believe I'm so selfish that I shouldn't care a—"

But whatever might have been the proper finish of that sentence, it was never uttered; for, bustling forward with an easy, elastic step, the pleasant countenance suddenly became grave, as, opening the door of his inner office, Tom Brough stood face to face with pale, stern-looking Frank Marr.

### CHAPTER IV.—HOPELESS.

IF there is anything obstinate in this life it is Time, whom poets and painters are so fond of depicting as a goose-winged, forelocked, bald-headed, scraggy old gentlemen, exceedingly hard-up for clothes, but bearing an old, overgrown egg-boiler, and a scythe with a shaft that, however well adapted for mowing in his own particular fields, would, for want of proper bend and handles, if he were set to cut grass in some Essex or Sussex mead, make that old back of his double down in a grander curve than ever, and give him such a fit of lumbago as was never suffered by any stalk of

the human corn he delights to level. Just want the hours, weeks, and months to seem extended, and they shrink like fourteen-shilling trousers legs. Just want the days to glide by so that some blissful moment may be swift to arrive, and one might almost swear that the ancient haymaker had been putting his lips to some barrel, and was lying down behind a hedge for a long nap. He had been busy enough though at Walbrook, as many a defaulting bill acceptor knew to his cost, and small mercy was meted to him by John Richards. The time, too, with May seemed to speed by, as evening after evening it brought her December, in the shape of Tom Brough—always pleasant, cheerful, and apparently happy, if he gained one sad, pleasant smile.

For there was a sadness in May Richards' face that was even at times painful; but she seemed to bear her cares patiently. Only once had she sought to talk to her father, to find him even gentle.

"You had better throw it all aside," he said. "Take my advice, child, you will find it better."

"But I must see those papers, father," she said, hoarsely.

She had followed the old man into his office, and stood facing him as he laid one hand upon his great iron safe.

He did not seem to heed her for a few minutes; but at last he spoke.

"You will not destroy them?" he said.

"No."

The next minute the great iron door opened with a groan, and he had placed a cancelled cheque bearing Frank Marr's name on the back, and a couple of other documents before her.

She stood there and read them through, word for word, twice; and then they dropped from her hand, and gazing straight before her she slowly left the place.

He had sold her, then. He had preferred worldly prosperity to her love, and she had been deceived in him as hundreds of others were every day deceived by those in whom they trusted. But one document she held to still—the one in her desk, the little desk that stood by her bed's head, and that letter she had read night after night, and wept over when there was none to see, till the blistering tears had all but obliterated the words on the paper. But no tears could wash them out from her heart, where they were burned in by anguish—those few cold formal words dictated by her father—that he, Frank Marr, feeling it to be his duty, then and there released her from all promises, and retained to himself the right without prejudice to enter into any new engagement.

She had been asked to indite a few lines herself, setting him free on her part, but she could not do it; and now, after the first month of agony, she was striving hard to prepare herself for what she felt to be her fate.

But all seemed in vain; and one day, almost beside herself with the long strain, Keziah found her pacing the room, and wringing her thin hands.

"You sha'n't marry him, and that's an end of it!" cried Keziah, fiercely. "I'll go over and see him to-night, and talk to him; and if I can't win him round my name isn't Bay. I'll marry him myself if it can't be done any other how, that I will. Cheer up, then, my darling. Don't cry, please—it almost breaks my heart to see you. He's a good old fellow, that he is; and

I'm sure when he comes to know how you dread it all he'll give it up. If I only had that Mr. Frank—What? Don't, my little one? Then I won't; only it does seem so hard. Married on the shortest day, indeed! I dare say he'd like to be. There's no day so short nor so long ever been made that shall see you Tom Brough's wife, so I tell him. Now, only promise me that you'll hold up."

"Don't talk to me, please. I shall be better soon," sobbed May; and then, after an interval of weeping, "Ziah, I know you love me: when I'm dead, will you think gently of me, and try to forgive all my little pettish ways?"

"When you're what?" cried Keziah.

"When I am dead; for I feel that it can't be long first. I used to smile about broken hearts and sorrow of of that kind, but except when I'm asleep and some bright dream comes, all seems here so black and gloomy that I could almost feel glad to sleep always—always, never to wake again."

"O! O! O!" cried Keziah, bursting into a wail of misery, but only to stop short and dash away a tear right and left with the opposite corners of her apron. "There, I won't have it, and if you talk to me again like that, I'll—I'll—I'll go to Mr. Brough at once. No, my child, I'm not going to sit still and see you murdered before my very eyes, if I know it. But though I don't want to be cruel, I must tell you that your poor affections really were misplaced; for that Frank Marr is as well off now and as happy as can be. He lodges, you know, at Pash's, and they've got all the best furnished rooms that he got ready for me; not that I was going to leave you, my pet; and he's making money, and taking his mother out of town, and all sorts, I can tell you."

It did not escape Keziah's eye how every word was eagerly drunk in; and feeling at last that she was but feeding and fanning a flame that scorched and seared the young life before her, she forbore, and soon after left the room.

"But if I don't see Mr. Tom Brough, and put a stop to this marriage, and his preparations, and new house, and furnishing," she cried, "my name isn't Keziah Bay!"

And Keziah kept her word.

AMONGST THE HIMALAYAS.—A sunrise on the Kinchinjunga, as seen from Darjeeling, is thus graphically described:—The stupendous peaks, with their miles of virgin snow, were standing out there stately and solemn, like giant phantoms against the darkling sky, where pale stars were feebly shining, as though they were weary of their long watch over the sleeping world, and were wondering how long it would be ere the sun would rise to take their place and relieve guard. In another instant Kinchinjunga, the centre and proud monarch of them all, was tipped with vermillion; then followed other peaks in rapid succession, till the effect against the still cold and opaque sky, whilst the world beneath was also hovering between darkness and dawn, was precisely that of their having been kindled by some mighty hand; for as yet the extreme points only were illuminated, and the glaciers and vast rocky valleys of the snowy region were wrapped in that mysterious, ghost-like gloom impossible to describe, and which must be seen even to be imagined.

## Things New and Old.

### Dog Anecdotes.

Miss Cobbe, in her new work on dogs and their instinct, gives some very entertaining anecdotes of these dumb creatures' traits. The following is vouched for by the wife of Archdeacon Bland :—

"The dog belonged to us at Whitburn. It was half Danish, and had a great attachment to my pony, which, on one occasion, was severely hurt. When the pony was well enough to be turned into a field, we constantly brought it carrots and other good things, and as constantly saw Traveller rush off into the garden, and return with two or three fallen apples in his mouth, lay them before the pony, and then watch him eating them with the greatest demonstrations of pleasure."

"A still prettier story," says Miss Cobbe, "has been sent to me of a large dog kept at Algiers by Miss Emily Napier, daughter of Sir William Napier :—

"The dog was sent every morning to fetch bread from the baker's, and regularly brought home twelve rolls in a basket; but at last it was observed that for several mornings there were only eleven rolls in the basket, and on watching the dog, he was found to stay on his way and bestow one roll on a poor, sick, and starving lady dog, hidden, with her puppies, in a corner on the road from the shop. The baker was instructed to put thirteen rolls in the basket, after which the dog delivered the twelve faithfully for a few days, and then left thirteen in the basket—the token, as it proved, that his sick friend was convalescent, and able to dispense with his charity."

### Flavour.

We have heard of late so much about the flavour of fruits that one is tempted to ask, "What is flavour?" or for a perfect definition of it. When the great Roman tyrant put the query, "What is truth?" without doubt he was aware that no two persons would give the same answer. A similar query as to the nature of flavour, it is probable, would provoke a similar amount of diversity of opinion, for the self-evident reason that "flavour" so-called depends more upon the palate of the taster than upon the nature of the thing tasted; or where two or more persons would agree that any variety was good, they would probably disagree in the definition of what constituted, in their idea, the goodness which they appreciated.

If we take a turnip first, and afterwards a nice apple, we have no difficulty in pronouncing the apple to be the best; but relatively one may possess as much flavour as the other. Let both be cooked, however, and served up in a mashed form, and the pre-eminence could hardly rest with either. Of the two, it is just possible the turnip may be preferred.

There are few fruits in which what is known as flavour is not found in great variety; but if a close examination of this variety be made, it will be found that one kind has more of acidity, another more of sugar, another these two nicely balanced, while others that seem to have them in perfection have defects of flesh or other drawbacks that render them objectionable in spite of their qualities of flavour.

Some fruits, grapes and pears especially, have a musky taste, and, as such, are classed as high-fla-

voured; yet to nine persons out of ten this peculiar flavour would prove objectionable, because it would have a cloying effect; that is, it would deprave the palate, inasmuch that all pleasure in partaking would for the time have passed away.

As flavour is to be described as something in the thing partaken of that specially pleases the palate, is it not evident that this appreciation must materially depend upon the way in which the palate has been educated? It is not at all unfrequent to hear persons say that they abominate the taste of water, even of the purest kind, and yet to the natural palate no draught is more delicious than one of pure cold water. If, therefore, two persons having these diversified palates be called upon to pronounce a judgment upon the merits of any given fruit, how divergent must be their judgment! In the case of grapes, we sometimes see the most luscious grapes passed over in favour of some mean-looking sort which is said to possess the best flavour; but the absurdity of the judgment is found in the fact that another set of judges would probably be favoured with palates of a totally diverse character, and, naturally, would give a totally different judgment.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

### Paupers' Medicine.

How many paupers are annually killed in this country by the parish medicines, it would, of course, be improper for me to inquire. I am a ratepayer, and the more paupers are hustled out of a world in which they have manifestly no business, since in it they have no property, the less I am called upon to pay. But I may relate what was once told me by a parish doctor in the provinces—a very good fellow in his way, but nevertheless a slayer, I should think, of whole hecatombs of his fellow-creatures—I should say, of his pauper patients.

"The parish," said he, "give me only a ridiculously small annual lump sum to cover the cost of the whole of the remedies I provide for the pauper patients. At the beginning of my financial year, I give every pauper exactly what I conscientiously think he or she requires; but the stock of medicines covered by the parish allowance gets exhausted within the first three months, and then—well, I have got a wife and children to keep; I am miserably poor; I cannot afford to provide my pauper clients with medicine out of my own pocket, and I cannot afford to tell them I have got nothing to give them—if I did, I should get the sack."

"What do you do, then?" I asked.

"You see that kettle on my surgery fire?" he replied; "well, I always keep it simmering there, and whenever I have some odds and ends of drugs left over from my private practice, I pop them in. So thus I have always got a brew ready. And you have no idea what a splendid brew it makes. As a rule, it is the nastiest, beastliest stuff I ever tasted in my life; but all a pauper patient expects, you know, is that his medicine should taste nasty. If it didn't taste bad, he wouldn't believe in it; but if it's absolutely horrible he contentedly swallows it, in the blessed assurance that 'it'll do him a sight of good.' Accidents, do you say? Oh, of course, I have had my little share of accidents, I suppose. But I console myself: it isn't my fault. They're murdered, I know; but the real murderer is the stingy old board of guardians."

## Thereby Hangs a Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XX.—A CEREMONIOUS CALL.

"HOW could I be such an ass as to ask them down?" said Trevor aloud, as he stood at the dining-room window directly after lunch.

"And then such an ass as to say so out loud?" said a voice behind him; Frank Pratt having returned to the room, and his footsteps being inaudible on the thick Turkey carpet.

"Ah, Frank!" said Trevor, turning sharply, "you there!"

"Yes, sir," said Pratt, solemnly, "I am here—for the present. Will you have the goodness to order a carriage, or a cart, or something, to convey my portmanteau to St. Kitt's, and I'll be off by the night train."

"Be off—night train—what the deuce do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, that you were just accusing yourself of being a fool for asking me down; and—"

"Don't, Franky—don't be a donkey. I'm worried and bothered, old man. Help me; don't get in my way."

"I that moment proposed getting out of it," said Pratt, quietly.

"Tut, tut, tut!—you know I didn't mean you. Look here, Frank, I want to go out this afternoon—to make a call."

Pratt made a grimace, and an attempt to feel his friend's pulse.

"No, no; don't play the fool now," said Trevor. "You know I've only just got those two down, and it would be so rude to leave them."

"And you don't want to take them with you?"

"No, certainly not," exclaimed Trevor, hastily.

"But they have been introduced," said Pratt.

"To whom—where?" said Trevor.

"Oh, my dear, transparent, young sea deity," said Pratt, laying his hand on Trevor's shoulder. "It is so easy to see through you. Of course you don't want to go straight off to Sir Hampton Court's this afternoon."

"Well, and if I do, what then?"

"Nothing whatever," said Pratt. "She really is nice; I own it."

"Don't humbug, Frank. Of course I want to call here. I want to patch up that unpleasantry. I want to be on good terms with my neighbours."

"Hadh't you better have only a week's holiday down here, and then be off again to sea?"

"Will you help me, Franky, or won't you?"

"I will. Now, then, what is it? Get up something to amuse Van and Flick till you come back?"

"Yes, that's it. Do that for me—there's a dear old fellow."

"What should you think the hour or so worth to you?"

"Worth? I don't understand you."

"Would you stand a five pound note for the freedom?"

"Half a dozen, you mercenary little limb of the law."

"Hold hard, there! or, in your nautical parlance, vast there! I don't want the money—only to lose. If I play billiards with Van he's sure to beat me, and

he knows it; therefore, he won't play me without he thinks he can win some money. Give me a fiver to lose to him, and I'll warrant he won't leave the billiard-room till he has got every shilling."

"Here—take ten pounds," said Trevor, hastily; "and go on, there's a good fellow."

"No; five will do for him," said Frank. "And now, I shall have to play my best, to make it last."

"Frank, old boy, you're a trump. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"I always was a young man who could make himself generally useful," said Pratt. "Good luck to you, old boy!"

He sighed, though, and looked rather gloomy as he went out to seek the friends whom he had left in the smoking-room, where Vanleigh was in anything but a good humour, and had been pouring a host of complaints into Sir Felix's ear. It was foolish of them to come down to such an out-of-the-way place; they should be eaten up with *ennui*. Why didn't Trevor order horses round? The wines weren't good; and he hadn't smoked such bad weeds for years.

"Must make the best of a bad bargain," said Sir Felix. "Must stay week."

"Ah! we'll stay a month now we are here," said Vanleigh; "let's punish him somehow. What do you say to having a smoke outside?"

"I'm 'greeable," said Sir Felix; and they passed out through the window.

Five minutes after Pratt entered the room, with—

"Now, Vanleigh, I'll play a—— Hallo! where the deuce are they?"

He walked hastily into the billiard-room, expecting to find a game begun; but, of course, they were not there.

"Gone to write letters," he muttered; and he went into the library.

Then he entered the drawing-room, the dining-room, the conservatory. Ran up and knocked at their bedroom doors, and then ran down.

"Having a weed in the garden," said Pratt, "of course. How provoking!"

He took a hat and ran out to the summer-house, garden chairs being set out beneath the various favourite trees, and at last caught sight of a couple of figures in the distance, evidently making for the sea.

"That must be them," he said; and he started off in full chase.

Meanwhile Trevor had hurried off; and as he left the house, Mrs. Lloyd came into the hall, and then watched him from a side window.

"Yes!" she said; "he's gone that way again—I thought he would. He's sure to meet her."

Mrs. Lloyd was quite right; for a quarter of a mile out of the grounds, and down the principal lane, he saw a white dress, and his heart gave a bound, but only to calm down in its throbbing as he saw that it was little Polly, who advanced to meet him with a very warm blush on her face.

"Hallo! little maid," he said, heartily—"out for a walk?"

"Yes, sir," said Polly, all of a palpitation. "I've been—"

"I see, picking wild flowers," said Trevor. "Well, come, give me one for my coat."

The girl hesitated, and then took a corn-flower from her little bouquet.

"Thanks," he said, smiling. "But I sha'n't pay you for it with a kiss. I ought to, though, oughtn't I?"

"Oh, no—please no!" said the girl, with a frightened look, and she glanced round.

"What!" said Trevor, "is there some one coming? There, run away; and tell your aunt to take care of you."

The girl hurried away, and Trevor walked on, to come suddenly upon Humphrey, leaning upon his thistle staff, at a turn of the road.

"Ah, Humphrey," he said, "going your rounds? I want to have a talk to you to-morrow."

There was a hard, stern look on the young man's face as he involuntarily saluted his master; but Trevor did not notice it, and turning down the lane which led to Tolcarne, he began to tap his teeth with the stick he carried, and run over in his own mind what he should say, till he reached the new gates, walked up to the house, and was shown into the presence of the knight's sister.

Miss Matilda Rea did not like Cornwall, principally for theological reasons. She preferred her brother's town house in Russell-square, because she was within reach of the minister she "sat under"—a gentleman who, she said, "was the only one in London to awaken her stagnant belief."

The fact was that Aunt Matty was a lady who required a zest with her worship—she liked pickles with her prayers, and her friend the minister furnished them—verbal pickles of course, and very hot.

But there were other reasons why she did not like Cornwall: there were no flagstones; the people did not take to her visitations; her prospects of getting a suitable companion grew less; and lastly, Cornwall did not agree with her dog.

Aunt Matty was dividing her time between nursing Pepine, who was very shivery about the hind legs, and reading small pieces out of a "serious" book—tiny bits which she took like lozenges, and then closed her eyes, and mentally sucked them, so as to get the goodness by degrees. In fact, she was so economical with her "goody" books, that one would last her for years.

"Mr. Trevor!" said the servant, loudly, and then—"I'll tell Sir Hampton, sir, that you are here."

Aunt Matty raised her eyes, and Pepine barked virulently at the stranger, as her mistress half rose and then pointed rather severely to a chair.

"He can't be nice," said Aunt Matty to herself, "or Pepine would not bark." Then aloud—"Sir Hampton will, I have no doubt, soon be here."

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Lady Rea?" said Trevor, with a smile.

Pepine barked again.

"What an insult!" thought Aunt Matty. "Did she look like the mother of two great girls?"

In truth, she really did not.

"I am Sir Hampton's sister," she said, stiffly—"Miss Matilda Rea."

#### CHAPTER XXI.—A FRIENDLY CALL.

THERE was a pause of the kind that may be called cold for a few moments in Sir Hampton's drawing-room. Then Trevor spoke—

"I beg pardon, I'm sure," he said, frankly; "I hope my name is not unknown to you."

"I think I have heard my brother mention it," said Aunt Matty, stiffly. "Hush, Pepine! don't bark!" when, as a matter of course, the dog barked more furiously.

"I've just come back from sea," said Trevor, to break the chill.

"Indeed," said Aunt Matty, freezing a little harder; and added to herself, "A most objectionable person." Then aloud, "Pepine must not bark so; hush! hush!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Matty, do send that cross little wretch away," cried Lady Rea, bursting into the room. "Mr. Richard Trevor, is it?" she said, her plump countenance breaking into a pleasant smile as she gazed up at her visitor. "I'm very glad to see you," she continued, holding out both hands, "and I hope we shall be very good neighbours."

"I hope we shall, indeed," said Trevor, shaking the little lady's hands very heartily, and thinking what a homely, pleasant face it was.

"And aren't you glad to get back? Did you enjoy yourself at sea? I hope you didn't get wrecked!" said Lady Rea, in a breath.

"No; I reached home safe and sound," said Trevor.

"We do have such storms on this coast sometimes. I've told Edward to look for his master. Hampy's always about his grounds."

"My sister means she has sent for Sir Hampton," said Miss Matilda, frigidly. In fact, the cold was intense, and showed in her nose.

"Yes, I've sent for Sir Hampton," said Lady Rea, feeling that she had made a slip. "The girls will be here, too, directly. You have met them?"

Miss Matilda darted a look of horror at her sister; but it missed her, and the little lady prattled on.

"They told me about meeting you twice; and, oh!—here, darlings!—Mr. Trevor's come to give us a neighbourly call."

They came forward—Tiny to offer her hand in a quiet, unaffected manner, though a little blush would make its way into her cheek as her eyes met Trevor's, and she felt the gentle pressure of his hand; Fin to screw up her face into a very prim expression, shake hands, and then retire, after the fashion taught by the mistress of deportment at her last school.

"I wish that old griffin would go," thought Trevor, as the conversation went on about the sea, the country and its pursuits—a conversation which Aunt Matty thought to be flighty, and wanting in ballast—which she supplied.

But Aunt Matty did not mean to go, and dealt out more than one snub keen enough to have given offence to the young sailor, but for the genial looks of Lady Rea and the efforts of Fin, who, to her sister's trouble, grew spiteful as soon as her aunt snubbed her ladyship, and became reckless in her speech.

Aunt Matty thought it was quite time for "the seafaring person," as she mentally termed him, to go. She had never known a visit of ceremony last so long. On the contrary side, Trevor forgot all about its being a visit of ceremony: he was near his deity—for a warm attachment for the sweet, gentle girl was growing fast—and he liked the merry, laughing eyes of Fin.

"By the way, Mr. Trevor," said Lady Rea, "I hear you've got beautiful horses."



"Oh, I don't know," said Trevor. "I tried to get good ones."

"I'm told they are lovely. The girls are just beginning riding—papa has had horses sent down for them."

"I hope they are quiet and well broken," said Trevor, with an anxious glance at Tiny.

"I don't think, Fanny, that Mr. Trevor can care to know about our simple domestic matters—our horses, for instance," said Miss Matilda, coldly.

"Oh, sailors always love horses, aunty," said Fin, colouring a little; and then mischievously, as she sent an arrow at Trevor, "because they can't ride them."

Aunt Matty's lips parted, but no words came; and to calm her ruffled feelings she took a little dog—in strokes.

"Your sister's right," said Trevor—"I do love horses; and," he said, laughing at Fin, "I do try to ride them."

"I hope you'll look at the girls' horses, then, Mr. Trevor," said Lady Rea. "As you understand them, you'd be able to tell whether they are safe. I don't half like the idea of the girls mounting such wild beasts as horses often are. As for me, I wouldn't ride on one for the world."

The idea of plump little Lady Rea in a riding-habit, mounted on a horse, like a long-draped pincushion, was too much. Tiny coloured. Aunt Matty looked horrified. Trevor grew hot and bit his lip, caught Fin's eye, and then that young lady, who had held her handkerchief to her mouth, burst out laughing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Rea, good humouredly. "What have I said now?—something very stupid, I'm sure. But you must not mind me, Mr. Trevor, for I do make such foolish mistakes."

Miss Matilda took hold of the two sides of the light shawl thrown over her angular shoulders, and gave it a sawing motion to work it higher up towards her neck, a shuddering sensation, like that caused by a cold current of air, having evidently attacked her spine.

"I think it was a foolish mistake, Fanny," she said, in a voice acid enough to corrode any person's temper, "to doubt Sir Hampton's judgment with respect to the horses he would choose for his daughters' use."

Fin began to bristle on the instant; her bright eyes flashed, and the laughing dimples fled as if in dismay, as she threw down her challenge to her aunt.

"Why, aunt," said the girl, quickly, "one of the grooms said pa didn't hardly know a horse's head from its tail."

"Oh, Fin, my dear!" cried mamma.

"Which of the grooms made use of that insolent remark?" cried Aunt Matty. "If I have any influence with your papa, that man will be discharged on the instant."

"I think it was Thomas, aunt, who makes so much fuss over Pepine," said Fin, maliciously.

"I'm quite sure that Thomas is too respectable and well-conducted a servant to say such a thing," said Aunt Matty. "It was my doing that your papa engaged him; for he came with a letter of introduction from the Reverend Caius Carney, who spoke very highly indeed of his honesty and pious ways."

"Oh, aunty," said Fin, "and he swears like a trooper!"

Aunt Matilda went into a semi-cataleptic state, so rigid did she grow; and her hand, with which she was

taking a little more dog by friction, closed so sharply on the scruff of the little terrier's back, that it yelped aloud.

"You mustn't say so, my dear, if he does," said Lady Rea, rather sadly.

And to turn the conversation, Trevor asked her if she liked flowers.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Trevor," she exclaimed, beaming once more. "And you've got some lovely gladioluses—li—oli," she added, correcting herself, and glancing from one to the other like a corrected child, "in your grounds, of a colour we can't get. May I beg a few?"

"The gardener shall send in as many as you wish for, Lady Rea—anything at my place is at your service."

Poor Tiny! His eager, earnest words began to wake up such a strange little tremor in her breast. It was all so new—so strange. Now she told herself she was foolish, childish, and that she was giving way to silly, romantic fancies; only Fin was evidently thinking something too, and gave her all sorts of malicious looks. As for Aunt Matty, she sat now with her eyes closed, sucking a mental lozenge about patience; and Fin's championship was in abeyance for the rest of the visit—the conversation being principally between Lady Rea and their visitor.

"It's very kind of you to say so, I'm sure," said Lady Rea. "We saw them, you know, when we went over your place, once or twice, for Mrs. Lloyd was good enough to say we might. And a very beautiful place it is."

"It's a dear old home, Lady Rea, indeed," said Trevor, enthusiastically.

"Though you must have found it very sad," said Lady Rea.

"No," said Trevor, frankly; "it would be mockery in me to say so. My parents died when I was so very young, that I never could feel their loss: I hardly knew what it was to have any one to love."

"Let him look at her now, if he dare," thought Fin, with her eyes sparkling.

But Trevor did not dare; he only looked in Lady Rea's pleasant face, and she made Aunt Matty shiver—firstly, by laying her hand gently on the young man's arm; secondly, by saying she would put herself under an obligation to this dreadful seafaring person, by accepting his offer of flowers; and thirdly, by the following dreadfully imprudent speech:—

"I'm sure I don't know where dear papa can be gone; but as he's not here, Mr. Trevor, you must let me say that whenever you feel dull and lonely, you must come up here and have a chat, and some music, or something of that sort. We shall always be delighted to see you."

"Er-rum! Er-rum!" came from the garden.

"Oh! here's papa!" said Lady Rea. "I'm glad he's come!"

"Er-rum!" came again, and then steps and voices were heard in the conservatory—voices which made Trevor rise and look annoyed.

The next moment, Sir Hampton ushered two gentlemen into the drawing-room through the conservatory.

"Lady Rea—Tiny, dear," he said, loudly—"er-rum, let me make you known to my friends—Sir Felix Landells and Captain Vanleigh."

## Sketches of the Central Wilds.

BY A WALKING WALLABY.

## III.—GETTING ALONG.

**H**ARRY CLAYTON—faint, disheartened, and weary—lay down to pass another night in the midst of the great wild, his mind a chaos of mingled thoughts, strong among which was now a curious feeling of undefined dread. Stories of the accidents which had happened in the bush, such as two days before he would have laughed at, now made a deep impression, so that from time to time he dropped into short, stupor-like slumbers, in whose dreams he saw bleaching bones lying beneath gum trees, or dry, shrivelled, mummy-like figures of those who had toiled on in the vast solitude until they had lain down to die.

Here was one with a bird perched upon its fleshless skull; here the bones lay disjointed and scattered, as if the dingoes had torn the body piecemeal; and here again, half hidden amongst the trees, was a white handkerchief softly fluttering to and fro above the bushes in a ghostly way; but, upon putting the branches aside and reaching the spot, he started to find it placed there as a signal to attract notice, for beneath the tree to whose bough the handkerchief was tied lay an apparently sleeping figure, but in the sleep from which there should be no waking, while just as he seemed to be recognizing the face as his own, he started and woke, his face bathed in perspiration, to listen to the "Crop, crop" of his grazing horse, and gaze upward at the bright, star-spangled heavens.

How he envied the poor dumb beast revelling in the rich rank verdure around—resting and feasting—whilst he, the master, faint and helpless, was starving.

But he did not lie thinking for long. The stupor soon fell upon him again, and he was revelling too, and

feasting where dainty dishes and luscious wines were spread before him—a very banquet of luxuries—but tasteless all, unsatisfying; and once more he awoke, to lie and think of those at home, and wonder whether he should ever find the right track, or sleep, like the figures in his dreams, to wake no more.

He slept again, dropping wearily off just as these thoughts were in his mind; and now came a train of horrors, chief among which was the figure of Patty, draped in black, and mourning over something, upon which he closed his eyes mentally, and then he started

to consciousness once more, to lie frozen as it were with horror, for there was the hot breath of some large beast upon his cheek, and a pair of eyes glaring down upon him.

To seize his revolver and fire was but the work of an instant, when as the beast started away, fortunately unhurt, Harry laughed, and rose to his feet, to follow slowly and pat the smooth neck of his horse, wishing that the faithful beast would lie down that he might make it his pillow, and gather warmth, for the night was chilly and damp.

Morning again at last, bright and beautiful, dewy grass glittering in the sun from an unclouded sky; but there was a strange dizziness upon Harry Clayton, and when he again mounted his horse it was with

difficulty that he could keep his seat. Objects looked distorted and distant, or standing in his way, so that he frequently stopped or turned aside to avoid some imaginary impediment. Fortunately, though, he now came to water, of which a good hearty draught seemed to refresh him; and he tried to collect his faculties for another effort, fighting back the despair which oppressed him, and pushing forward in a fresh direction.

His horse now seemed well rested, and would have galloped on; but Harry was compelled to draw rein and proceed at a walk, for he could hardly keep his seat; but after about an hour's progress he pulled up,



"JERRY, LOOKING FIERCELY HIRSUTE."

got down, and gave once more the long native cry, weakly and faintly though; and then, as he seemed to hear it echo amongst the hills a short distance off, he sank down, first upon his knees, and then fainting beneath his horse's feet, to lie insensible with the hot morning sun beating upon his haggard features.

Harry's swoon was not of long duration, and he recovered to find a bearded human face looking down upon him, while upon his dull ears there came the sound of words.

At first he closed his eyes again, fancying that it would prove but a phantasm of the brain; but the words, "Can you stand up?" did not sound dreamlike, and five minutes after he was sitting up, with a huge sheep dog smelling him all over, and thrusting a great cold wet nose in his face, while its master was fetching water.

"It's about the best thing for you that ever happened," said the shepherd, as he came back with some water in a small flask, from which Harry drank greedily.

"What is?" said Harry, faintly.

"Why, my being lagged, and sent out here for fourteen year to keep sheep, like a Joseph and his brethren, ready to hear you 'Cooley!' Lost, warn't you?"

Harry nodded.

"Got outer the track?" said the man again.

Harry nodded once more.

"Ah!" exclaimed the shepherd, "lots does, and never gets into it again. Misses the blazed trees, and then the more they hunts about, the more they gets bothered. But you're all right now, so s'pose you gets on your horse."

Harry feebly carried out the suggestion; and the shepherd leading the way, he followed him towards his hut.

In the old country, Harry's pastoral friend would probably have led the life of an Arab, with his hand against every man; but here the proverbial Arabian hospitality only was exercised, and after helping the traveller to mount, he guided him for some distance to where he led his solitary, monotonous life, passing week after week with no other companion than the great dog and the sheep it helped to tend.

Food was soon placed before the traveller; but see-

ing how ravenously it was devoured, the shepherd had the good sense and foresight to limit the supply, watching by the side of the half-famished visitor until he sank back into a heavy sleep.

It was two days before Harry could continue his journey, and then it was that he found he had strayed forty miles from the proper course, having learned a lesson in bush travelling which he could never forget; his horror in future, too, of short cuts being extreme.

Wurrabidgee at last, where he arrived to find Jerry standing, throw-stick in hand, looking fiercely hirsute, sullen and glowering, in consequence of being kept without food for the purpose of sharpening his intellects, since it was proposed to start upon a tour of discovery, Jerry's own master being the object to be sought; while Joe Binks and the three convict servants—the former very much concerned, and the latter

with an idea strongly upon them that, until their time of penal servitude had expired, it did not much matter how things went—had been holding a consultation for the fourth time concerning their future proceedings—at each parliament, tobacco, boiled tea, and damper having been consumed *ad libitum*.

Various propositions were made as to what would be best now there was apparently no master. Some were for going forward. Joe Binks, who felt his responsi-

bility, was for going back. Lot Harris—Forlorn Lot, as he was called—was for staying where they were, and waiting until something turned up; while Jerry, the black, squatted upon the ground with his chin upon his knees, and his long, thin arms embracing his legs, understanding what he could of the conversation, and wondering whether they intended to kill another sheep that day.

But there seemed no chance of another tired sheep falling to the butcher's knife, for rested with their long stay, Harry's little flocks and herds were strong upon their legs, and ready for another march towards the place up country where their master had made up his mind to "squat."

At last, though, Joe Binks had shouldered his rifle, and signified his intentions to Jerry—namely, to trace



THE DUCK-BILLS.—Page 306.

back the route, asking at the various stations until they obtained some tidings of their master, and then trying to take up his track, "and find the poor lad's bones, if we can," said the old man, grimly.

But just at this juncture, Harry, now nearly recovered, brought his well-clothed bones in amongst the waiting party at Wurrabidgee, where he found everything in the most satisfactory state, and all tending to show that if he placed his own inconvenience and trouble on one side, the two or three days' delay had been advantageous; for the stock had picked up and strengthened wonderfully during their stay.

Old Joe, too, as he was familiarly termed, had not been idle, but busy gaining little scraps of information respecting the far-off district to which they were bound—a tract said to be a very paradise, but with the drawback that it was inhabited by devils.

"They're an offle bad lot out there, sir," Joe said. "Send a spear through a man as soon as look at him."

"Not afraid, are you, Joe?" said Harry.

The old shepherd smiled grimly, and moistened the palms of his hands.

"When I came to you, and wanted you to hire me, sir, and you told me you'd had half a score more wanted to go with you, I said if you'd take me I'd stand by you faithful, didn't I?"

"True!" said Harry.

"And so I will, sir; and them three I've picked up'll do the same. I'm only telling you what I've heard; so as you may think whether it wouldn't be better to turn off to the right or the left, or stop short somewhere within reach of stations where a little help could be obtained in time of trouble."

"But even you hear of what a rich country it is," said Harry.

"Yes, sir, quite right; but gold's sometimes too dear."

"Then it must be better to go right up and take a run where you come first upon the ground. Plenty more will follow, and then we shall get the protection we shall want; and of course we get first pick, and stand better with others joining us than we should if we went where the country is already settled."

"Well, sir, may be you're right, though I can't help thinking it a bit too venturesome. Howsoever, I'll stand by you, and I always did like a bit of pioneering."

"Better for all concerned it must be," said Harry; "and besides, it will be only roughing it a little at first, and at the worst I suppose five determined men, two lads, and friend Jerry, with a couple of years' provision and ammunition, could keep a whole tribe at bay."

"But they're a bad lot," said Joe, dubiously.

"What have you heard now? Come," said Harry.

"Well, sir," said Joe, somewhat unwillingly, "I aint heard so very much, but it does seem as if it's rather a risky job to go up there. Not as I'm running back now, you know. I only thought it my duty to give you a few hints."

"The men don't grumble, do they?" said Harry.

"Who? Them, sir? Not they. They'll go with you where I go, and stick to you through thick and thin. Everywhere's the same to them."

Preliminaries were soon adjusted, and they started with drays heavily laden, droves of panting sheep, and staring-eyed, tongue-lolling, foam-streaked beasts,

slowly crawling along the faint track from station to station, now growing fewer and farther between; past spots that had once been wild, till taken up and now owned by wealthy settlers; past rocky and sterile land, and then past runs of the richest grass, but with none too much water; past places where valuable information could be gained; but always they learned the same history of the land for which they were bound—that it was rich and profitable, but with unfriendly natives.

One day much like another: now pushing slowly forward, now camping and resting, according to the exigencies of the time. Slowly but surely, on and on, days growing into weeks, weeks into months, and still slowly marching on. Cattle footsore and weary, sheep sinking down panting; scarcity of fodder, and want of water. The next week, perhaps, everything in abundance, and so they always pressed on towards the haven of Harry's hopes.

It was a journey with the cattle of months—a monotonous journey; but, at the same time, it had its charms, for the climate was delightful, and night passed beneath a dray tilt seemed no hardship; and, besides, so long a journey was not without its incidents. Now a draught bullock would break down, and have to be replaced by an unbroken animal from the herd—young and restive perhaps, and frightened at the yoke; but to be broken in at last to drag on in its place in the team, with the same slow, measured crawl as its companions.

Then cattle and sheep strayed, and had to be hunted up; false alarms occurred of attacks from the natives, and more than once they caught sight of a black face watching them from amongst the trees, but ready to dart out of sight the moment it was observed.

Tea, damper, and mutton of a morning; and tea, damper, and mutton of an evening, with an occasional change in the shape of a bird. Now an alarm would be raised, and, after an exciting chase, a snake killed—perhaps one of a virulently poisonous nature, but more often a large and harmless serpent; while one day Jerry, who looked upon life as one great hunting-time, whose object was only to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, came running back from a water-hole to beckon Harry to follow, ending by leading his master under cover to where he could see that which had taken the black's attention. He had noticed Harry's love for natural history, and he now pointed out in triumph a pair of those curious duck-billed and web-footed animals, the ornithorhynchus, swimming and paddling about near their hole. They looked like a pair of great fat moles, whose papa had been a drake, and seemed so harmless that Harry, to Jerry's great disgust, refrained from shooting; upon seeing which, the black fitted a spear into the end of his throw-stick, and hurled the missile, but only to make a splash, both of the animals diving and seeking refuge in the hole that contained their nest.

Occasionally, too, one of the young bulls would wake up to a knowledge of its strength, and, feeling aggrieved at being driven so long, take to driving. One fine young beast asserted its power so frequently, possessed such long horns, and had taken such an inveterate dislike to Jerry, the black, that its career had to be cut short with a bullet.

There was certainly much of monotony, and yet plenty



of change, while as to the convict servants, they would have laughed at the idea of returning as preposterous; and, after his warnings uttered at Wurrabidgee, Joe rarely hinted at any disarrangement of his master's plans.

"Nuzzer dam black feller," Jerry would say from time to time, as his unerring eye caught a glimpse of one of the aborigines in the bush; while the utter contempt with which he looked down upon his naked compatriots was most amusing. Harry had a good deal of trouble with him at first, from his habit of lagging behind, and sleeping after a meal. Certainly he would have caught up to them in time, but such a proceeding would have placed him out of reach when his services were needed; but after a hint from Joe, a fresh arrangement was made, the black only being allowed one meal per diem, and that at a regular stated time—namely, after the day's march.

Jerry murmured at first, and mostly when he saw his masters enjoying their breakfast or dinner; but the ample quantity and undisturbed enjoyment awarded to him at his evening meal soon solaced Jerry, and he became a most active and useful servant in the expedition.

Any one but an Australian savage would have saved from the evening meal for the next day's consumption, and so have set rules at defiance; but not so Jerry, who ate as long as he could, thoroughly satisfying his internal economy, and taking no thought for the morrow.

### Mr. Pash's Courtship.

#### CHAPTER V.—MR. PASH LOOKS GREEN.

KEZIAH BAY had made up her mind to go to Mr. Tom Brough, and, attended by Peter Pash as her faithful squire, she started, loading him to begin with in case of rain, for on one arm Peter carried a large scarlet shawl, and under the other a vast faded gingham umbrella, with a great staghorn beak, and a grand ornamental brass ferule.

But Peter Pash looked proud at the confidence placed in him; and, following rather than walking by the side of his lady, he accompanied her to Finsbury-square, in one corner of which place lived Tom Brough.

All the same, though, Peter Pash was not comfortable, for he did not know the object of Keziah's mission. What was she going to Mr. Brough's for? It was not because she was sent—she had declared that before starting; and when pressed for her reason, she said that she was "going because she was going," and Peter did not feel satisfied. In fact, before they were halfway to Finsbury, Peter was fiercely jealous, and telling himself that he was being made a fool of.

"You'd better let me carry that umbrella if you are going to bring it down thump at every step like that," said Keziah.

"No, thank you, I can manage it," said Peter, as, tucking it once more beneath his arm, he trotted on by her side, trying to make up his mind how he should find out the truth of his suspicions.

"It only wants a little looking into," said Peter to himself, "and then you can find out anything. I can see it all now. And do they think they are going to deceive me? No, I've boiled down and purified too much not to be able to separate the wrong from the

right. She's going to ask him if he means to marry her instead of Miss Richards, and if he don't she'll fall back on me. But she won't, for I don't mean to be fallen on, and so I tell her."

"Here we are," said Keziah, stopping short in front of Mr. Brough's house.

"Yes, here we are," said Peter, with what he meant for a searching look.

"Now, look here, Peter," said Keziah. "I'm going to see Mr. Brough, and you'll wait outside till I come back."

"But what are you going for?" said Peter.

There was no reply save what was conveyed in a hitch of Keziah's shawl, and then—her summons being responded to—she entered, leaving Peter perspiring on the doorstep, brandishing the great umbrella, and peering at the door with eyes that threatened to pierce the wood—varnish, paint, and all.

Meanwhile, Keziah was ushered into the room where Tom Brough was seated, rosy and hearty, over his decanter and glass.

"Well, Keziah," he said, "and how are all at home? Take a chair."

The visitor did not condescend to reply until the door was shut, when, folding her arms, she stood looking at him with a fierce, uncompromising aspect.

"I've come about that poor girl," she said at last.

"About what poor girl?" said Tom Brough.

"That poor girl whose heart's being broken up into tiny bits by you and him—her father," cried Keziah, fiercely; "and I've come to know if you aint ashamed of yourself. There, hold your tongue, and listen to what I've got to say. I haven't said anything to him at home, because it's like talking to stone and marbles. But I've come to talk to you."

"Talk away, then," said Tom Brough, pleasantly.

"I'm going to," said Keziah, angrily; "and don't you think, Mr. Brough, that you're going to get rid of me like that, because you are not, so now then. This marriage can't go on."

"Why not?" said Tom Brough, offering a glass of wine, which was refused.

"Because I'm not going to see my darling that I've nursed and tended ever since she was a baby driven into her grave to please you. There, keep off—gracious, if the man isn't mad!"

Keziah half shrieked the last words, for leaping from his seat Tom Brough made a rush at her, chased her round the table with an activity hardly to have been expected from one of his years, followed her out on to the landing as she hastily beat a retreat; down the stairs; along the passage, and caught her on the door-mat, where, after a sharp scuffle, he succeeded in imprinting a couple of sounding kisses upon her cheek before she got the door open, and, panting and tumbled, rushed out nearly to the oversetting of Peter Pash, who, with his eye to the keyhole, had seen the chase in part, heard the scuffle in full, and now stood gazing grandly at the panting object of his affections.

"Keziah!" he exclaimed at length, "I thought better of you."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the irate dame.

"I thought you had been a woman as could be trusted," he said, sadly.

"Trusted, indeed!" cried Keziah. "Why, he's a



madman, that's what he is. He's off his head because of this wedding; see if he aint."

"Keziah!" said Peter, loftily, "I've done with you."

"Give me that umbrella," cried Keziah, snatching the great gingham from his hand. "Now just you speak to me again like that, young man, and I'll talk to you."

"I'll see you home—I won't be mean," said Peter. "But you've broken a true and trusting heart, Keziah."

"Hold your tongue, do," she cried; "just as if I hadn't enough to bother me without your silly clat. I did think he'd be open to reason," she added, half aloud.

Peter did not answer, but walked by Keziah's side till they turned down by the Mansion House and entered Walbrook, when with a start the latter caught Peter by the arm, and pointed down the deserted way to where a light figure was seen to hurriedly leave John Richards' door, and then to flit beneath lamp after lamp in the direction of Cannon-street.

"Where's she going?" exclaimed Keziah, hoarsely. "What is she out for to-night?"

"Who is it?" said Peter, though it was for the sake of speaking, for he knew.

"She's mad, too, and we're all mad, I believe," cried Keziah. "Oh, Peter, if you love me as you say, hold by me now, for there's something going wrong; don't lose sight of her for an instant, if you value me. Make haste, man, and come on."

"That's cool!" said Peter, "and after me seeing some one else kissing and hugging you."

"Quick, quick!" cried Keziah, excitedly catching Peter's hand in hers; and then together they passed down Walbrook and across the street at the bottom, both too fat and heavy to keep the light figure in sight without great exertion.

Down one of the hilly lanes and into Thames-street they panted, with the light drapery now lost sight of, now seen again at some corner, and then to disappear down one of the dark, fog-dimmed openings, up which came the faint odour of the river, and the low lapping noise of its waters against the slimy steps below.

"Quick—quick!" said Keziah, hoarsely, "or we shall be too late."

Her earnest manner more than her words seemed to impress Peter Pash, and hurrying along he was the first to catch sight of the light figure they chased now standing motionless on the edge of a wharf, while the wind came mournfully sighing off the river, in whose inky breast, all blurred and half washed-out, shone the light of star and bridge lamp.

Keziah's breath seemed drawn in deep groans, as for a few minutes she stood as it were paralysed. Then recovering herself, and motioning Peter back, she advanced quickly, and just as the light figure gave a start and seemed about to step forward, she threw her arms round it, and held it tightly, sobbing hysterically the while.

But only for a few seconds.

"Here, Peter, quick," she cried—"that shawl. And were you looking for me, my pet? We've been walking. But never mind, we've found you now, and I won't leave you again. Don't talk—don't say anything, only come home quickly!"

Without a word, without resistance, May Richards suffered herself to be led homeward, merely gazing

from time to time at her old servant in a half-dazed way, as if she could not understand the meaning of it all, nor yet why she was being led with Keziah's arm so tightly holding hers.

And so they walked back to find the door in Walbrook ajar, with Tom Brough standing in the entry.

"Go back now, Peter," whispered Keziah, "and not a word of this to a soul."

"But what's he here for?" said Peter, in the same tone.

"You miserable jealous pate," whispered the old servant, fiercely, "if you don't be off—"

She said no more, for Peter *was* off, and then she turned to Mr. Brough.

"You may well look," she whispered to him, as he said a few unnoticed words to May. "All your doing—all your doing. Another minute, and the poor lamb would have been sleeping in the river."

Tom Brough started, and then caught May in his arms and bore her upstairs, where for quite an hour she sat in a dazed, heedless way, that troubled Keziah more than would a passionate outburst.

"If she'd only cry," she whispered at last to Mr. Brough. "But you won't press for it now, Mr. Brough; you won't, sir, I'm sure. People say you're a good man, and that you are kind and charitable. Look at the poor thing; her heart's broke—it is indeed."

"I'm going now," said Mr. Brough in answer; and then, when Keziah accompanied him down to the door, "Do not leave her for an instant, if you love the poor child; and look here, Keziah, the wedding must take place, and it is for her good—*mark me*, for her good. I love her to well too make her unhappy, and if you do your duty you will help me all you can."

Keziah closed the door without a word and a minute after she was kneeling beside and crying over the heart-broken girl.

THE *Piccolo* of Naples announces the discovery in a shop in the street Santa Chiara of a Madonna by Giotto. A dealer in wood had engaged the premises, which belong to the State, to store his goods. He gave orders to have the walls whitewashed, but the artist Morelli, happening to enter, saw the picture, and stopped the proceedings. The Crown has again taken possession of the building.

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE AND TELEGRAPHY.—The *New York Tribune* gives an account of what appears to be a very remarkable discovery in electrical science and telegraphy. It is claimed that a new kind of electricity has been obtained, differing from the old in several particulars, and notably in not requiring for transmission that the conducting wires shall be insulated. While the reality and value of this discovery can only be ascertained by further experiment, it may here be mentioned that there is nothing inherently improbable about it. The difference claimed between the new and old electricities is scarcely greater in kind than between polarized and non-polarized light, or between ordinary iron and that which has been so changed by contact with platinum that the strongest nitric acid fails to attack it. A genuine discovery of the sort would be of inestimable service in cheapening the telegraph, cable rates would soon be permanently reduced, and the unsightly poles that now disfigure our cities would quickly disappear.











